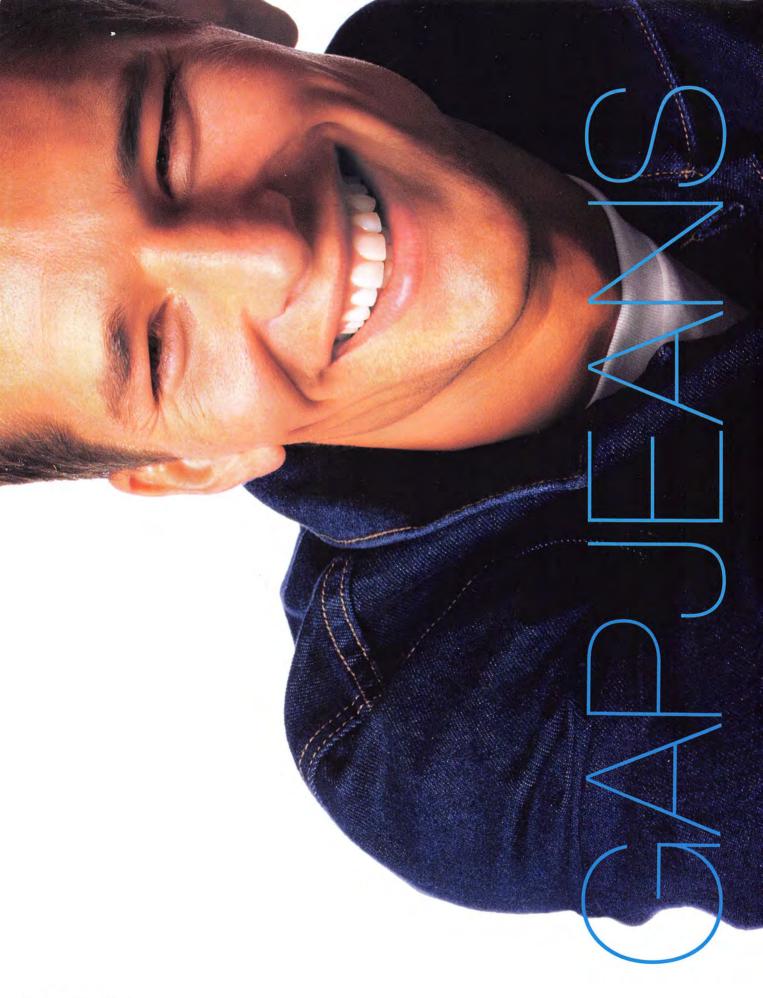
SEX + SPORTS + BEER + GADGETS + CLOTHES + FITNESS FOR MEN MARCH 1998 HOW TO **Score Like A Celebrity** "AW, HONEY...
THE CABLE GUY?"
Why Women Cheat **Rule at Bar Pool Beat a Lie** Detector **Scam a Free Gym Workout THE 100 GREATEST GUY MOVIES EVER Give or Take A Dirty Dozen** "RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!"
A Manhunt In Mexico MELROSE \$2.99 U.S. \$3.50 CAN.





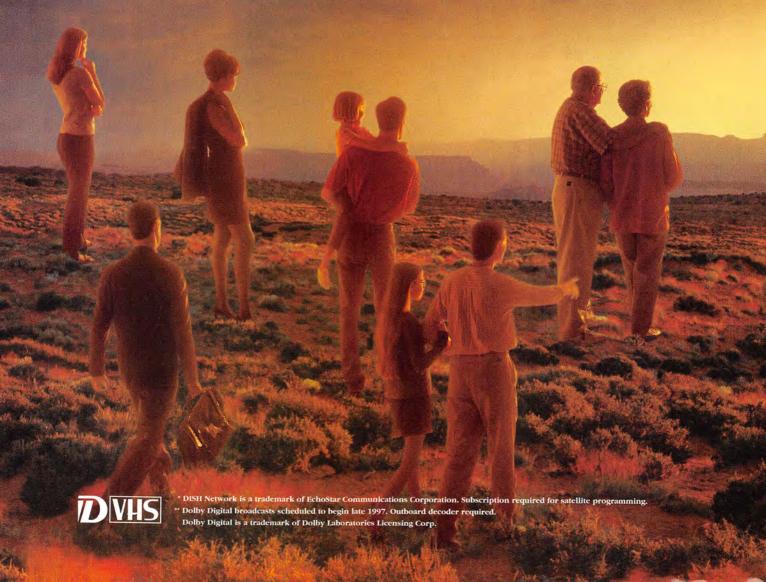
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OF HOME ENTERTAINMENT.

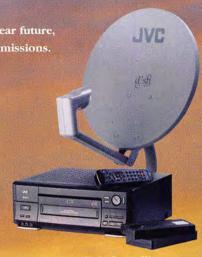
your current video library won't become extinct. Plus, in the near future, the D-VHS format will also be capable of recording HDTV transmissions. D-VHS is truly a technology whose time has come.

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- · V-chip parental control

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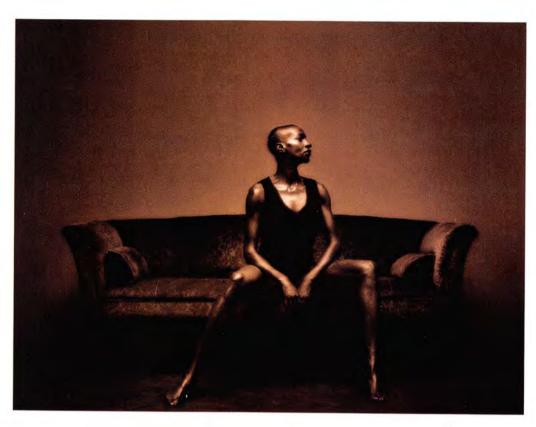
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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

Still smoking additives?





In a past life of was an Egyptian Queen. I know how the pyramids were built and exactly what they mean. But I'm not talking.



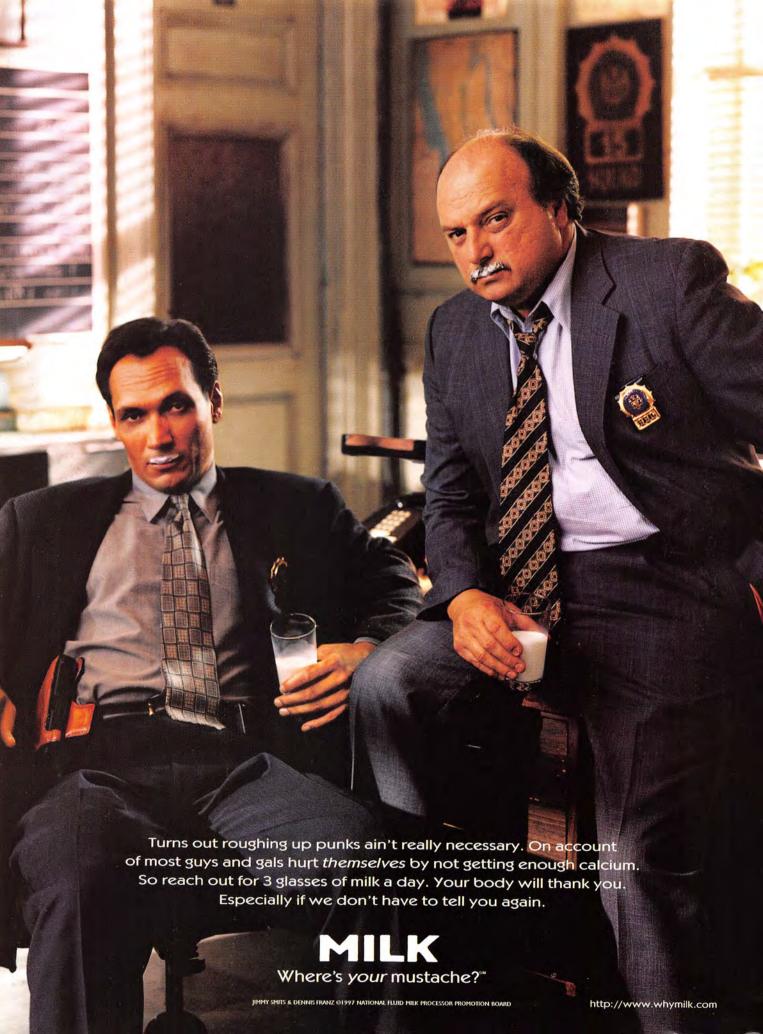
I WAS THE PERSON WHO INVENTED KNOCK JOKES.



I was a gypsy. I accidentally drank a love potion meant for another and lost my heart to a horse.



el was pure, glacial spring water.





FEATURES

100 BEST GUY MOVIES

From Rambo to Rocky to Reservoir Dogs, here's our rundown of the greatest guy movies ever made.

76 COVER GIRL ALYSSA MILANO

From Danza daughter to *Melrose* sexpot: Alyssa talks about sex, life, and why she loves wearing men's underwear.

"RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!"

Indiana Jones they ain't: Four archaeologists are robbed, beaten, and left for dead in a Mexican jungle.

WILD NIGHT OUT

Think mooching fame and groupies off a few celebrities beats hanging out with your pals? Damn straight it does. A bar-crawl diary

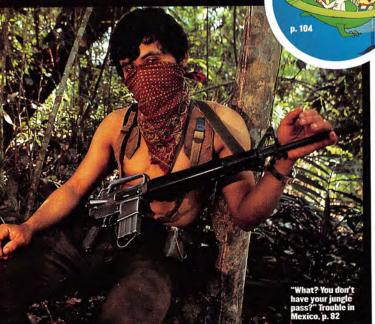
98 INSIDE HER PLAYBOOK

Why would women dress in Saran Wrap or get up early to see a dead princess? Answer: Their magazines make 'em do it. A *Maxim* investigation

104 BATTLESTAR AMERICA

A peek into NASA's kick-ass new space station, already in progress. Plus: tragic Russian space bloopers









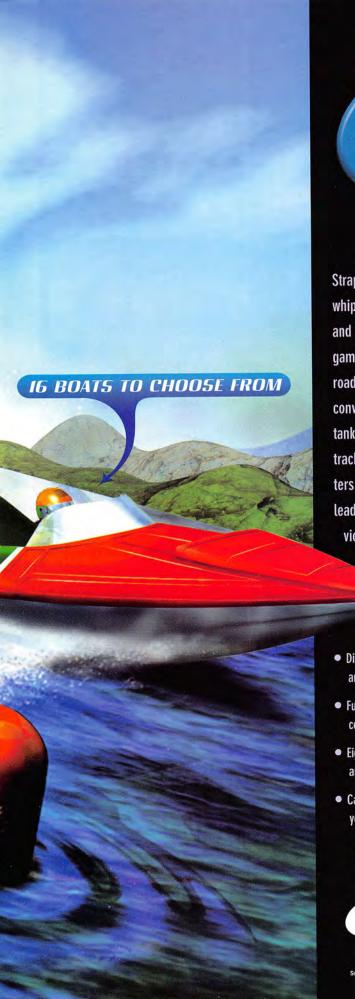
INTERACTIVE ENVIRONMENTS

DEATH-DEFYING JUMPS

ADJUST ENGINE TRIM FOR SPEED

REALISTIC WATER PHYSICS CREATE WAKE EFFECTS

SO REAL ... YOU'LL WET YOURSELF.

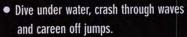


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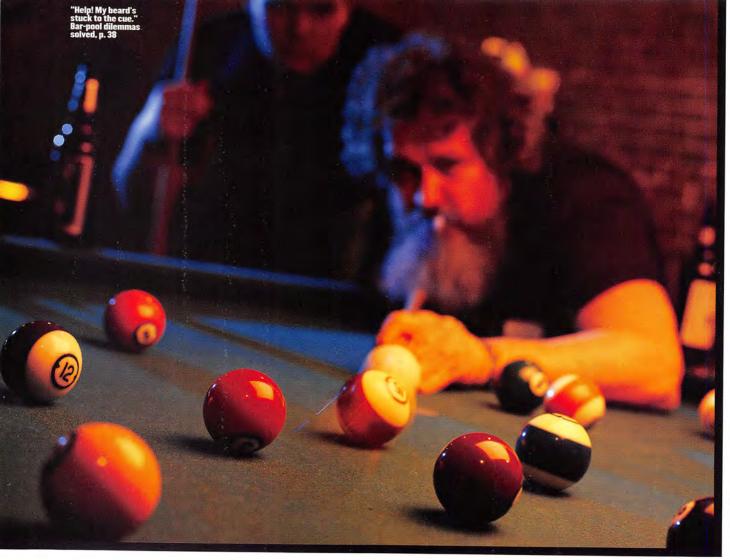




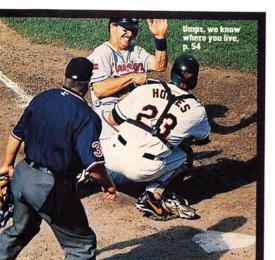
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DEPARTMENTS

WAY OUT THERE

Maxim salutes G.I. Joe, tallies the world's deadliest disasters, and hangs out with the Tool Time girl.

HOW TO DO EVERYTHING BETTER

Expert tips to give you the edge. In this issue: Win at bar pool, beat a lie detector, and sky like Michael Jordan.

54 SPORTS

You know 'em, you hate 'em: They're big-league referees, and they're here to defend themselves.

58 THE GRIND

Starting your own business may be the American dream, but it ain't always pretty. How one guy botched it up.

HEALTH CLUB

Limbering lessons to massage those muscles and keep the charley horses corralled

112 FASHION

Don't head off to work until you've slipped on one of these great guy-on-the-go suits.

120 STUFF

The VW Beetle returns for a new infestation. Plus: personal digital assistants, flashlights, and other cool stuff

128 WINE & DINE

Invite her up for one of these killer nightcaps and you just might get breakfast in bed.

133 HANG TIME

Our cut-through-the-crap guide to movies, TV, video, books, and music

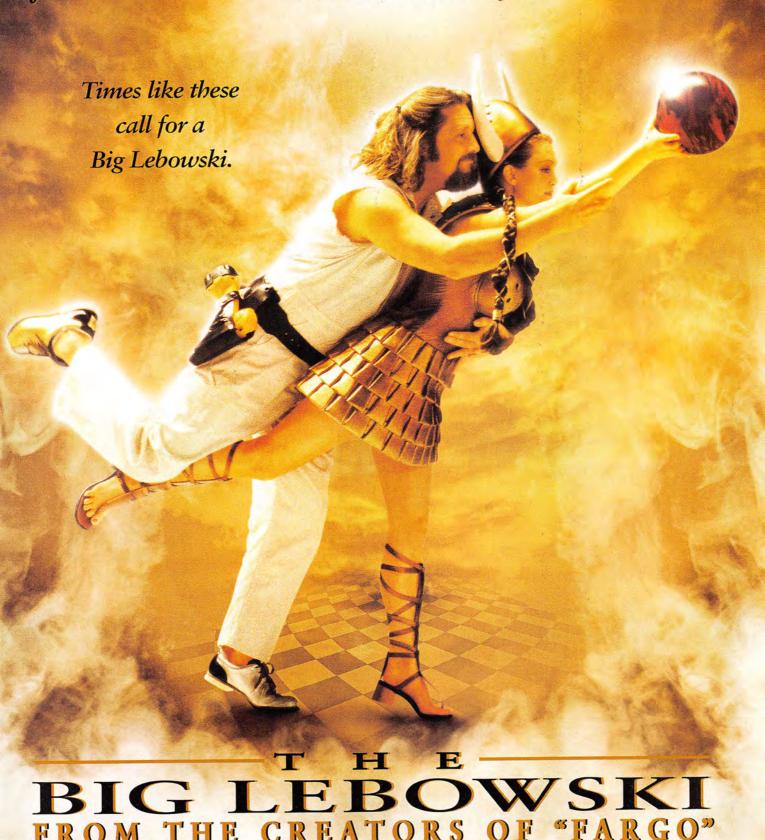
IT'S A GUY THING

Does man make the tools, or do tools make the man? Our tribute to that everyman mecca: the hardware store

Ken's a dead man!" G.I. Joe strikes back

MARCH 1998 MAXIM

JEFF BRIDGES JOHN GOODMAN JULIANNE MOORE STEVE BUSCEMI JOHN TURTURRO









I caught my first Guy Movie when I was 15.

O WON THE TICKETS from a radio station, so even though the movie was rated R, nobody checked my ID. Elated, I took my buddy Mike and we sneaked into the second or third row like criminals, sure we were going to get tossed out at any moment. The movie was *Caddyshack*, and needless to say (because you're a *guy* and therefore know this movie backwards and forwards) we laughed our asses off. And when "Lacey Underall" bared her big-screen breasts, this wide-eyed boy was in prepubescent heaven.

And in that pristine moment, it all suddenly made sense. These are my people, I realized, looking around the theater. They like hot girls and cool cars; they have a soft spot for sophomoric humor; they're unapologetically rough around the edges. They...we...are guys. And if there's one thing we love, it's seeing our crass, juvenile values showcased in 35-millimeter splendor. (See Maxim's 100 Greatest Guy Movies roundup, page 66.)

Inspired, I've devoted my life to making the world a safer place for guys to be guys, and that's what *Maxim*'s all about. If you've been with us for a while, you'll notice the absence of Clare McHugh, our founding editor. Clare has decided to return to the world of women; fans can find her at the helm of *New Woman* magazine. We thank her for helping us get *Maxim* off the ground, and sincerely wish her well.

But for us, it's time to continue moving onwards and upwards. *Maxim's* been so successful—thanks to your massive support—that starting with this issue, we'll be putting the magazine out 10 times per year. If you're one of the faithful, many thanks. If you're just joining us, welcome aboard. Big changes are in the works over here, and all of them are good.

The party's just begun.

KuthBlanky

KEITH BLANCHARD
Acting Editor-in-Chief

CONTRIBUTORS



GERARDO SOMOZA
By day, Somoza's a fashion
photographer, so he was
happy for a wild night out on
the town (page 90). "It's
been a while since I've gotten
home at six in the morning—
it took me a week to recover
from this assignment!"



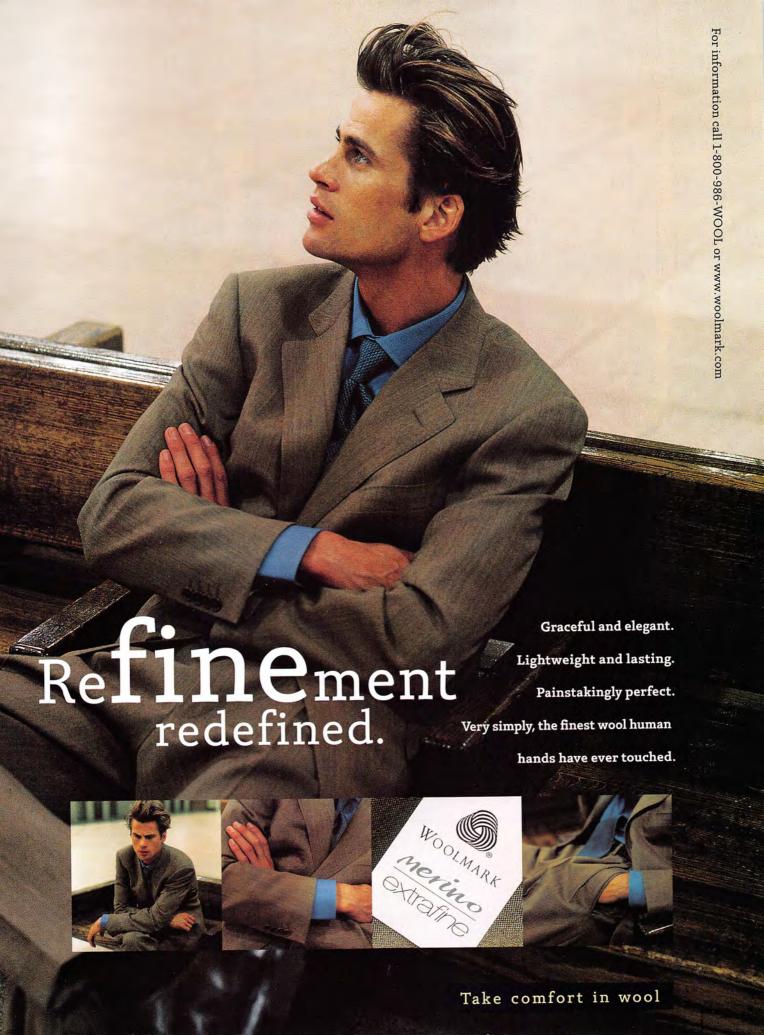
J. D. HEIMAN
"Women talk step by step about the sexual act as if you're about to build an aircraft carrier!" complains Heiman, coauthor of MTV's Singled Out's Guide to Dating. On page 98, he dissects women's magazines for us.



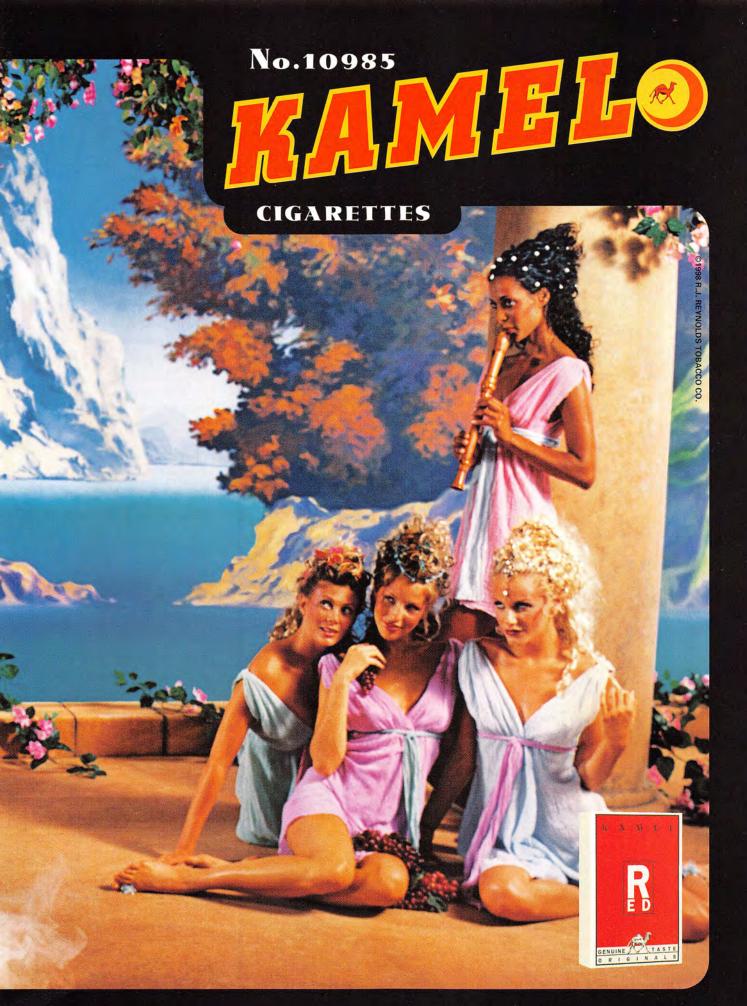
SALLY WADYKA
A senior editor at Vogue,
Wadyka claims good
stretching (page 62) is
critical to good workout
health. And she'd know,
having completed two
New York Marathons in
three years with nary a
hamstring pull.



BOB IVRY
New Jersey-based writer
Ivry examines how sports
officials deal with angry
fans shouting "You suck!"
(page 54). "Refs are human
beings," he says graciously.
"You're going to have some
screwups."







Letters

As a former marine sergeant and a dedicated roustabout, I can really get into a woman like Famke Janssen (Jan/Feb). Maybe Patrick Stewart looked silly standing next to her, but he's just some damn actor. Being 6'3", this is just the sort of woman that I can appreciate. I thank you for giving this lady a forum to speak her mind and show she is more than just another pretty Bond Girl.

Bill Davis

New York, NY

You don't know the half of it. She's already bombed our competition's offices twice and put fire ants in their drinking water!

I WAS ABSOLUTELY ENTHRALLED by my Jan/Feb issue. I thoroughly enjoy the articles, humor, sarcasm, and pictorials. Being a "leg man," I especially enjoyed perusing your feature on Famke Janssen. I love women with long, sexy legs, but please, have mercy on this poor soul. Those legs are just out of this world!

Bob Swantek

Harper Woods, MI

If you like, we'll happily arrange for you to be crushed between her legs.

I AM RESPONDING to a letter in your Jan/Feb issue from Anonymous in New York, NY, who complained about your spoof on France. ("C'est Time to Hate ze French," Nov/Dec '97) This person

Kiss me at your own risk.

said we got our ass kicked by the Vietcong. It's funny they mentioned Vietnam. Because in 1954, the French got their ass kicked by the Vietcong at Dien Bien Phu. As for France helping us win the American Revolution, it did—after we no longer needed help. We had already kicked England out of New England and the southern colonies, and we were just about to finish the job at Yorktown when the French finally realized we were going to win and wanted to suck up to us. Sure. the French won a few wars, but they lost the big one, WWII. At which point they turned around and helped the Germans until we showed up and saved their ass. Next time you write a letter, get your facts straight. As for your problem with America's hot dogs? I'll take mine with mustard.

Ron Gombeda Byesville, OH

Hear, hear. And besides being tough, Americans are damn modest and sophisticated!

IN REGARD TO THE "100 REASONS It's Great to Be a Guy" feature (Jan/Feb '98), there have been many times throughout my life when I wished I were male. Like going on a camping trip and being able to pee while standing up and not having to hunt for large, clean-looking, nonpoisonous leaves with which to wipe (although I did try a pee-standingup experiment when I was about nine, using a cap from a toy baby bottle. It worked nicely). However, there are several reasons you listed that also make it great to be a girl. For instance, my cousin says eating bananas in hardware stores gets her excellent service, and I, for one, am quite pleased to be curling up next to a warm, hairy ass every night.

Amanda Conner Brooklyn, NY

Your Italian boyfriend is one lucky guy.

RECENTLY, I RECEIVED my first issue of *Maxim* magazine (Nov/Dec '97) and was very disappointed. I was hoping to find interesting articles on men's issues which would promote honesty, openness, and suggestions on how to improve one's life. While there were a few of these such articles, I found most to be very distasteful. In particular, I found your magazine to be promoting lying, cheating, and stealing. As a result, I am canceling my subscription.

William T. Bokelmann Oviedo, FL

True; our magazine is not very good. But our hair-growing tonic works miracles!

MAXIM

Editor-in-Chief Keith Blanchard Art Director Andy Turnbull

Creative Director Dale Hrabi Executive Editor Bill Shapiro Managing Editor James Heidenry Deputy Art Director David Hilton Consulting Editor Mike Hammer

Associate Editors

Daniel Green, Leslie Yazel

Assistant Editors Amy Spencer, John Tessitore

Photo Editor Jean Herr Assistant Photo Editor Gwen Walberg Fashion Editor Karen Shapiro Assistant Fashion Editor Yesenia Alfaro Contributing Photographer Andrew Eccles

Copy Chief Amy Tonsits Copy Editor Linda Roberts Production Assistant Andrij Witiuk Art Department Assistant Kyle Clark Editorial Assistant Charles Coxe

Contributing Editors

Shalom Auslander, Leslie Blanchard, Doug Gold, Geoffrey Kloske, Matt Toll

Publisher Lance J.O. Ford

Associate Publisher Carolyn Kremins

Advertising Manager Jamie Hooper

Account Managers

Jordana Pransky (NY/New England) Melanie Selesnick (NY/Southeast)

Midwest Manager Kate Dixon 272 E. Deerpath, Suite 210 Lake Forest, IL 60045 (847) 295-0337

Western Manager Elizabeth Anderson 171 Pier Ave., #211 Santa Monica, CA 90405 (310) 450-8879

Northwest Manager Catherine Hurley (415) 474 2179

Detroit

Albaum, Maiorana & Associates, Inc. 418 W. 5th St., Suite C Royal Oak, MI 48067 (248) 546-2222

Advertising Coordinator Rachel Fowler Dennis Publishing

1040 Avenue of the Americas, 23rd floor New York, NY 10018 (212) 302-2626

Public Relations

Four Corners Communications (212) 849-8250

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Chairman Felix Dennis

Directors Robert G. Bartner, Peter Godfrey

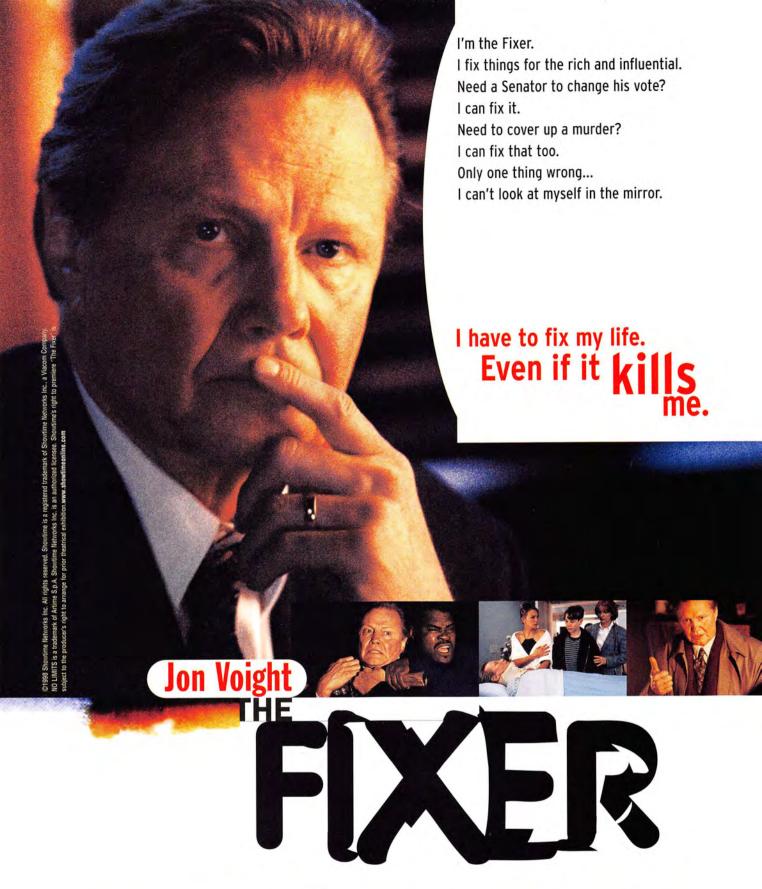
President Stephen Colvin

Chief Financial Officer Paul Fish

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Controller Dennis Morgan

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Produced by HELEN BARTLETT TONY BILL CHARLES ROBERT CARNER Written and Directed by CHARLES ROBERT CARNER





I HAVE JUST CANCELED my subscriptions to *Men's Health*, *Sports Illustrated*, and *Esquire*. I found the publication, *Maxim*, that rolls all my areas of interest into one. By the way, I have given my copy (full of Post-it notes) to my girlfriend—I think this publication will help her understand me a little better.

Scott Kramer

(via E-mail)

Why cancel all those subscriptions? What are you going to line the litter box with?

I'M HOPING THIS ISN'T a big request, but my boyfriend and I both think your rules for women are humorous. We were wondering just how many rules there are and where we can get ahold of them all. My boyfriend has promised that if he can get a copy of the list, he'll write them in my new 1998 Day-timer, so that when I'm gone on business for days at a time, I'll have something to bring a smile to my face.

S. Reed

(via E-mail)

What a woman—the only thing you're missing is a Supergirl cape. Our Web site, see left, has the complete list of rules.

MAXIM MAY BE CATEGORIZED as a men's magazine, but it has definite crossover appeal. Not only do I read it, but many of my girlfriends (I mean that in a totally non-lesbian kind of way—although there's nothing wrong with that) constantly bug me for my issue. Your magazine is informative and hilarious and is read in the corners of the post office by overanxious postal workers.

T-RAQ

(via E-mail)

Do you and the girls ever have pillow fights at work?

WHEN I GET *Maxim* in the mail, it is really beat up. I'm imagining that the mailman and all his friends have read it before me. It never has the look and feel of a "virgin" copy—I've never been one for "sloppy seconds." It would be nice to get them in good condition.

David Kuhre

(via E-mail)

Sorry about the damage, but hey: Maxim is no virgin! What other mag is ravished by borderline-lesbian postal workers, bro?

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LETTER OF THE MONTH

I HAVE A PROBLEM. After reading the letter from the guy who scored 271 on your Sept/Oct '97 "Taking It to the Max" quiz, I decided to take the test myself and see how I stacked up, as I was under the impression that I lived a rather "exciting" life. I scored a measly 95. A nasty blow to my fragile male ego. I'd like you to issue a revised version that includes the following things I've done, so that I may improve my score and regain my confidence as an all-American fella.

I have had sex with twins...opened all of the windows in the back room in the middle of winter to keep a keg cold... turned down sex in favor of beer (I suppose this one could count against me)... supported the Lions, even though they've sucked for as long as I've been alive...owned an American muscle car...spelled miscellaneous correctly twice...inadvertently left a porno mag out on the coffee table when my mom came to visit ... and plenty of other things. So please tell me that my often stupid deeds have not gone unrecognized. If you don't, I'll probably cry, and that would really blow my score. Oh, and by the way, great magazine. My girlfriend didn't like it, so I dumped her.

Jon Cisler

(via E-mail)

You've learned much, young grasshopper. Remain patient like dandelion waits for honeybee, and you will be rewarded.

YOU RAN AN ARTICLE entitled "How to Spot Fake Ones," (Nov/Dec '97). Not to put too fine a point on it, but who cares?

Shawn King

(via E-mail)

Indeed, classical philosophy is a dying science.

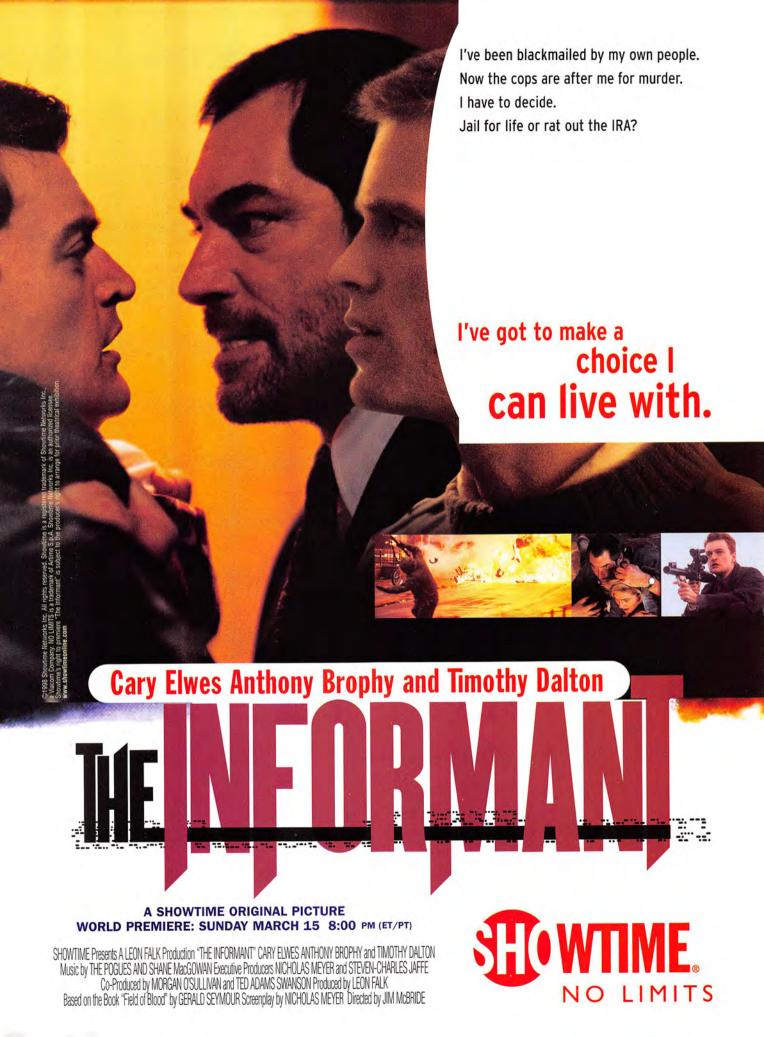
WHEN I FIRST SAW your magazine in the store, I thought I would never let my husband buy it. I was really put off by the cover. To my surprise, inside it was pretty good. But can't you find cover models that aren't so trashy?

Nikki Wallace

(via E-mail)

Thanks! When your husband is finished washing the dishes, please let him read the babe management article on page 98.

Letters should be sent to Editors, *Maxim* Magazine, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 23rd floor, New York, NY 10018; or E-mail us at: editors@maximmag.com.



Laugh Tracks

Catch as catch can

An old man is sitting on his front porch one morning when he sees a kid walk by with a roll of chicken wire under his arm. "What you gonna do with that chicken wire?" the old man asks.

"Gonna catch me some chickens," says the boy.

"You damn fool," the old man yells. "You can't catch chickens with chicken wire!"

But that evening at sunset the boy walks back dragging the chicken wire with about 30 chickens caught in it.

The next morning the old man sees the boy walk by carrying a roll of duct tape. The old man yells out, "What you gonna do with that duct tape?"

"Gonna catch me some ducks," the boy yells back.

"You damn fool," the old man laughs. "You can't catch ducks with duct tape!"

But that night the boy comes home trailing the unrolled roll of duct tape with about 35 ducks caught in it.

The next morning the boy walks by carrying a long reed. The old man asks, "Hey boy, whatcha got there?"

"It's a pussy willow," the boy answers.

"Wait up," says the old man, "I'll get my hat."

Polly don't want crackers

The madame of a brothel has a problem, so she goes to a local priest. "I have two talking female parrots," she tells him. "All they can say is 'Hi, we're prostitutes. Do you want to have some fun?"

"That's awful," the priest agrees, "but I have a solution to your problem. I have two male parrots whom I've taught to pray and read the Bible. If we put your parrots with mine, I believe yours will stop saying that awful phrase and will instead learn to recite the word of God."

The next day, the madame brings her parrots to the priest's house and puts them in with the male parrots, who are holding rosary beads and praying in their cage.

"Hi, we're prostitutes." say the females. "Do you want to have some fun?"

One male parrot looks at the other and squawks, "Close the Bible, Frank! Our prayers are answered!"

Paint stripping

Did you hear about the new paint color that's coming out? It's called blonde. It's not very bright, but it spreads easy.

Slashing the budget

A young executive is leaving the office late one evening when he finds the CEO standing in front of the shredder with a piece of paper in his hand.

"Listen," says the CEO, "this is a very sensitive and important document here, and my secretary has gone for the night. Can you make this thing work?"

"Certainly," says the young executive. He turns the machine on, puts the paper in, and hits the start button.

"Thanks." says the CEO as his paper disappears inside the machine. "I just need one

copy."



Leaving on a jet plane

Q: Why didn't John Denver take a shower before flying? A: He figured he could just wash up onshore.

One stroke in front

Two women are playing golf on a sunny afternoon when one of them accidentally slices her shot into a foursome of men. To her horror, one of the men collapses in agony, both hands in his crotch. She runs down to him, apologizing profusely, explaining that she is a physical therapist and can help ease his pain.

"No, thanks...just give me a few minutes...I'll be fine...," he replies quietly, hands still between his legs.

Taking it upon herself to help the poor man, she gently undoes the front of his pants and starts massaging his genitals. "Doesn't that feel better?" she asks.

"Well...yes...that's pretty good," he admits. "But my thumb still hurts like hell."

Tooth hurts

A guy walks into a bar with his pet alligator, puts the gator up on the bar, and faces the patrons. "If I open this alligator's mouth and place my genitals inside, leave 'em there for five minutes, then remove my

unit unscathed, will
each of you buy
me a drink?" The
crowd murmurs its
approval, so he gets up
on the bar, drops his
pants, and places his
rivates in the alligator's

privates in the alligator's open mouth. The gator then closes its mouth as the crowd gasps,

After five minutes, the man grabs a beer bottle and raps the alligator hard on the top of its head. The gator opens its mouth and the man removes his genitals—unscathed, as promised. The crowd cheers, and the first of his

free drinks is delivered.
"Anyone else have the guts to give it a try?" the man dares the crowd.

After a few seconds, a blonde woman timidly speaks up. "I'll do it, but no hitting me on the head with the bottle."

Face off

Q: Which sexual position produces the ugliest children? A: Ask your mom.

Rubber check

A man walks into a drugstore and asks the pharmacist for a pack of condoms. Paying for them, he bursts into laughter and walks out of the store. The next day he comes in again, again buys condoms, and again walks out laughing. Thinking this is somewhat strange, the pharmacist asks his assistant to follow the man if he comes back. Sure enough, the man comes in the next day and walks out laughing. This time the assistant goes after him, returning 20 minutes later.

"So did you follow him?" asks the pharmacist.

"Yup."
"Where did he go?"
"Your house."

It's good to be the king

President Clinton looks up from his desk in the Oval Office to see one of his aides nervously approaching him.

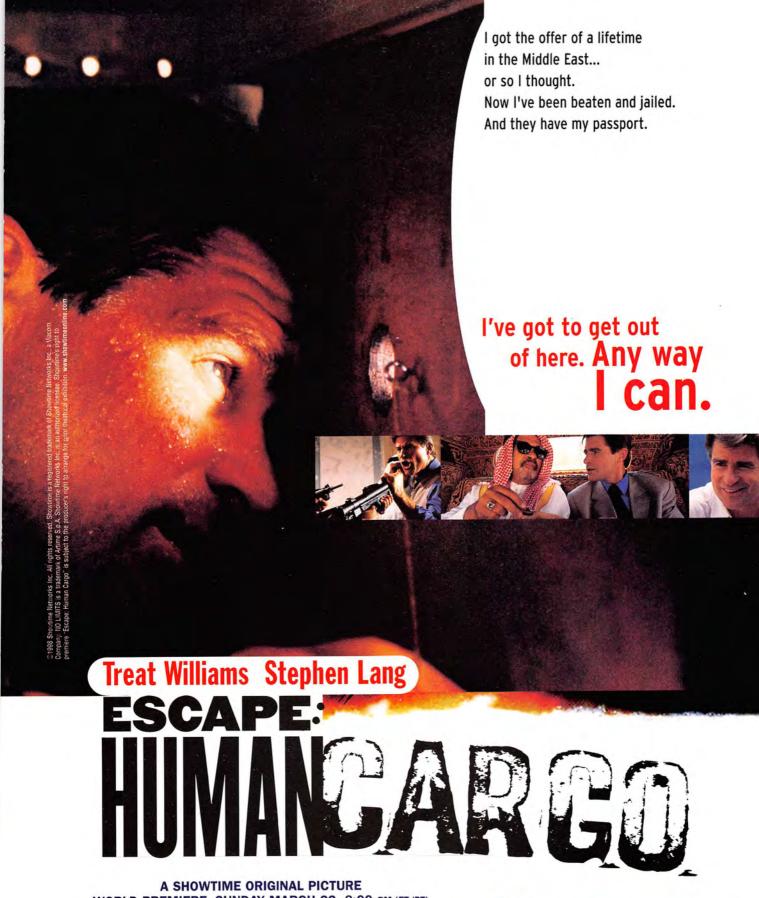
"What is it?" sighs the president.

"It's this abortion bill, Mr. President. What do you want to do about it?" the aide asks.

"Go ahead and pay it," says the president.

Send us your own choice jokes, and if we like 'em we'll print 'em with your name and send you a *Maxim* T-shirt. Write us at Jokes, *Maxim*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 23rd Floor, New York, NY 10018. Or E-mail us at editors@maximmag.com.

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WORLD PREMIERE: SUNDAY MARCH 22 8:00 PM (ET/PT)

SHOWTIME Presents A NEUFELD/REHME Production A SIMON WINCER Film TREAT WILLIAMS STEPHEN LANG "ESCAPE: HUMAN CARGO" SASSON GABAI Supervising Music Producer SPENCER PROFFER Music by ERIC COLVIN Co-Producers ANNE CURRY, DAVID FRANCO Director of Photography DAVID BURR Executive Producers MACE NEUFELD and ROBERT REHMEProduced by NICK GRILLO Based on the Book Flight from Dhahran by JOHN McDONALD and CLYDE BURLESONScreenplay by WILLIAM MICKELBERRY & DÂN VINING Directed by SIMON WINCER



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A MAXIM VIEW OF THE WORLD

BOSTON, MA JANUARY 15, 1919

The functime explosion of a storage tank looses a 15-foot wave of molasses, drowning many who probably assumed it would simply pour down the street with agonizing slowness.

LONDON AND DECEMBER 4-9, 1952

A toxic smog even worse than London's usual air cloaks the Thames, suffocating thousands. Death Toll: 3,500-4,000

PARIS MAY 16, 1770

During a public wedding celebration for the future King Louis XVI, misfiring fireworks collapse a scaffolding, causing panic, stampeding, and mass bloodshed. Death Toll: 800

SPAIN MAY 1, 1981 Thousands are

Thousands are sickened and hundreds kick the bucket from drinking industrial oil, which had been sold to them as cooking oil by shameless manufacturers.

Death Toll: 600-plus

GALVESTON, TX SEPTEMBER 8, 1900

A hurricane, with raging floodwaters and trailer-parkshredding winds, liquefies this peaceful island community.

Death Toll: 6,000

1918

As World War I draws to a close, a virulent strain of influenza hits the trenches and spreads across the globe like mustard gas. Death Toll. 21,000,000

CANARY ISLANDS MARCH 27, 1977 In the worst airplane

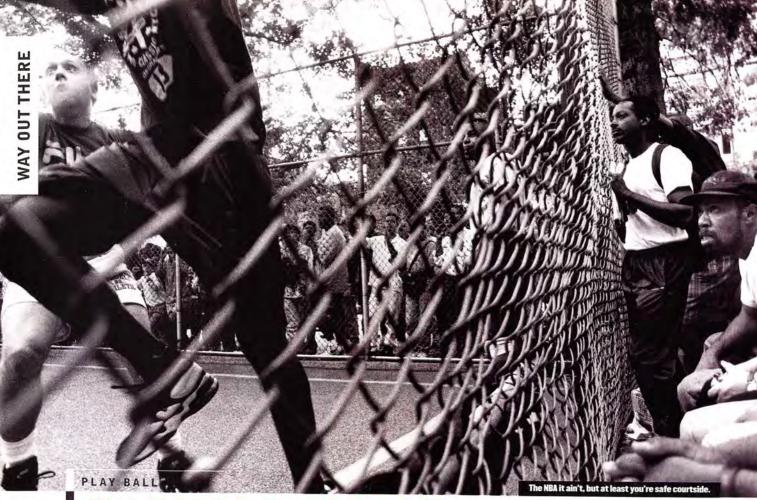
In the worst airplane crash in history, KLM flight 4805 tries to take off through a taxiing Pan Am Flight 1736, while airtraffic controllers play the then popular Pong on their radar screens (we're guessing). Death Toll: 583

THE GRIM REAPER

DEATH TOLL 2000

From earthquakes to plane crashes to homicidal molasses, here are some of the millennium's deadliest disasters. Illustration by Chuck Elliott





ALLEY HOOPS

March Madness is a b-ball junkie's nightmare: Those NCAA bastards increase your dosage to the maximum, then cut you off cold in April. But pickup games can quench your thirst: Here are the country's five best courts, selected by Chris Ballard, author of *Hoops Nation* (Owl Books), who traveled the country in search of the perfect street game.

1. West Fourth Street, New York, New York

The "greatest street basketball stage in the world" is an equal-opportunity forum for the Big Apple's hoopsters: Some of the court regulars can't hit the broad side of a barn, and some can't miss, but everybody plays. Leave your referee whistle at home—this place is rough. The fences surrounding the courts are there to keep players from flying onto the sidewalk when they get hacked to pieces.

NBA Regulars: Mario Elie, Anthony Mason

2. Fondé Recreation Center, Houston, Texas

Former Detroit Piston and Houston Rocket Major Jones runs the games at this top recreational center, and he keeps runts like you off the main court, which features pro and college players. Unless you can make a name for yourself on some of the side courts and work your way up to the Big Show, just sit back and watch NBA superstars get schooled by the best pickup artists in Texas. NBA Regulars: Hakeem Olajuwon, Clyde Drexler

3. Venice Beach Courts, Venice, California

If you get through the circus of flesh on the famed boardwalk, you'll find the "most famous outdoor basketball court in the world," celebrated in the 1992 film White Men Can't Jump. The waiting's the hardest part, so find a comfortable spot on the main court bleachers and observe the finesse with which arguments break out into basketball games. If you can't squeeze into a real game, try butting heads with the less ambitious in a half-court game.

NBA Regulars: Kobe Bryant, Chris Childs

4. Run 'N' Shoot Athletic Center, Atlanta, Georgia

There are seven full courts inside this cavernous warehouse. Run 'N' Shoot is open 24-seven and boasts, beyond the hardwood, a weight room, a track, and

running machines. But you won't have time for any of that. The games are fastpaced, and rotations are determined according to a sign-up sheet at the door. Once they call your name over the loudspeaker, you'll be banging with the best in the South.

NBA Regulars: Nick Van Exel, Jerry Stackhouse

5. Rocky River Courts, Rocky River, Ohio

Take well-organized yuppie ball out of the health clubs, dump it on a court in a wealthy suburb of Cleveland, and you've got Rocky River, a magnet for Ohio's most talented gym rats. Mike McLaren, a local hoops junkie, has been organizing the games for 20 years, setting up teams and court rotations and keeping the slug fests to a minimum. Until City Hall runs the players out of town, as it's been threatening to do for years, McLaren's legions will be playing in fair and foul weather.

NBA Regulars: Danny Ferry, John Amaechi

NOT SUBJECT

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CHANGE.





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IT WAS IN 1964, in the heart of that peacenik vacuum between the Korean War and the Vietnam "conflict," that a soldier was born. A man, a legend: G.I. Joe. Enlisted in a simpler era when doughboys were heroes and dirty pinkos were underfoot everywhere, Joe was a backyard favorite, braving mud pies and curious dogs in the name of God and country.

Joe was 11 1/2 inches of guts and fury, with 21 moving parts and, in time, grew a mop of lifelike hair (unlike the painted-on locks of Barbie's castrated house pet, Ken). He was a hard plastic fightin' machine modeled on characters played by William Murphy and Robert Mitchum in 1945's The Story of G.I. Joe. As befit his lofty mission to "defend the rights of others and neutralize evil wherever it exists," Joe packed serious heat—a .45 and an M-1 machine gun—and marched with a platoon known as the Adventure Team.

It's been a long, strange tour of duty. Between 1964 and 1967, a whole army of Joes came off the Hasbro assembly line with hideously shrunken heads (The result of chemical warfare...or did assembly-line grunts forget to pour enough plasticizer into the mix?). Joe ventured into space, like the Apollo astronauts; he developed a Kung Fu grip, like Bruce Lee; he dipped into the bionic future with six-million-dollar man Steve Austin. And during the OPEC crisis of the mid-'70s, he came to a screeching halt, just like the rest of us, when Hasbro ran out of petroleum for his plastic molds.

In 1982, Joe was downsized from statuesque role model to pocket-size figurine, bundled with humiliating "action playsets," and forced to star in a candy-assed afternoon cartoon. A 1987 animated film called G.I. Joe: The Movie promised a return to glory, then featured the voice of pastel warrior Don Johnson. By 1992, however, Hasbro had gotten its act together and released a 12-inch Hall of Fame series.

It's a nice nod, but the old Ioes are still best. The most valuable model, the G.I. Nurse, is worth close to \$4,000, 500 times what it was in 1967. Even the average buck private can fetch upward of a thousand dollars. Old soldiers never die...they just appreciate away.



HAIL MARY

ATTACK OF

Head football coach Bill McCartney left the University of Colorado in 1994, after 13 seasons. Today he's packing stadiums as the grand poohbah of Promise Keepers, a band of weepy male chauvinists. and releasing a drearily sanctimonious Book of Prayers (\$16.95, Thomas Dunne) this month. We thought it'd be fun to see how the coach's new philosophy stacks up against the wisdom of unrepentant Bama coach Paul "Bear" Bryant.



TEAMWORK
McCartney:
"Teach me
how to build
up other peoup other people and to bear their weaknesses instead of

pleasing myself. I want to encourage others not for a selfish motive but simply for their own good."

Bryant: "Be good or be gone."

ON RIVALRY

McCartney: "Father, I desire to put away all bitterness, wrath, and anger. I seek to be a tenderhearted man who forgives others easily and without bitterness." Bryant: "Sure, I'd love to beat Notre Dame, don't get me wrong. But nothing matters more than beating that cow college on the other side of the state!'

ON LOSING

McCartney: "I am confident that the trying of my faith is developing patience

Bryant: "Winning isn't everything, but it sure beats anything that comes in second.'

ON PARENTING

McCartney: "Give [the child] a sense that if he honors You first and then me as



a parent, through keeping these priorities, he will experience a new level of happiness and peace." Bryant: "Well, I'm going to give [my son] one more chance...When he comes home with a C, I'll beat him with a damn dictionary!





NASCAR" SWEEPSTAHES

SOTH ANNUERS OF THE SECOND SEC

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GOING POSTAL

BLOOD SPORT

After a tough day of letter sorting, nothing satisfies like oiling up an AK-47 and sprayin' your coworkers with hot lead. Welcome to Postal, an edgy new video game that raises the stakes in the already grimly competitive market for digital blood fests, where controversy is critical to sales. Here are some of the genre's top offenders:



Postal (Ripcord Games, \$45.00)

Armed with shotguns, flamethrowers, and napalm, you mow down entertainingly innocent bystanders ranging from church congregations to high school marching bands. Your maimed and dying victims

beg for mercy or run around on fire, screaming for help; every so often, a woman shrieks, "He's going postal!"

Carmageddon (Interplay, \$54.99)

You express your road rage by mowing down mall rats, joggers, football teams, even herds of livestock, until "Maim Street" (their joke) runs with blood. This is vehicular manslaughter as black comedy: part *Death Race 2000*, part Wacky Racers. So gory it was banned in Germany, a country not exactly known for its aversion to violence.

Night Trap (Digital Pictures, \$45.95)

A gaggle of minimally clad teenage girls is romping around at an innocent slumber party; your job is to protect them from black-clad, power drill—wielding terrorists intent on brutally murdering them. Needless to say, the premise provoked a bit of finger-wagging from the God squad. In the ensuing uproar, Toys "R" Us pulled the game from its shelves, and Night Trap's makers, who ultimately recalled the game, made a 10-minute documentary about the controversy.

Duke Nukem 3D (GT, \$ 39.95)

Your red-light district is infested with aliens; luckily, you're a testosterone freak with a big gun and a short fuse. DN3D fea-



tures nudity (watch strippers, then kill them), profanity (Duke occasionally shocks even himself, muttering, "Holy shit!"), and buckets o' blood. Level Master, an unofficial add-on, reportedly broadens the game's horizons to include "wanton and gratuitous violence, torture, and rape." A Manson family stocking stuffer.

HEAD-TO-HEAD

BILL vs. BILL

One has his finger on the big red button; the other has complete control of global communication. So who's the most powerful man on Earth?



HOITY-TOITY EDUCATION

Graduated from Georgetown University, Yale Law School, and Oxford (as a Rhodes scholar)

EDGE: CLINTON

Dropped out of Harvard University

Allegedly crappy,

allegedly bug-laden

software



SOURCE OF STRENGTH

Guns, troops, tanks, surface-toair missiles, etc.

EDGE: CLINTON

MARKET SHARE

Rules 1/24 of world's population Rules 9/10 of world's computers EDGE: GATES

SUPER POWERS

Deadly scandals bounce harmlessly off his protective Teflon coating Can crush the spirit of healthy free-market competition with his bare hands

EMBARRASSINGLY LOPSIDED VICTORIES

Bush, Dole
EDGE: CLINTON

Macintosh

SALARY

\$200,000, plus rent on the Lincoln Bedroom and whatever Hillary can swipe through shady Arkansas land deals \$591,352, plus interest on his \$36.4 billion in assets EDGE: GATES

SLAM SHACK

Rents a 36,000-square-foot house in crime-ridden Washington, DC, complete with private movie theater and bowling alley

Owns a 40,000-square-foot house on fish-ridden Lake Washington complete with 20car garage and various automated electronic doohickeys

BEDPOST NOTCHES

Hillary Rodham, Gennifer Flowers, Paula Jones EDGE: CLINTON

Melinda "Melinda Who?" French



DYNAMIC SIDEKICK

Al Gore

DRAW

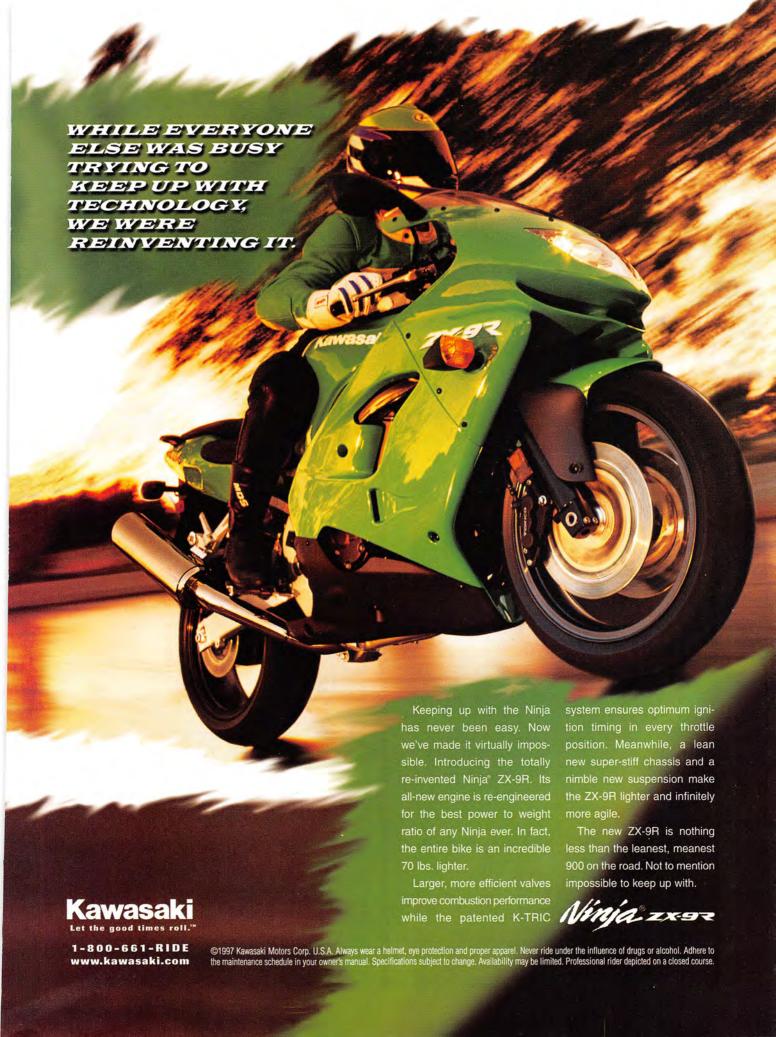
Cold, flat, emotionless computer

AND THE WINNER IS





DPENNG PAGES: MOLASES: FPG; HURRICANE: WARREN FAIDLEY/INTY, LSTOCK; SMOG: UPL/CORBIS BETTMANN; FIREWORKS: AP PHOTOMILWAUKE JOURNAL SENTINEL, JEFREY PHELPS; OIL: BETH MORKISON/STILL LIFE STOCK; JUNCK; SOCK; JOKEN PREPINDOD STAND FRUESDELENTY, STOCK; BACK DEATH; ANIMALS, AIRLANG REASH; UPLOCABIS BETTMANY; CHERNOBY, JOCKEY CLUB: GREACHGREST, STOCK; JUNCKEY CLUB: GREG GIRRANG/STOCK; JOKKEY GREG GI





For actors and actresses, bad decisions are preserved in celluloid forever. Below are some films they wish they'd avoided. Rent them at your own risk.



Drew Barrymore

Movie: Doppelgänger: The Evil Within ('93)

Premise: A flesh-eating evil twin is haunting Drew and making her life miserable.

Snappy dialogue: "She may look like me, but she's not me. She's my doppelgänger. So watch out." Oscar nominations: 0

Elisabeth Shue

Movie: Link ('86)

Premise: Jane Chase, a zoology student, is held captive by a group of intelligent apes.

Snappy dialogue: "Bad boy, I told you: Can't cook phone."

Oscar nominations: 0

Sharon Stone

Movie: Scissors ('91)

Premise: Angela Anderson, a disturbed woman,

is driven crazy by her shrink and trapped in an apartment with a

Snappy dialogue: "He's not a woman-women don't have red beards. I never want to see that bearded man again." Oscar nominations: 0

Hugh Grant

Movie: Lair of the White Worm ('88)

Premise: Lord James is seduced by a Scottish vampire seeking virgin sacrifices to appease the appetite of a legendary serpent demon. Snappy dialogue: "You've taken to our local specialty. Pickled earth worms in aspic are not to everyone's taste.

Oscar nominations: 0



Demi Moore

Movie: No Small Affair ('84)

Premise: Moore's character, a fame-obsessed rock singer, becomes an object of infatuation for a pubescent high-school photographer 10 years her junior. Snappy dialogue: "So drop the fantasy, but don't drop it on me. 'Cause, Scott, I'm going to make it." Oscar nominations: 0

Brad Pitt

Movie: Cutting Class ('89) Premise: Dwight, a high-school student majoring in drinking beer and acting studly, tries to outsmart a psycho killer who is terrorizing his friends and school.

Snappy dialogue: "Your father's a little bigger [suit size] than I am. Of course, I'm a little bigger where it really counts."

Oscar nominations: 0

Tom Cruise

Movie: Losin' It ('83)

Premise: Woody and his geeky pals drive to Mexico to lose their virginity without catching a disease. Snappy dialogue: "Jack off first so you're not too horny

Oscar nominations: 0





CANDID CAMERA



WHEN 21-YEAR-OLD Jenni Ringley takes her top off, 5,000 people take notice. As a Dickinson coed, Jenni opened up a Web site that broadcast live action from her bedroom, 24 hours a day. She's now a Web designer in Washington, DC, but the lens cap is still off: A digital camera mounted (heh, heh) on top of her computer and aimed in the direction of her bed snaps a photo every two minutes, day and night, and posts it on her Web site. www.JenniCAM.org.

At first only friends and family knew about the site, but word spread like chlamydia during Fleet Week; today JenniCAM receives about 600,000 hits a day. Most of the pictures are tame: Jenni at her computer; Jenni's cat lying on the bed and-if you're lucky-licking its privates. But there's always the

lure of catching a topless Jenni, wet from the shower, reading her E-mail. "I haven't paid attention to the camera at all for over a year." she says. "This site isn't about me being pretty or decorous. It's about me being real."

While she no longer performs strip shows, which drew too many hits and crashed her server, Jenni's not afraid to get naked or have sex in front of the camera. Sections of her site are dedicated to digital shots of individual body parts (e.g., "Hips"). Unfortunately for Jenni's 5,500 subscribers who pay \$15 a year for a digital window into her bedroom, her boyfriend Geofry is on the shy side, so the frequency of on-screen sex has diminished.

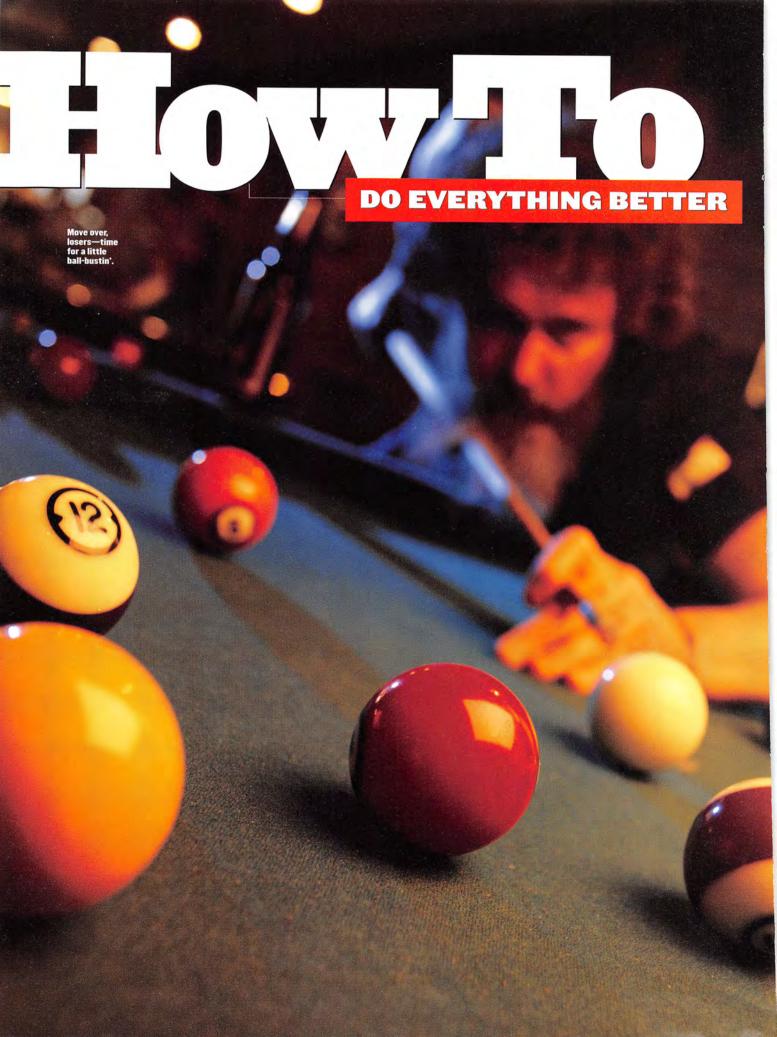
For a quick peek, check out the guests' gallery or wander through the many satellite sites set up by fans and longtime subscribers, including categorized archives like http://www.peepingmoe.com/ cams/jennicam/main.html, which offers montages like "Schoolgirl" and "Leather and Lace."

CONTRIBUTORS:

Rosie Amodio, Charles Coxe. David Glitzer, Geoff Kloske, Alix Strauss, John Tessitore

HAIR AND MAKEUP BY ASSUMPTA FOR SUSAN PRICE INC.; COMPUTER ILLUSTRATION BY CHUCK ELLIOT REPS: ROGERS/AKA B^{\checkmark} JENNI RINGLEY: PHOTOGRAPHY (5) CAREER BLOOPERS: EVERETT COLLECTION







WIN AT BAR POOL

Nothing's better than running the table in a smoky bar. But between the warped cues and the tequila shots, bar pool demands different skills than ordinary eight ball. A rack of hot tips:

cut in line...gracefully. Sign at the bottom of that who's-got-next? chalkboard and you'll be waiting all night. Instead, pick a common name three or four down from the top, like Jim. When it's Jim's turn, saunter over and start racking up for the next game. If someone stands up and says, "Bullshit," just say, "Bullshit, I'm Jim!" Keep the charade going for another minute—"Well, maybe a name got erased, but I know I'm up next!"—before giving in with "It's bullshit, but whatever; I'll take winner."

MANAGE YOUR IMAGE. Project the perfect attitude—confident, cool, slightly menacing. Don't try a trick shot unless you've got it mastered; no one will be impressed when you rip the felt and send a ball flying into a biker's crotch. (Ditto for that behind-the-back stuff.) No rolling the stick across the table to check the warpage: Sighting down the cue with your eyes is more accurate, and cooler. And the "sissy stick" bridge? Use it for bar fights only.

CHOOSE YOUR WEAPON. Don't even think about toting a custom cue to a bar—if you're not good enough to own the table all night, you'll look like a jackass. Select the least crappy bar cue by checking out the stick's tip, not its weight. As Bob Jewett, an instructor certified by the Billiard Congress of America, explains, "To cushion the shot, the cue's leather tip should be about the thickness of a nickel, and evenly curved, like a thumbnail." Whichever way your stick is warped, just turn it so the bend is facing up for each shot.

CHALK IT UP. You're on display when you play bar pool, so look like you know what you're doing by chalking up before each shot. Most people do this incorrectly: "Boring the tip into the center of the chalk doesn't do the job," Jewett warns. Instead, use the edge of the chalk to scrape it onto your tip in one thin coat. Slyly place the chalk on the rail in your opponent's line of vision when he's shooting, to break his concentration.

BUILD A BRIDGE. Your bridge guides the cue, so make it stable by planting your fingers firmly on the table. A "closed" bridge, where the cue hangs in your looped index finger, is more accurate. But if those tequila shots are kicking in, switch to the easier "open" bridge, where the cue sits in the groove between two knuckles. On the break, bridge from the rail for the most stability. And never hold your beer in your bridge hand—the sticky scum will hinder a smooth slide.

count your BEERS. Yeah, yeah, pool wisdom has it that a few beers loosen your game and make you play better. Unfortunately, that's a crock: More beer equals worse coordination. And yet, if you're not taking the occasional chug, you look like a wuss. The best advice? Nurse till you lose, then drown your sorrows.

MAKE THE BREAK. When you rack for your opponent, always put the six ball up front. Because it's dark green —the color of most bar tables—he'll have a tougher time making a solid break. When it's your break, take the advice of Steve Mizerak, a four-time U.S. Open champion: "Aim for the front man and hit it straight on with power. Hitting the second ball pays off with greater ball dispersion, but if you're not accurate, you have a higher chance of scratching."

TAKE YOUR BEST SHOT. Now it's time to run the table. Set up and shoot quickly, before the babes gathering behind you bump your stick and muff your shot. Mizerak advises: "Keep your head down, about 16 to 18 inches off the cue, and follow through with your stroke." When your opponent sets up to shoot, murmur to your friend and shake your head ominously for effect.

PLAY FOR DRINKS. Getting taken by a shark stinks. Avoid them by suggesting an ante of a free beer, not cash. If he's a hustler, it's like offering garlic to a vampire—he knows he plays his best when he's sober.

KNOW WHEN TO LOSE. Better to lose the table than have your knuckles crushed by an ex-con you've just humiliated. Go ahead and throw the game. Shake his hand, buy him a beer, and ask about his buddies at Rikers. Remember: It's not whether you win or lose; it's whether you need reconstructive surgery.

TOP LEFT: EVERETT; WORKOUT: IAIN MCKELL; ILLUSTRATIONS BY: PAUL WOOTTON



HOW TO

TIE A KNOT

Ever watch a piece of furniture unhitch from a car roof and

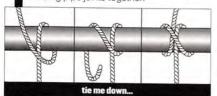
hydroplane across the highway? Guys like Geoffrey Budworth, author of *The Complete Book of Knots*, will attest to the fact that you can't slip through life knowing only square, granny, and Windsor knots. Below, three cool knots to double your repertoire.

To tie something down, like a sheet of plywood on a roof rack, try a constrictor knot, which tightens under pressure. Make an ampersand around the post (or what-



ever you're tying this knot around) so that the post goes through the two loops of the ampersand. Take the end that curls up and draw it up

between the post and the upper loop of the ampersand. Pull tight. Also good for holding glued bits together while they dry or holding pipe joints together.



If you want to moor a small boat or build one of those rope ladders for the neighborhood kids to fall off, go for the clove hitch. It's strong, secure, and quickly untied. Make a loop around your object. Take one end and make another loop beside the first and pull that end through the first loop. If you're hooking two objects together, proceed by making a loop with that same end around the second object and pulling it down through the middle of the first knot. Tighten. Also good to suspend a fender or to hang a wreath.

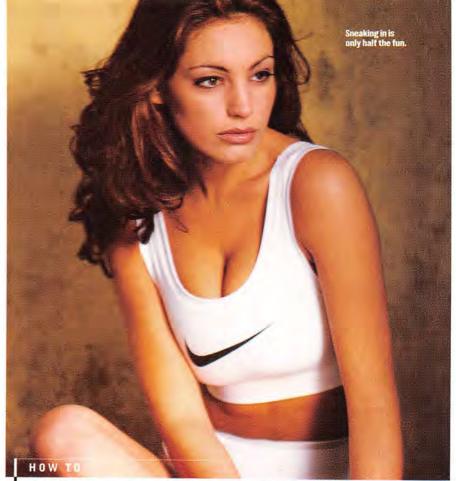






but please don't make me tie the knot.

To secure a tarp to a tree or lash your girfriend's wrist to the bedpost—with her consent, of course—try a bowline ("boh-linn") knot, which makes a loop that won't shift or lengthen. Form a loop some distance from the end of the rope. Feed the shorter end through the loop, around the standing part, and back through the loop. Tighten by pulling both ends. Little Boy Scouts learn this knot by memorizing: "The rabbit comes out of its hole, goes around the tree, and goes back in the hole." A versatile knot, it's also good for rock climbing and tying a dog to a tree.



SCAM A FREE WORKOUT

Your basement weight bench leaves you lonely, but the thought of coughing up big bucks to sweat in a fancy gym leaves you cold. To help yourself to free hot showers, plush towels, and the blessed sight of tight, female-filled Lycra, here are five ways to scam your way into a gym. Combine 'em in a rotation and you might just work out free for life.

SCAM #1: Tell a membership representative that you're interested in joining her gym but you'd like to try it out first. Mention that your schedule varies—you're a doctor—and you'll need to see the gym at different times of the day. This should earn you a week's trial rather than just one day. For your first workout, show up at 6 P.M., when it's too busy for them to escort you.

SCAM #2: Go for a jog in the neighborhood of your target gym. When you're good and sweaty, jog into the gym as if to "finish up" your workout. Bring in a water bottle and they'll think you just ran out to your car to get it. If they ask for your ID, gasp for air as you say, "It's in my locker with the rest of my junk." Better yet, wear a Walkman, crank up the Puff Daddy, and ignore them completely.

SCAM #3: Drop by the nearest five-star hotel that offers an on-site gym. The trick here is to look as if you just came from your room: Stash your coat in your gym bag and breeze into the "guests only" gym. The hotel may ask for your room key—the Four Seasons in Chicago,

for instance, exchanges a room key for a locker key—so scout out a floor in advance for a fake room number. Tell them your girlfriend is napping in the room (with the key) and ask if you can just sign in instead.

SCAM #4: Join a gym and work out for three days—just enough time to meet the blonde on the bike—then quit. On many membership contracts, the fine print offers a full refund if you quit within three days of signing. If it doesn't, check with your state consumer protection agency. Some states, such as Texas, Ohio, and New York, have laws that let you back out within 72 hours.

SCAM #5: If you're honest enough to actually sign up for a membership (but still want to wring 'em for all they're worth), sign on with a female friend and ask for the "marriage rate." At Gold's Gym in Miami Beach, for example, single members pay \$40 a month, but a married couple pays \$60 a month combined. If they question your different last names, question what century they were born in. Bam: You just saved a few hundred bucks per year.

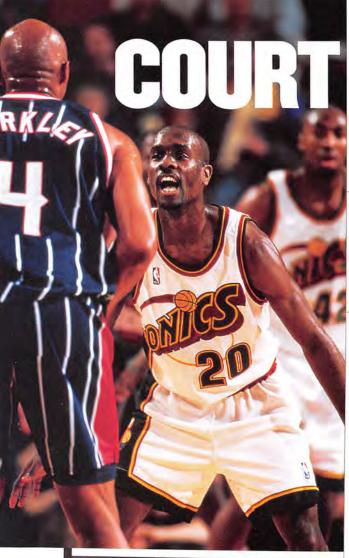
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You can make your mark with a vicious move to the hole...or you can make it with your hair. Some coaching from Charles von Fruth, Dennis Rodman's hair colorist at Heidi's Salon in Northbrook, Illinois.

- STEP 1: APPLY AN ON-SCALP BLEACH. This, says Von Fruth, strips the natural pigment from your hair, making it pale yellow. Allow 45 minutes.
- ▶ STEP 2: PICK YOUR COLOR. It's important to select a color scheme based on your mood, says Von Fruth, "like Dennis's recent 'Cyber Tiger,' an orange and purple jungle pattern." Always demand "direct dye" colors-they're more intense than the alternative, "oxidated dyes."
- STEP 3: PAINT YOUR NOODLE. Brush the dye on your hair; this should take 20 minutes. "But don't dye your hair the same day you plan to play," cautions Von Fruth. "When Dennis tried that, hot-pink sweat ran down his face."



ITRICKS

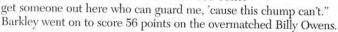
With the NBA heating up and March Madness in full swing, you're probably playing more hoops, too. Here's how to get the edge on your home court.

HOW TO

Sure, you've got your crossover dribble, your behind-the-back pass, your nothin'-but-net jumper. But to truly earn your propers on the hard court, you've got to talk some serious trash. And none of that "you're slower than my dead granny" stuff-that's rookie shit. Below, expert strategies that will psych out the bad guys.

STRATEGY 1: Inform your opponent of your intentions. With the ball in hand, look the opposing player in the eye and whisper a detailed outline of your next move. Basically, you're telling him that you're so good, it doesn't even matter if he knows your strategy. Make the hoop, and you cripple his confidence. "Listen up," Larry Bird, the master of this technique, once told Seattle's Tom Chambers. "I'm dribbling three steps to the baseline, going on a spin move to the middle, and knockin' it off the glass. And there ain't nothin' you can do about it." Of course, he did exactly as advertised.

STRATEGY 2: Savage your competitor through a third party. You'll demoralize your opponent by refusing to speak with him directly. This implies his game is so soft that you can't be bothered striking up a conversation. This is Charles Barkley's favorite method. "Hey Coach," Sir Charles once roared to Warriors' coach Don Nelson. "You better



STRATEGY 3: Offer condescending compliments. To double the sting when you make a shot, dish your opponent a serving of false flattery. "You almost got that," Michael Jordan told Atlanta's Steve Smith after flying over him for a dunk. "You were this close."

STRATEGY 4: Make it personal. Take whatever is most important to your adversary—be it his hair, his car, or his God—and simply eviscerate it. Barkley once posed this question to the devoutly religious A.C. Green: "A.C., if God is so good, how come he didn't give you a jump shot?"



HOW TO

GLOBETROTTER Curly Neal can do it and so can

you. Start by holding the ball so the logo faces you. With your strong hand underneath the ball, use both hands to simultaneously toss it a few inches in the air and generate a powerful horizontal spin. Catch the ball on the tip of your upraised middle finger, which should be stiff and perpendicular to the ground (and not pointed at us). Good form is key: Keep your spinning-arm elbow at an angle slightly wider than 90 degrees; hold your wrist strainly; and most important, keep the ball at eye level. Try to spin it higher or lower, say experts, and it's tough to maintain both hand-eye control and balance. Finally, using your other hand, gently tap the ball at its widest point with a gentle downward tomahawk chop, about every three rotations. (Your goal is control, not speed.) Last tip: Practice indoors, as even the slightest wind can disrupt the spin.



HOW TO

SKY LIKE MIKE

The average flea can jump 130 times his own height. Can you imagine the damage you could wreak in the NBA with a 780-foot vertical leap? Well, get over it. Ain't gonna happen. You can, however, significantly improve your vertical leap—sometimes by as much as six inches. A few secrets for reaching the rim:

BEEF UP YOUR LEGS. "The first step is to build up the muscles in your legs," says Gary Vitti, athletic trainer for the Lakers. "Exercises like squats, lunges, and step-ups [onto a bench] do the best job." Do three sets of each, holding one dumbbell in each hand, with 8 to 12 repetitions. Do this twice a week, until you can bust a cannonball between your knees.

BE A CROUCH MASTER. Vitti calls his next drill "jump squats." Using a barbell with weights that comprise no more than 30 percent of your single-lift squat maximum, he explains, "hold the bar and alternate between crouching and jumping as high as you can. The quicker the better." Vitti suggests doing four sets (12-10-8-8) twice a week. Don't be tempted to pile on more weight, notes renowned sports researcher William Kraemer, Ph.D., of the Pennsylvania State University Center for Sports Medicine. "Practicing explosive jumps using light weights is more effective than overburdening your jumps with heavy weights," he explains. Vitti concurs, warning jumpers to be careful: "If you're not working with a knowledgeable

trainer, you'll reach the back specialist sooner than the rim."

HOP AROUND. Set up objects of varying heights—a bench, a milk crate, a sturdy chair. Then, hop from one object into a crouch position on the floor, like a frog, then onto another of a different height, and so on (after first making sure all your windowshades are discreetly down). Do this twice a week and hop until your legs feel like they're on fire. Kraemer explains why these "plyometric drop-jumps" work: The initial drop stretches the thigh muscles, allowing you to store energy in the muscles and tendons that you recover on the next upward jump. Over a few months, this boosts the overall "neural stimulation of the muscle," which increases your leap. It works: One study found jump heights increased by 20 percent.

LOSE THE GUT. Thought you were going to get off easy, did you? Think again. Weight's what keeps you earthbound, or, in physics terms: The height of your flight is inversely proportional to the mass of your ass.

MAXIM MARCH 1998

HOW TO

BEAT THE OFFICE COLD

Being sick sucks. You look like crap, feel like crap, and have to blow your sick days recuperating instead of catching a day game. In your absence, work piles up, making the fact that you probably caught the cold from one of your coworkers more infuriating. Sick of it all? Here's how to wage germ warfare.



CLOSE YOUR MOUTH. Germs travel through the air. In fact, they can fly as far as 30 feet. So if you're forced to sit near someone who's coughing, wheezing, or sneezing, keep your mouth shut; it's better to breathe through your nose, where tiny hairs act

as filters to keep out the germs.

WASH YOUR HANDS. You get infected by touching hard surfaces: the coffee-maker, the copy machine, and elevator buttons, where filthy, germ-encrusted coworkers have inadvertently left behind viral critters that can live for hours. A 1997 study by Purdue University says that the fix is to wash your hands often with antibacterial soap and warm water.

HIT THE GYM. Moderate exercise two or three times a week will help ward off a cold: A mellow workout increases the circulation of your immune cells, boosting the chances that they'll collide with and vanquish the virus. But throw in the towel after an hour: According to Appalachian State University exercise science professor Dr. David Nieman, that's when stress hormones kick in that actually suppress your immune system.

GET A WINDOW SEAT. You want to avoid stagnant, germ-laden air at all costs, so get to the conference room early for meetings and snag yourself a spot near an open window or an air vent. If you must share an office with a bona fide sicko, try wearing one of those heavy WWI-era gas masks...or at least crack the window or requisition a desk fan.

HAVE A BEVVIE WITH YOUR BUDS.

More friends equals fewer colds, according to a Carnegie Mellon University study, because your pals help you deal with immune-system—suppressing stress. And a couple of stiff drinks a day seem to help keep the colds at bay. (Some docs say alcohol hurts a cold virus's ability to reproduce.) But the bartender should cut you off after two so you don't get dehydrated and undermine the whole deal.

KISS A HOT GIRL. Good news: Lipmashing is still safe, since 90 percent of cold viruses lurk in your snot, not your spit. (We trust you can avoid Frenching her nose.) But again, opt for making out in the supply room with the window open rather than atop the germ-soaked photocopier.



HOW TO

PUBLIC ACCESS SHOW



IF YOU HAVE CABLE (and what kind of hellish life are you leading if you don't?), you've seen public access TV: cheap, bad, boring programs produced by people you hope don't live nearby. You (or a monkey) could do better, so why not seize this chance for fame and fortune? The public access directors at Century Cable in Santa Monica, California, tell how.

Figure out what kind of show you want.

Some producers want to be informative (Ask Mr. Traffic with Kenny Morse), while others strive to entertain (Colin's Sleazy Friends). Unlike most TV, where success depends on ratings, success in public access ultimately depends on how much you, the producer, like the final result. Colin, whose show consists of him interviewing porn starlets who then dance naked during the closing credits, considers his show a success. We agree.

Take the producers' course. Stations require would-be producers to attend a course to attain a minimum competency level. Over two weekends you will learn the rules of the station and the nuts and bolts of production (get your show done quickly, because the crew won't stay late). To find out how to enroll, call your cable company.

Book interesting guests. Your cousin is not interesting. Your drinking buddy is not interesting. Frankly, *you're* not all that interesting. Freaks are interesting. Nude people are interesting. Nude freaks are goddamn fascinating.

Plan what will happen every minute. This is where most shows fall apart. Avoid looking like a dickhead by preparing a "breakdown" sheet, which divides the program into smaller segments. Schedule every part of the show: introductions, skits, video roll-ins, time spent on given topics.

Bring your own set decorations. The fake dogwood tree provided by the station has been

on thousands of shows. Don't rely on it to liven yours up.

Ignore the naysayers. One director put it bluntly: "Back out now, while you still have some dignity. Almost all public access shows suck. Yours will too." Then again, you'll be on television. And when babes ask you what you do, you can tell them you're a producer.

TV OR NOT TV?

A glimpse at some off-the-wall public access fare that makes Wayne's World look like The Dick Cavett Show.



Driveways of the Rich & Famous: Hollywood, California Visit celebrity driveways, like the Playboy Mansion, with its rock intercom (left). Once,

the ever-genial David Hasselhoff greeted the host with a hearty "Get the fuck out of here."

Burrito Vision: Fayetteville, Arkansas Two college kids chainsaw down trees, blow stuff up, and field death threats.

I Strip for God: New York, New York
Biblical passages flash on the screen as
the hostess strips down to her birthday suit
because, she says, Jesus told her to use her

body to recruit Christians.

John TV: Kansas City, Kansas

In KC, prostitution is down 80 percent since police began broadcasting pictures of men who've been arrested for soliciting prostitutes.

TOP LEFT: CULVER PICTURES; TOP RIGHT: MARK WEISS; WAYNE'S WORLD: ZANNE TENNER/KOBAL COLLECTION; ROCK INTERCOM: JOHN CUNNINGHAM

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FOOL A LIE Detector test

Embezzlement charges, alibi woes...you never know when you'll have to face a polygraph. But testing pros like Martin Schermerhorn, a 25-year veteran of the L.A. County Sheriff's Department, say you can beat the machine. The skinny:



TRY TO RELAX.

Innocent people calm down as the test progresses; the guilty get more jittery. Mental imagery really can decrease your heart rate, so somewhere in the middle of the test, start envisioning relaxing scenes, like hanging out poolside with a margarita.

BITE YOUR TONGUE. Inflicting pain on yourself can alter respiration, blood pressure, and skin-surface readings, so gnaw a chunk of your cheek or stow a thumbtack in your shoe for precision toe-pricking. The key: Do this on the nonsensitive, "control" questions ("Is your name John Doe?") and the examiner won't have normal reactions to compare to your Big Lie.

CLENCH YOUR FIST. This "countermeasure," used on the money questions, will cause the blood-pressure cuff to tighten, jacking up the readings. This doesn't mean you "pass" the test, just that the results will be too distorted to interpret either way.

TAKE A VALIUM. Physiological responses must be recorded within five seconds to be valid for interpretation. A Valium, or any drug that depresses your central nervous system, will delay the internal alarms that go hand in hand with a guilty conscience long enough to yield an inconclusive result.

WATCH YOUR BODY LANGUAGE. Squirming, averting your eyes, tapping your foot, and crossing your arms send signals to the examiner that you're being deceptive. Instead, sit still, look straight at the examiner, and answer directly.

NEVER CAVE. Gut it out, even if you're guilty as sin. Schermerhorn, who's conducted hundreds of tests, recently had a guy in the hot seat who was clearly lying about doing drugs, but the readings were inconclusive. So Schermerhorn bluffed, telling the guy he was "in trouble with these results," and the sucker confessed.



CONTRIBUTORS:

Barry Baum, Mason Brown, David Glitzer, John Kehoe, Amy Spencer, Fiona Waters, Leslie Yazel



PLAY HER MOODS

Guys only have two moods: good and bad. Women have a whole smorgasbord, not all of them rational. Instead of complaining, here's how to play her changing moods to your carnal advantage.

HER MOOD: Shaken (almost got sideswiped by bread truck)

YOUR MOVE: Hold her tightly, brush the hair back from her face, and say soothing things like "It's OK, I'm here." Check for minor injuries.

WHY IT WORKS: She craves a protector and hero. And here you are: one of those *ER* guys, but in the flesh!

SEX BONUS: Heightened adrenaline rush; plus, you come off like Superman even if you perform like Jimmy Olsen.

HER MOOD: Stressed out (favorite characters on *Melrose* aren't doing what she wants)

YOUR MOVE: Break out the lotion and give her a foot massage, firmly but soothingly working your way up her legs. (Slowly, pardner: Race for the dirty bits and you'll upset the applecart.) Say, "You have such cute little feet," even if they're covered with coarse hair and stink like bloated dead dogs rotting in a sewer pipe. WHY IT WORKS: Her last beau wouldn't touch her feet with a 10-foot pole. SEX BONUS: With all that pent-up energy, she should be up for a vigorous pelvic workout.

HER MOOD: Giddy (found righteous footwear bargain)

YOUR MOVE: As she jabbers on about the details, open your eyes really wide, say, "No way!" and cheer her on/hug her/high-five her where appropriate. WHY IT WORKS: Women desperately want to share every emotion with someone, and more important, your lady wants proof that you're as excited as she is. So when she's blissin', second that emotion and you fulfill the role of her best friend... You're in like Flynn. SEX BONUS: Happy vibes mean she'll be aerobically charged and open to that new trick you're dying to try.

HER MOOD: Fuming (bitchy girl at work looked at her funny again)
YOUR MOVE: Take her out to dinner, pump her full of wine, and let her rant until she calms down. Be supportive, but don't offer any quick-fix revenge scenarios involving handguns or bear traps—she'll think you're not taking her emotions seriously.
WHY IT WORKS: She needs to talk it out, because women aren't hep to the quick fix of popping an offender in the jaw.

SEX BONUS: No talking...just grunts!

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Her Cheatin' Heart

She'd never cheat on you, right? Sure, pal. Five real women explain what makes them stay or stray, and how they cope when men betray them.

HOW IT STARTS

LEANN: I definitely didn't plan on cheating. It just happened a few times when I wanted something new, but I wasn't ready to break up with my boyfriend yet.

TRISH: That sounds familiar: the transitional man. LEANN: Exactly. I needed the new guy to prove to myself that I was ready to leave my boyfriend. SYLVIA: And to rediscover that sex could be much,

much better!

HELEN: Right, because let's face it, you usually don't stray from a relationship where the sex is great. I mean, the sex is usually the thing that goes first when a relationship is falling apart.

SYLVIA: I don't know, I've had situations where I think we were clinging to the sex as the last, good thing. But, of course, it was kind of hollow, shallow sex at that point.

HELEN: Or it's become routine. When you've been together a long time, you almost become sibling-like. Which is great, except in bed. You start to

crave that passionate stranger.

TRISH: But you *always* crave that passionate stranger. That's how I ended up having an affair with a married man at my work. We were around each other 50 hours a week, and suddenly our morning meetings turned into...well, let's just say they ended with me having to straighten my skirt and put on more lipstick before leaving his office.

MAGGIE: I hooked up with a guy from work, too. He wasn't married, but he was pretty deeply involved with someone else. Well, not that deeply, I guess.

HELEN: It was work for me, too. I was on a business trip to Brussels, and I met a man at our subsidiary firm who was the polar opposite of my husband. **MAGGIE:** And you did it, just like that?

THE GIRLS

ck Chat

MAGGIE, 22, is a telemarketer who thinks men and women should confess their infidelities.

TRISH, 27, is an executive assistant who had a threemonth affair with a married coworker.

HELEN, 34, is a bond broker who cheated on her husband two months into their marriage.

SYLVIA, 24, cheated on her boyfriend with a man who was more "sexually adventurous."

LEANN, 30, has a long history of cheating, but recently changed her tune.



"YOU MAY BE HONEST AND UPSTANDING IN OTHER AREAS OF YOUR LIFE, BUT WHEN YOU START CHEATING YOU REALIZE YOU HAVE A DARK SIDE."

MAXIM MARCH 1998



HELEN: Mmm...yeah. But there was no emotional connection. He was younger, this Latin guy who'd never gone to college. It was my last fling before I settled down. I think the idea that I was never going to sleep with anyone other than my husband was starting to drive me crazy, so I just...did it. I felt like a guy does, I guess. The sex was amazing. LEANN: When I cheated on the guy I was living with, it was with a man who was more sensual and adventurous. He was also our neighbor.

MAGGIE: Oh. My. God! I mean...talk about living dangerously.

LEANN: It got sick. We parked our cars in the same garage; so my boyfriend and I would be walking together, and I'd chuck a note behind his back and into the open window of this other guy's car. It was so twisted. But things had turned sour with my boyfriend; we weren't even sleeping together anymore.

MAGGIE: It's weird. You may be honest and upstanding in other areas of your life, but when you start cheating you realize you have a dark side. I started sleeping with a coworker who was already dating another girl we both worked with. She would always come to me for advice about family problems and things, and one night right

after I'd had sex with her boyfriend in a back room, she told me, "I really appreciate your friendship." I felt like evil incarnate.

TRISH: The logistics are so complicated. After it ended with the married guy, I started seeing two guys at once. Just to complicate my life. Well, one of them called, and I was in the process of inviting him over, when Guy Number Two clicked in and said, "I'm around the corner at a pay phone." It was like *Three's Company* meets *Melrose Place*.

SYLVIA: I used to make rules, like: It's OK to cheat as long as I don't sleep with both of them in the same day. And I'd write notes to myself to keep the lies straight.

LEANN: Well, with this guy, he was treating me so badly, and we had just moved to New Orleans, where I knew no one. I guess I wanted to get revenge. I wanted to get caught with the neighbor and really hurt this guy.

SYLVIA: Yeah, I definitely wanted revenge when I cheated on my boyfriend. It wasn't about the sex. I had found out he'd cheated on me, and although I tried to forgive him, the trust was completely blown.

WHY BEING NAUGHTY IS SO NICE

LEANN: I don't know. You may not do it for the sex at first, but cheating sex can be amazing. In college I was sleeping with two guys for about three months, and aside from the fun of being in bed all the time, I felt empowered and sexy by the fact that I had two partners.

TRISH: When I was seeing the married guy at work, every minute we were together was full of energy and sexual tension, because we knew that it was an impossible situation that would have to end.

MAGGIE: Yes, so you're always in the mood, no discussion. Once I arrived first at a bar where I was meeting the guy who was cheating on his girlfriend with me. He walked in, slapped a five-dollar bill down on the bar to pay for my drink, grabbed me around the waist, and before we got to the car, my shirt was unbuttoned and his fly was open.

LEANN: Yes. It's sort of twisted, but when I've cheated I haven't needed as much foreplay to get excited and wet.

HELEN: When I cheated with the younger man I was totally uninhibited: I didn't care what he thought about me. I was being really demanding, ▷

"IT'S SORT OF TWISTED, BUT WHEN I'VE CHEATED I HAVEN'T NEEDED AS MUCH FOREPLAY TO GET EXCITED AND WET."

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THE CURIOUSLY STRONG MINTS



telling him what position to put us in and what I wanted next. Stuff I could never do with my husband in a million years.

SYLVIA: Both times I've cheated, I've chosen a guy who was the opposite of my boyfriend at the time. One boyfriend was very boy-next-door, so I went after a real "face man," who was all about sex. He was into using sex toys. We had these two vibrators, and beads—

TRISH: Beads?

SYLVIA: Trust me. Beads rule. Check your local sex shop.

TRISH: I don't have a local sex shop. But it's true about the sex being more electric. With this guy, we could never go to his place, and I had a roommate; so one of the only times we actually went all the way was in a restaurant parking lot, leaning up against his car.

MAGGIE: What? How'd you do that?

TRISH: I wore a skirt and thong undies and he had strong arms. We would have gone for Round Two

except a waitress came out for a smoke break. **LEANN:** It's just mentally more exciting. I can't always come the first time with a new partner, but being with someone new in an illicit way can put me over the edge. My boyfriend never noticed whether I was wearing big cotton underwear or my lacy lingerie. But the guy I cheated with was infatuated, and I started dressing to please him because he made it worthwhile. He made me feel more...desir-

able, I guess, than my boyfriend did.

MAGGIE: Both times I've cheated, I've been drunk, so the guys thought I was really aggressive and wild in bed, which was fun. But later it made it seem even more dishonest and showed how the relationship would never work. In sober life, I'm just a nice, vanilla girl.

TRISH: Yeah, cheating made me feel naughtier than I really am. When we messed around he'd whisper in my ear, "Don't you feel wicked? Aren't you a bad girl?" Well, no, I'm not a bad girl, but I was having fun pretending to be one.

MAGGIE: Yes, it's the naughty-secretive thing that makes it exciting. That key-party scene in *The Ice Storm*, where all the couples are randomly matched up to go home and have sex, seemed so blatant, it grossed me out.

LEANN: Me, too. Repulsed.

HELEN: I just think sex- and intimacy-wise, women want more affection and attention. The ideal would be to be married and have three boyfriends.

LEANN: When would you sleep?!

HELEN: Okay, just one boyfriend. One young, strong boyfriend.

WHEN GUYS CHEAT

HELEN: I almost wouldn't want to know if my husband cheated on me. I think I could trust him to wear a condom and be safe, so I really wouldn't want to know. I never told him that I cheated on him. It would only hurt him.

TRISH: I wouldn't want to know either. If it's a short-term, lust-only thing, then it's his burden to bear.

SYLVIA: My advice to guys is: Don't tell her. My boyfriend and I got in an argument at a Fourth of July party, and he confessed everything. Now every year I spend our nation's birthday picturing him naked and thrashing around with this other woman, who was a friend of mine.

LEANN: Since I've cheated, I'm more likely to listen to a guy's reasons and try to understand why he cheated. Of course, initially I'll freak out.

MAGGIE: There's that moment when you find out, and you feel physically ill. But I vote for honesty: I would want to know everything. Sometimes I beat issues to death, but finding out the real reason behind his affair could save our relationship.

TRISH: I know a lot of women who've found out their boyfriends cheated on them, and how the guy breaks it to her can make all the difference in whether the relationship can be salvaged.

MAGGIE: I think he should just leave it in the suicide note.

TRISH: Ha, ha. No really, he should just keep it simple. Tell me the bare bones of the story. Don't say, "I met this woman, Kimmie, at the gym." Just say, "I cheated with a woman you don't know. I fucked up. I don't love her. I love you." Then let me ask any specific questions.

LEANN: Right, because if he starts giving out details it makes it look like he was really into her; it would hurt you more.



SYLVIA: I dunno. When I found out my boyfriend was cheating on me it was like the world turned black. You feel like, "I let you inside my body and this is the thanks I get!" It hurts, and then it makes *you* want to cheat.

LEANN: I don't know if I could forgive a guy for cheating. I know when I've cheated it has meant

I'm unhappy or just immature or afraid of intimacy. So I assume that's what it means when a guy cheats on me.

SHOWED UP

CAUGHT!

change when you get caught cheating.

SYLVIA: My boyfriend walked in on me and this other man in a hotel room. I was traveling for business, but I was only an hour away; and he just showed up because he suspected I was cheating. He called me a whore and threw my suitcase and all my things off the balcony. Other people came out of their rooms to see what was going on. I felt so...ashamed.

TRISH: We never got caught, thankfully. I changed jobs and we stopped seeing each other. Sometimes

I imagined what would happen if we got caught by his wife. But ours was a fantasy world, and even though I was in love with him, I had zero interest in that fantasy and the real world colliding.

MAGGIE: [To Helen] Aren't you ever worried your husband will find out you've cheated on him?

HELEN: No. That's why I did it in another country with a man I'll never see again.

LEANN: I just don't cheat now. I remember exactly what it felt like to be caught cheating—dirty, mean, heartless. And I don't want to feel like that ever again.

MAGGIE: Right. I actively try not to cheat. I try not to get too drunk because it leaves me vulnerable to going off with some guy.

LEANN: Me, too. And I avoid long work assignments out of town when I'm dating someone so I'm not tempted to cheat.

SYLVIA: But it comes down to who you're dating, too. If a guy makes you feel like you're so special that he would never want to cheat on you, then it's easier to be faithful.

HELEN: It's also easier if a guy is inventive in bed or is always asking if you like it, what you like, and all that.

TRISH: Bottom line: If the sex is good, you know he's crazy about you, and you're both committed to being together, then it's about a hundred times easier to avoid jumping into bed with some other guy.





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Three referees deliver the dirt on out-of-control coaches, screaming fans, and horribly blown calls. By Bob Ivry

EVILED INSIDE THE ARENA, shunned everywhere else, referees and umpires are the lepers of professional sports. How many God-fearing fans can honestly say that they've never wished bodily harm on an ump? Think about it: When a ref's at the top of his game, he's ignored, and when he muffs a call. the saliva starts flying. What's it like to be an outcast? How does it feel to blow a crucial call in front of thousands of jackals screaming for your zebra blood? We asked three officials from the

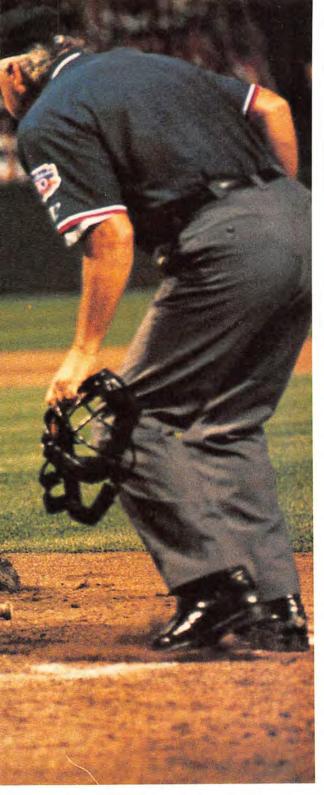
NHL, major-league baseball, and the NBA to

give us a ref's eye view.

What's the conversation like when you're arguing a call with a player or coach? Are there any words that will automatically get them the boot?

Don Denkinger: Believe me, they're not asking what restaurant you're going to later. They can use fuck as $^{\circ}_{\circ}$ an adjective, as long as the fans can't hear them. The minute they put you on the end of it, they get an early shower. In '85, Whitey Herzog called me a cocksucker, # and he was gone.

Wally Rooney: I don't believe in magic words. Larry Bird would say to me, "I didn't like your fucking call." That's OK. [Former Celtics' coach] Bill Fitch would



Denkinger: There's nobody around today who compares to Billy Martin or Earl Weaver. What they did is no longer tolerated, all that screaming and yelling at us like we're dogs.

Rooney: Coaches like [the Heat's] Kevin Loughery and [the Knicks'] Hubie Brown would scream at us instead of coaching. They detracted from the game. And to me, Clyde Drexler is not a good personality. He's tried to run me over. He ran right through [referee] Bob Delaney after a game, and he said he was just running into the locker room. At 6'7", there he is, plowing into you. You have to watch him

all the time.

Have you ever thrown somebody out of a game who didn't deserve it?

Rooney: Many times. I've given technicals to players who didn't deserve them in order to get control of the game. In those cases, you recommend that the league doesn't fine the player.

McCreary: When I was younger, I overreacted and gave unsportsmanlike conduct penalties to coaches. I felt like I needed to earn my stripes.

Denkinger: I've never regretted running anybody.

What do you do when you blow a call?

McCreary: You admit making a mistake and carry on. Ninety-nine percent of the time when you handle it that way, players and coaches don't come back with a retaliatory remark. You're human. They know that.

Denkinger: If they want to come out and discuss a call, I'll do that. But if they want to make like Lou Piniella and scream and windmill their arms, then they're gone. If we were all perfect, we wouldn't need umps.

Rooney: After a call, when a player comes after a ref and the ref gives him his back and walks away, that's usually an indication that the ref's made a mistake and doesn't want to compound the felony. You never admit they're right. If the player follows you anyway,

you hit him with a T.

Do you ever go home and watch the replay of a controversial call?

Rooney: NBA refs travel with a VCR and tapes, and all the games are recorded so you can go over them later at the hotel. It's very much a part of your game. You use it as a learning tool. You can get into a rut as far as your positioning goes, and the tape will help you see that.

Denkinger: The umpiring crew goes over every game in the locker room afterward, and we get visits from the head umpire. But you can't change what already happened.

McCreary: It's an empty feeling when three million people watching on television know something instantly and, on the ice, we don't. In the 1994 ▷

THE LINEUP



BILL MCCREARY, a

15-year veteran of the National Hockey League, has officiated in the last four Stanley Cup finals, as well as the Canada Cup and the Nagano Olympics.



DON
DENKINGER
has umped in th

has umped in the American League since 1969, including four World Series.



WALLY ROONEY

started with the American Basketball Association in 1970 and reffed with the National Basketball Association until his retirement in 1993. He's whistled five NBA Finals.

say that, and I'd say, "Well, I didn't like your fucking substitution." If they said, "Hey, Wally, you're really fucking us tonight," that's another story. That questions my integrity. Then they're gone.

Bill McCreary: Intimidation is a big part of hockey. You have 200-pound men using illegal weapons to send a piece of hard rubber up to 100 miles per hour. Usually, when they go off, it's just an emotional outburst and they don't really mean it. That said, you toss them if they can't get a grip on themselves.

Who really gets your goat?

McCreary: Nobody.

Finals, [the Canucks'] Trevor Linden took a shot, and it went in the net and out so fast I didn't see it. [The Rangers'] Mark Messier took the puck and immediately went the length of the ice and scored. Turns out the instant replay judge caught the Linden goal, and I had to tell [Rangers' coach] Mike Keenan that Messier's goal didn't count and the score was 3–1

instead of 2–2.

"YOU HAVE TO REMEMBER, THE ONLY OTHER PEOPLE WHO WEAR STRIPES ARE CONVICTS."

What's the story with "makeup" calls?

Denkinger: There's no such thing. A makeup call means you've been wrong twice.

Rooney: You want to be fair. Say another official calls a charge at the other end of the court, and when the teams come to your end of the court, a similar play occurs. You call it, even though you might not normally. That's continuity. That's fair-

ness. You don't want one team being penalized.

McCreary: No such thing. If you've made a mistake,
you admit it and move on. Two wrongs don't make
a right.

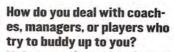
Do stars get preferential treatment?

Denkinger: No, they don't need it. But maybe it looks that way because they're more talented.

McCreary: Most superstars, like Wayne Gretzky, aren't as aggressive as some of your role players. But I've given The Great One 10-minute misconducts when he's gone over the line.

Rooney: No, but you have to be aware of a superstar who has a lot of fouls on him. A foul is a foul, but you

have to be careful before you call a fourth or fifth foul on Michael Jordan. You want to be sure of the call because people come to the games to be entertained.



McCreary: I don't want them to like me, I want them to respect me. I never get into a confrontation on the ice where there's not sweat dripping off my nose. The players know I work hard and they respect that.

Denkinger: If they send a bottle of wine over to my table at a restaurant, I'll accept it. It's discourteous not to. It's a mutual admiration society—we know there are no better players in the world, and they realize we're the best at what we do.

Rooney: The league frowns on contact. How's this for a double standard? League rules say that if we enter a restaurant and players are already there, we have to leave. They never have to.

What's the most embarrassing thing that's ever happened to you?

McCreary: I got knocked down during a playoff game and didn't see the puck enter the net. I wasn't in the right position. I got in a player's way, and when I hit the ice in those nylon pants, I just spun around and around.

Denkinger: The day in Detroit when I called a game off because of rain. After I took a shower, I went outside and the sun was shining. It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon. We never got the game in and the gate was lost. And then, after I called [Kansas City's Jorge] Orta safe in Game 6 of the 1985 World Series, I got death threats. A couple of St. Louis deejays broadcast my address over the radio and said, "Let's get Denkinger!" People said they were going to burn my house down. The FBI was called in. I never dreamed I'd be the object of that kind of aggression.

Rooney: A playoff game in the late '80s, Lakers at Houston. The Lakers were up by one in the final seconds, and Otis Thorpe was passing the ball in. I was counting off the seconds, and when I got to five, I blew the whistle at the same time Otis called "time." I called a five-second violation. Rod Thorn put a clock on the replay and it was 4.9 seconds. The Lakers beat them by three and ended up winning the series 4–0, but I feel like I might've taken Houston out of the game. I still feel bad about that.

How do the fans affect your officiating?

McCreary: I've had 16,000 people screaming, "McCreary sucks!" Sometimes you're the bad guy. You have to remember, the only other people who wear stripes are convicts. You take a deep breath and refocus on your job.

Rooney: When I was just starting, I was naive. At one game, the fans at Madison Square Garden were screaming at me for calling a foul at the end of the game. The Knicks won, but it turned out that they didn't cover the spread. Because of me, supposedly. What did I know? Anyway, if it's the last play of the game, you want to be sure. You want the players to decide the game, not you.

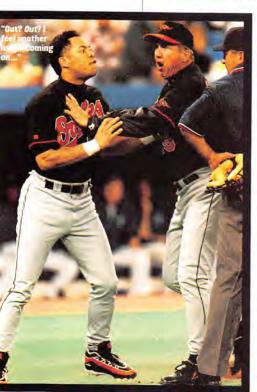
Denkinger: You're more emphatic on a called third strike than on a second strike because it's more important. That said, you don't have to jump up and down like [umpires] Ron Luciano or Dutch Rennert. In the '97 World Series, [umpire] Durwood Merrill called a guy safe at home five times. I thought he'd take flight.

Is your phone number listed?

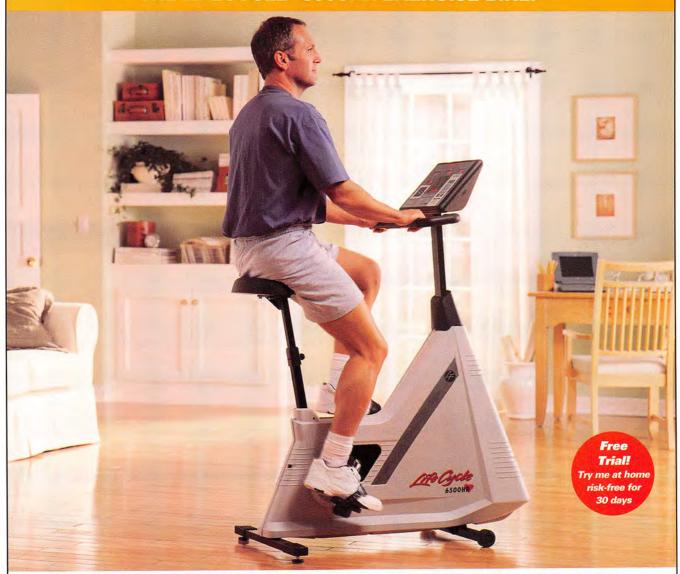
Denkinger: Sure. I'm not going to hide. I'm not ashamed of my job.

Rooney: Yeah. Never any reason not to.

McCreary: No, it's not. Please destroy it.



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Ever thought about chucking your job and starting your own business?

Jack Lefelt did. He lost his shirt—so you won't have to.

Business

OT LONG AFTER I started my own company, I came across some ridiculous statistic that 80 percent of new businesses fail. I never thought I'd become a statistic. I always thought I was different, that I'd be the one to prove that a guy with no business experience, no knowledge of the market, and a very poor head for numbers could emerge victorious in the land of commerce.

It didn't work out that way. If there was a rule to be followed, I broke it. If there was a mistake to be made, I made it. And in the end, after four years in business, I can honestly say that I lost my shirt. But now, by exposing the error of my ways, I hope to help eager, enthusiastic, young entrepreneurs forge their own successful companies. You know, take them by the hand and lead them through the thicket of business strategies...otherwise known as a stroll through the park with the prince of darkness.

Wanting to be the master of the universe is the wrong reason to start your own business.

I started my company because I was sick of working for the Man. I wanted to be the Man. I didn't want to kiss the boss's ass, drink his skank office coffee, or punch his time clock one more time. Trouble is, having these feelings means you're qualified to write a country-western song, not run your own company.

Believe in yourself. Believe in your product. Believe in your dreams. But don't get delusional out there.

It was the summer of '93. Baggy pants were everywhere and the T-shirt seemed destined to become fashion's Next Big Thing. One day, my brother and I were in his apartment, fooling around with a few T-shirt designs. They were pretty good. In fact, we were convinced they would sell like nickel bags on a hot day in the park. A week later, during a late-night brainstorming session, it happened: The clouds parted and a golden ray of inspiration shone down. Why stop at T-shirts? We already had our company name—Gravy—so why not produce a full line of action-oriented clothing and accessories for men? Jackets would sell! Button-down shirts would sell! So

would hats, sweaters, and belts! Hell, we could even sell sneakers! We actually believed all of this.

Know at least one damn thing about your market.

Do research. Investigate your competitors. Take notes on what you like and don't like. Don't lose those notes. Growing up, I never really cared much about fashion. To this day, I am what's known as a repeat offender: I repeat shirts, jeans, underwear, and socks. Everyone could tell that I was not particularly well-suited to the fashion industry. Well, everyone but me.

Don't even think about trusting your investors.

They will come at you when you're vulnerable. You will have been eating tomato sauce sandwiches for weeks and thinking of yourself as a failure. You will be ecstatic when they buy you lunch and tell you that you're brilliant. But that doesn't make them good investors. The first investors I had were these three fat, ponytailed jokers who claimed they knew the fashion market cold. They wined me and dined me and then snatched a piece of the Gravy action. Turns out they knew less about fashion than I did.

Do not partner up with someone who's taking a powerful medication.

My third "partner" was in the midst of a nervous breakdown when we closed the deal. Next thing I knew, she wouldn't leave her apartment, couldn't pay her bills, and had to double her medication. The last time I saw her was in court when the judge dismissed her case against me. The lesson here is simple. Get to know someone before becoming partners. If necessary, do a background check. Convictions for fraud or murder should be considered a red flag.

Don't max out five credit cards.

It ain't pretty.

If anybody tells you not to worry, reach for a largecaliber rifle.

One manufacturer I contracted with to produce clothes for Gravy would swear that my shipment was "on the ▷

"I didn't listen to Maxim's advice. Now look at me." way." He would tell me to "relax, man" and promise that the order I'd placed two months before would "arrive any second now." In three years, I never received a shipment from him that was on time. One day, I found out that another one of my manufacturers was selling Gravystyle clothing to other companies. "Don't worry about it, dude," he tried to reassure me. Then he'd suck back a bong hit and cough into the phone. His shipment would arrive, and I'd have to spend the whole night tearing out labels that said "Wacky Dog" from our jackets. Bottom line: If you're not a pro, make sure the people you hire are. Ask for references. Get information about the other companies they work with, what they can do, and, more important, what they can't.

Learn to talk like an asshole.

Businessmen are known for slinging lingo. If you don't know what they're talking about, you look like a schmuck. *Bring to the table* is a common term used to describe what someone is contributing to a particular deal; it has nothing to do with lunch. *Invoice* refers to an account transaction printed on company letterhead, not a Post-it.

Try to avoid the whole drug-habit thing.

It ain't pretty either.

Keep your family way, way, way the hell away from your business.

My brother did a lot of graphic-design work for the company, and my parents lent me some initial capital. My

brother and I fought so much that I threw him out the window. But we lived on the first floor, so I had to go outside, pick him up, carry him up the stairs to the roof, and throw him off again. And if you thought it was hard ducking your landlord, try ducking your mom. She has guilt on her side and she's not afraid to use it.

Steal little, steal big. Just don't steal from yourself.

There will be times when you'll be working extremely hard but have no cash coming in. No matter how much you feel that you

RESIST THE TEMPTATION TO "BORROW" FROM YOURSELF AND THEN "PAY IT BACK" LATER. YOU WON'T. TRUST ME.

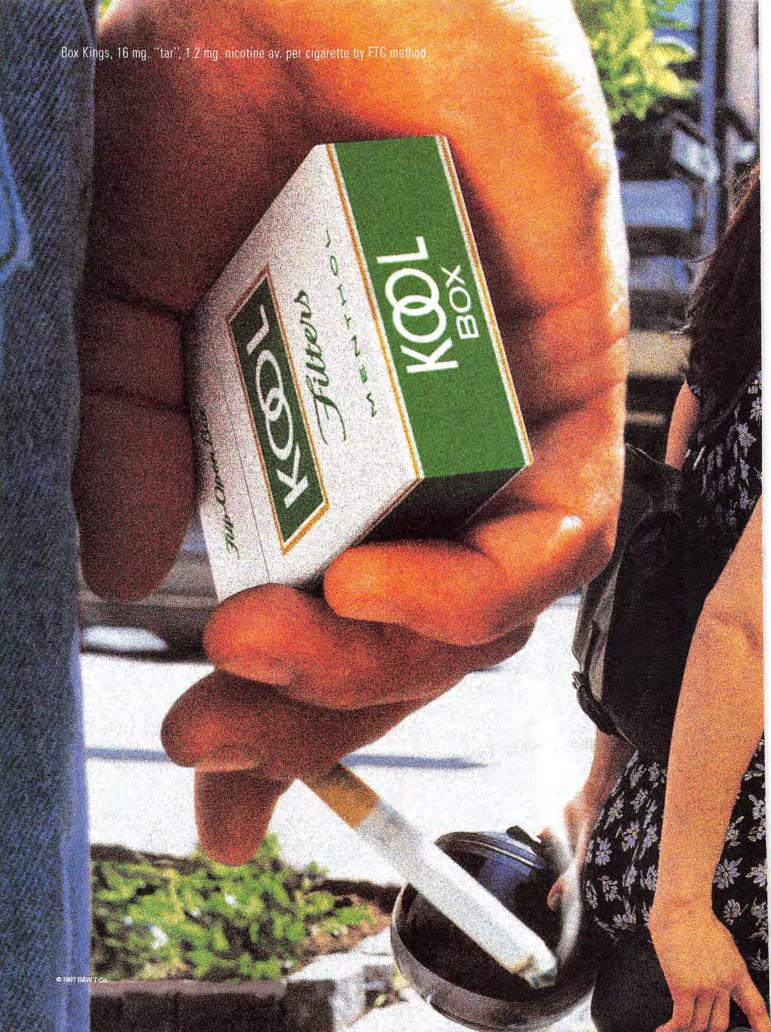
deserve the filet mignon and the single malt, remember: Contractors need to be paid. Resist the temptation to "borrow" from yourself and then "pay it back" later. You won't. Trust me.

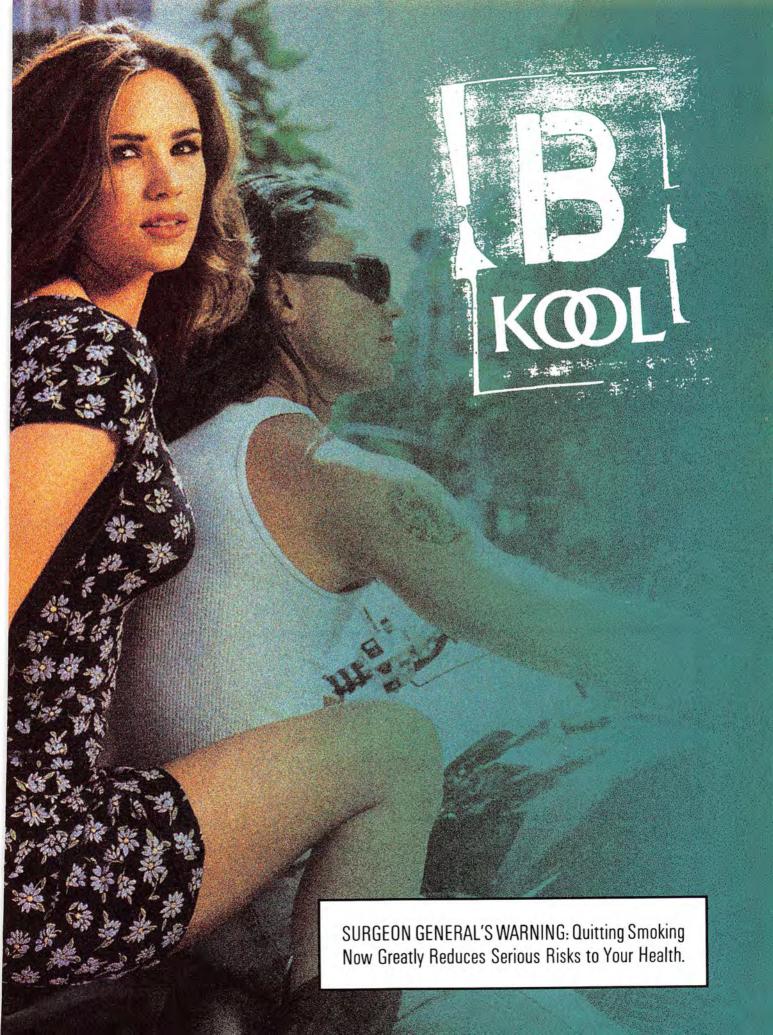
Hang up the gloves before you hang yourself.

After four years in business, Gravy clothing had been shipped to over 50 stores in the U.S., Japan, Germany, and Switzerland. Everyone loved it. But there comes a time when you just have to pull the plug. For me, it was a tower of unopened bills on my desk, two court appearances (landlord and ex-partner), an empty wallet, and an empty soul. I cut my losses when it was virtually impossible to lose any more. I still recall Sammy, one of the three fat, ponytailed investors, taking me aside one day and saying, "Look, kid, if it was easy, everybody would be rich and successful."













We know what you think about stretching. You think it's for girlie-men. You think it's second only to quiche-eating. Wrong! Stretching's one of the best things you can do for your game. By Sally Wadyka

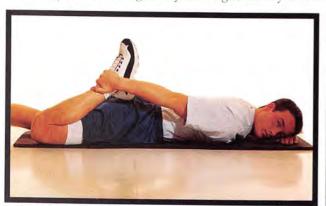
Time

TRETCHING SEEMS like a God-awful bore. After all, why waste your time pretzeled up on the sidelines when you can be out there actually diving for line drives and hanging for alley-oops? Here's why: because Michael does it. And Gretzky does it. And Junior does it too. Before and after the game. They do it because stretching prevents injuries and because it helps them play better. "As soon as you stretch, you start to lengthen the muscles. And a lengthened muscle is a stronger muscle," says Robert Forster, a physical therapist in Santa Monica, California, who trains tennis god Pete Sampras. "A muscle is strongest," he explains, "when it's at 110 percent of its resting length."

Not only does stretching make you stronger, not only does it

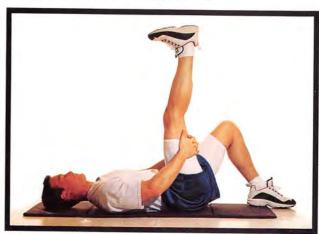
help you reach an extra inch to snag a hard-hit grounder, but it allows you to exert more force while expending less energy. There's simply no downside. So before you jump into the game, give your muscles the once-over with a solid stretching session.

You can do the routine shown here in less than 10 minutes, says Courtney Barroll, a personal trainer and stretching instructor with Equinox Fitness Clubs in New York City. But, she says, don't rush through it; to get the benefits, you have to hold each stretch for 20 seconds. Go easy—you want to feel tension, not pain—and breathe evenly throughout. Finally, despite what your gym teacher told you, bouncing while you stretch won't help you stretch further—it'll only cause microtears in your muscles. And we're not pulling your leg.



Quadriceps

Crucial for: Running, biking, skiing
How it's done: Lie on your stomach with your legs
extended. Turn your head to the right, bend your right
knee, and grab the right foot with your right hand. (It's
kinda like playing Twister.) Keep your hips facing straight
ahead and gently pull your heel back toward your buttocks. You'll feel a stretch along the front of your thigh.
Hold the position for 20 seconds. Then switch to the left
side and do the whole damn thing over again.



Hamstrings

Crucial for: Basketball, running, tennis, in-line skating How it's done: Lie on your back. Bend your left knee and put your left foot flat on the floor. Extend your right leg toward the ceiling, flexing the foot. Clasp your hands around your right thigh and gently pull the leg toward you until you feel a stretch. If you can't keep your leg perfectly straight, bend it slightly. Realize that you look fairly ridiculous. Switch sides.





Chest

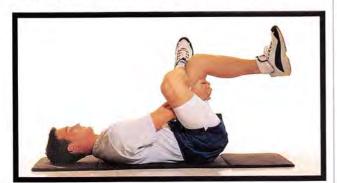
Crucial for: Baseball, bench-pressing, push-ups, tennis How it's done: Stand so your feet are splayed wider than your hips. Hold a towel, stretched between both hands, out in front of you. Slowly lift the towel over your head and then around be hind you until you feel a comfortable stretch across your chest. Gently pull in opposite directions. Baseball players do this stretch using a bat, but it's hard to fit a bat into your gym bag.





Forearms, wrists

Crucial for: Biceps curling, tennis, kayaking
How it's done: Stand up straight, with your right arm extended
in front of you. Face your palm out, as if you were telling the
bartender, "Stop! Don't pour me another shot of that swill."
With your left hand, hold the fingers of your right and gently
bend them back. Hold the pose. Next, rotate your right hand
so your fingers are pointing down. Grasp your fingers again
and gently bend them toward your body. Switch arms.



Glutes

Crucial for: Running, biking, in-line skating
How it's done: Lie on your back; bend your left knee so your
foot is flat on the floor. Bend your right knee and place your
right ankle across your left knee. Hold your left thigh with
both hands and gently pull your legs toward your chest. Then,
duh, switch sides and repeat.



Neck, shoulders, back

Crucial for: Weightlifting, football

How it's done: Get down on all fours. (Yes, yes, that would be "doggy-style.") Sit back on your heels and slowly walk your hands out as far as you can in front of you, with your chest as close to your quads as possible. Keep your head down and your neck extended, and concentrate on elongating your arms.



Calves

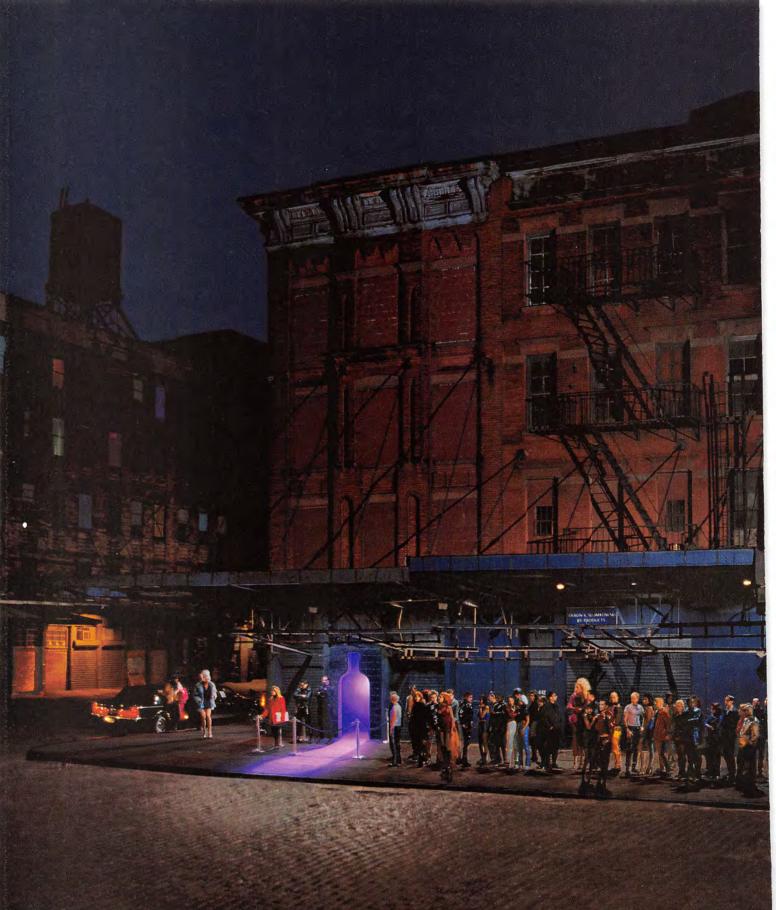
Crucial for: Basketball, running, tennis, biking How it's done: Sit on the floor with your right leg extended straight out in front of you. Bend your left leg so the sole of your foot rests against your right knee. Wrap a towel around the ball of your right foot and hold the ends of the towel with both hands. Keeping your back straight, lean forward, gently pulling your foot back toward you. Hold, then switch sides. Then throw in the towel.



Oblique abdominals

Crucial for: Sit-ups, tennis, basketball

How it's done: Stand with your feet a bit wider than your hips. Raise your arms overhead, then bend your left arm so your hand is behind the right shoulder. With your right hand, grab the left elbow and bend your upper body to the right until you feel a pull in your upper torso. Hold, then repeat on the other side. Stop stretching. Play ball. Watch as your friends get cramps and tear their ligaments. Feel smug. M



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OUR FEATURE PRESENTATIONS

Michelle Pfeiffer is a guy-movie kind of gal: Check her out classing up Number 16, Scarface, in our roundup of the classics (page 66).

Heads up!

Our March lineup is specially designed to keep you paying attention. In the next pages:

- Down a few raw eggs, then turn to **The 100 Greatest Guy Movies**, p. 66
- Check out former teen queen Alyssa Milano's budding new developments, p. 76
- They came, they saw, they got the shit kicked out of them. Manhunt in Mexico, p. 82
- Discover the intoxicating price of fame in our Wild Night Out with celebs, p. 90
- Unlock the secret reasons women act so weird. Inside Her Playbook, p. 98
- Space out on NASA's new Battlestar America, p. 104

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ROBERT DE NIRO STEVE MCQUEEN ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER CHARLES BRONSON JACK NICHOLSON and MANY, MANY MORE...



They said a movie had to

They were wrong...dead wrong.



OF ALL TIME

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MUSIC BY SPINAL TAP AND THE BLUES BROTHERS

SERGIO



Guns, Gals and Glory! They were wrong...dead wrong.

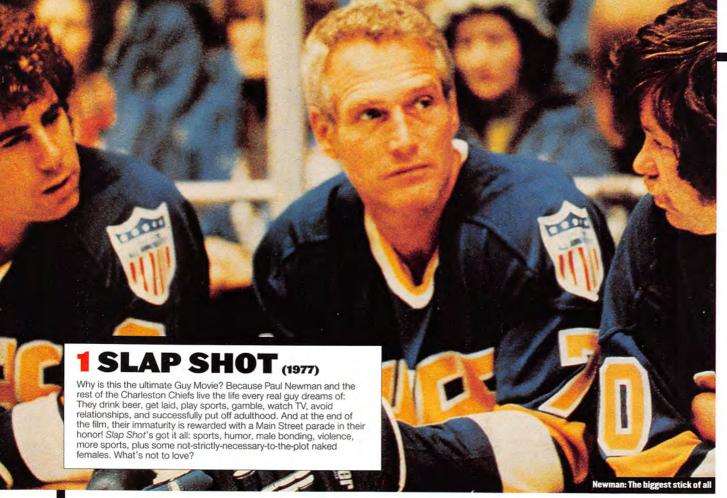
OO GREATEST GU

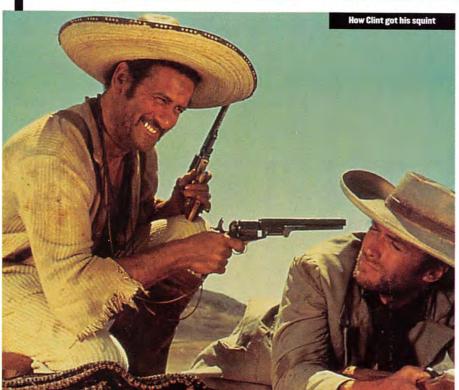
Guy movies are hard to define, but you know 'em when you see 'em. They're packed with sophomoric humor, cartoon violence, mean-spirited putdowns, and gratuitous nudity... and that's just during the opening credits. So send the ladies shopping, grab your-self a cold one, and get ready for a serious Blockbuster night as we present: The 100 Greatest Guy Movies of All Time.

IM FILMS PRESENTS A DENNIS PUBLISHING PRODUCTION IN ASSOCIATION WITH TESTOSTERONE, A FILM BY JOHN FORD AND EONE AND RENNY HARLIN AND RIDLEY SCOTT AND A WHOLE BUNCH OF OTHER VERY COOL GUYS WHOSE NAMES WE CAN'T QUITE OME UP WITH OFF THE TOPS OF OUR HEADS, NOT THAT IT'S ANY REFLECTION ON THE QUALITY OF THEIR EXCELLENT WORK

MUSIC BY SPINAL TAP AND THE BLUES BROTHERS

SERGIO LEONE AND RENNY HARLIN AND RIDLEY SCOTT.
COME UP WITH OFF THE TIP OF OUR TONGUES, NOT





2 THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY (1966)

Doodle-oodle-oo...wanh wanh wanh. Doodle-oodle-oo...wanh wanh wanh. It was the most memorable theme tune in Guy Movie history (until the theme from *The Godfather*; see next page), and it carried Clint Eastwood ("the good," more or less), Eli Wallach ("the bad"), and Lee Van Cleef ("the ugly") across a dusty, Civil War-torn America in search of buried gold. The best of the spaghetti westerns from Italian director Sergio Leone, this classic is not a buddy film. These guys would just as soon kill each other as share a drink, and the hero, Clint's cigar-smokin', poncho-wearin', bandito-splatterin' "Man With No Name" is the ultimate loner. Who needs buddies when you're packing heat?



3 NATIONAL LAMPOON'S ANIMAL HOUSE (1978)

"My advice to you is to start drinking heavily." The boys from the Delta House are immature, irresponsible, disrespectful, and not all that bright; in short, the perfect heroes for a Guy Movie. They know how to party, anyway, and the worse things get (pledge-party mishaps, double-secret probation, flunking out and getting their chapter thrown off campus), the better the parties get. And why shouldn't they: After all, was it over when the Germans bombed Pearl Harbor?



Behind the antics of John Belushi, who shines as the colorful miscreant and future U.S. senator John "Blutarsky, this is cheerful viewing for anyone who ever threw seven years of college down the drain.

4 THE TERMINATOR/ TERMINATOR 2: JUDGMENT DAY

(1984: 1991) 'I'll be back." Breathtaking special effects. Shotguns. Motorcycles. An orgy of relentless robotic power. Plus: A buff, largely bra-free Linda Hamilton! If it ain't here, you don't need it. Arnold Schwarzenegger, a wooden actor but a meaty presence, peaks as the Terminator, an unflinching killing machine that can absorb bullets like so many mosquito bites. Bonus: As the cyborg with exactly one facial expression. Arnie turns a so-called male liability-our limited emotional range-into a virtue!



5 DIE HARD (1988)

"Yippee-ki-yay, motherfucker!" One look at terrorist Hans Gruber's smarmy European grin and you instinctively want to kick his ass. And that's precisely what a barefoot, wisecracking Bruce Willis does for two hours: he kicks Gruber's (actually Alan Rickman's) ass all over a 40-story building, beating the standard impossible odds with his usual pluck and determination. The twist? Willis feels pain, and lots of it, which is a nice shot of reality. For instance, in the bathroom, he's plucking glass shards out of his mangled feet, and for a minute you almost think he's going to shed a...nah, just kidding.



6 STRIPES (1983)

"Chicks dig me because I rarely wear underwear..." Sure, this is just a remake of Abbott and Costello's *Buck Privates*. But Bill Murray, the crowned prince of smart-asses, was at the peak of his game, and when he was there, no one in Hollywood could touch him. In Murray's army, discipline is comfortably lax, R&R means mudwrestling, MPs are gorgeous and randy, and even the common Winnebago is reconfigured as a fully loaded tactical urban assault vehicle. A hilarious send-up of all things military.



7 CADDYSHACK (1980)

"You'll get nothing and like it." Bill Murray, country-club groundskeeper, swatting the heads off innocent carnations. Chevy Chase, hapless swinger, reinventing the tequila shot. Rodney Dangerfield, entertaining loudmouth, working straight man Ted Knight into a frenzy. Lacey Underall (some actress named Cindy Morgan), not trying very hard at all to keep a bra on her body. This was a movie about golf?

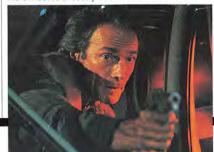


8 GOODFELLAS (1990)

Ain't life in the Mafia grand? Loads of cash, drugs, free time, and mistresses. Someone mouths off, you kill him. Even a stint in prison seems more like guy's weekend than a punishment. Joe Pesci is priceless as Tommy DeVito, a cold-blooded killer who makes Fred Krueger look like Fred Rogers. One unforgettable scene: A cocaine freak-out that makes you want to throw up—in a good way, that is.

9 DIRTY HARRY (1971)

"This is a .44 Magnum, the most powerful handgun in the world, and would blow your head clean off..." Only a drooling, jibbering, complete and utter imbecile would dream of fucking with Harry Callahan, the original lawless cop. Movies like The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly (opposite) had already secured Clint Eastwood's guy movie credentials; this role made him a legend. Highlights: The scene where the bad guy hires a lug to smash in his face so Callahan will be blamed. The gunpoint showdown in which our man makes a poor dirtbag guess whether there's another bullet in the chamber or not...and the reprise at the end. The torture scene on the football field, where Callahan stands on a bad guy's wounded leg until he gets what he's after. You actually feel sorry for any criminal with the dumb luck to get in the way of cinema's most relentlessly bad-assed motherfucker.





10 THE GODFATHER/ THE GODFATHER: PART II (1972, 1974)

"It means Luca Brasi sleeps with the fishes." In the Corleone world, the men rule the families. There's plenty of dough to throw around; everybody's got nice suits and classy black cars. The womenfolk make big Italian meals. Letting aggravation explode into violence is accepted, even encouraged.



11 PULP FICTION (1994)

"Zed's dead, baby." Black humor, heady violence, and inspired casting make this one for the ages. But it almost gets ugly again and again. Just when you're about to witness a horrible *Deliverance*-style anal rape, the victims triumph and get medieval on the perps! Just when drug-addled mob moll Uma Thuman is about to OD and plunge the theater into gloom, John Travolta saves her beautiful ass! Hallelujah; pass the Whoppers.



12 THE BLUES BROTHERS (1980)

"We're on a mission from God." It's hard to remember today, but there was a time when stretching Saturday Night Live skits into movies actually worked. Filmed in a simpler era when John Belushi was still alive, and Dan Aykroyd was still funny, this story of Jake and Elwood Blues serves up car chases, honkytonk bars, and alcohol galore. A bizarrely gymnastic Belushi does backflips and Aretha Franklin, Ray Charles, and James Brown supply soulful cameos. These guys were so cool that the fact that they knew they were cool did nothing to diminish their coolness.



13 THE LONGEST YARD (1974)

"I think you broke his fuckin' neck." This film combines two Guy Film staples: prison and football. Stars Burt Reynolds (back when he was the studliest guy in the world) and Richard Kiel, who played Jaws in two James Bond movies. The film focuses so tightly on one guards-vs.-inmates football game that it's like watching sports and a movie at the same time: an eerily gratifying experience.



14 ROCKY (1976)

"Yo, Adrian!" Rocky Balboa (Sly Stallone) is a regular Joe with a dream. (Maybe he's a lobe shy of being a regular Joe, but you get the idea.) And in just two hours, as he takes on slabs of beef, jogs up those famous steps in Philly, and gets ready for the Apollo Creed bout, he comes to represent the idea of willpower-conquering-all that's at the heart of every guy's hero dream. If Rocky had only won that fight, we might have been spared 500 sequels



15 DINER (1982)

"I'll hit you so hard, I'll kill your whole family. Guys find this a feel-good film because director Barry Levinson suggests that going to a strip club, getting into fist-fights with old rivals, tricking girls into touching your unit, and requiring a prospective wife to pass a sports quiz is perfectly acceptable behavior. Bonus: Seeing Kevin Bacon and Paul Reiser before they sold us out and went sensitive.



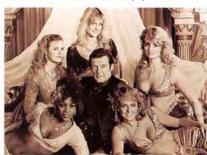
16 SCARFACE (1983)

"Fuck 'em all! I bury those cock-a-roaches!" As Cuban tough guy Tony Montana, Al Pacino lives one version of the American Dream: He sleeps with Michelle Pfeiffer, heads a mighty empire, and snorts more cocaine than Michael Irvin on a Super Bowl bender. But life isn't all fun and games. Tony gets caught in a U.S. government sting operation, mistakenly murders his brother-in-law, and, in one of the most intense scenes ever filmed, is forced to watch as his buddy is butchered with a chainsaw. A chick flick this ain't.



17 THE WILD BUNCH (1969)

Critics may argue that Sam Peckinpah's film is about society's reaction to violence, but in our book it's really about six guys on a great Mexican road trip where they ride horses, drink, whore around, shoot unfaithful girlfriends, play practical jokes with dynamite, and take one hot-as-hell sauna. Make sure to wake the kids for the last scene, in which the bandits of the title happily gun down two thirds of the Mexican population.



18 EVERY BOND MOVIE EXCEPT NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN (1962-1997)

Amazing, willing women with a license to thrill. Cool gadgets that would put the real CIA in a full ball-sweat. Evil villains with diabolical plans and the cash flow to make them happen. Never was such a formula played to such perfection. The sad exception, Never Say Never Again (featuring a geriatric

Sean Connery, already playing lawyers and scientists elsewhere) does nothing to diminish this greatest Guy series of all time.



Shoot...shoot, Nickie." What's a guy to do when he's trapped in a Vietcong prison where the captors love to play Russian roulette? If you're DeNiro, you grab the guns, shoot the enemy, escape, and try to save your buddy (psycho-actor Christopher Walken).



20 SWINGERS (1996)

"You're so money and you don't even know it." A combat movie about the war between the sexes, Swingers unabashedly takes the Guy road: Even the most awkward guy looks sincere, strong, and Sinatra-cool, while nearly every chick looks selfish, unsympathetic, and cold. The painful late-night phone-call scene alone will forever make you think twice about leaving a message on a woman's answering machine. And they wonder why we don't call?



21 RESERVOIR DOGS (1992)

"All you can do is pray for a quick death, which you aren't going to get." A perfectly planned heist by six color-coordinated strangers gets washed out when one turns out to be a cop; a drawn-out bloodbath ensues. Whether you love Quentin Tarantino's movie for its stark reality, or loathe it for its unapologetic brutality, most guys agree they'd never want their ear cut off in the unsanitary and infection-causing method depicted here.



22 RAGING BULL (1980)

"You punch like you take it up the ass." Boxing movies are tough to carry off, biographies are even tougher. But the one-two punch of Scorsese and De Niro pulls off both in a masterpiece of simmering anger

and exploding violence, based on the life of real-world nose-buster Jake La Motta. Joe Pesci shows early signs of greatness as Jake's manager/brother, but it's De Niro's eternally frustrated LaMotta that rivets ya-and won the boy a well-deserved Oscar.



23 COOL HAND LUKE (1967)

"What we've got here is failure to communicate." If you ever have to do time on a cracker chain gang, this is the one you want. Sure, the warden's a sadistic bastard—but aren't they all? At least you'd be entertained by Paul Newman as the feisty con who, like Nicholson in Cuckoo's Nest, refuses to let the corrupt system break his spirit. (Bonus: With this troublemaker around to draw their fire, nobody would bother kicking the crap out of you.)



24 THE OUTLAW JOSEY WALES (1976)

Dyin' ain't much of a living for the bounty hunters hot on the trail of legendary gunslinger Josey Wales. As the ultimate outlaw, Clint Eastwood defines cool as he spits tobacco juice on his victim's foreheads, refuses to bury the dead ("buzzards gotta eat, same as worms"), and kills everyone but the producer and the key grip.





FLETCH (1985)

Rectal exams and children's books aren't normally the fodder for a Guy Film. As Fletch, a crack investigative reporter with, of course, no respect for authority, Chevy Chase is funny enough to even get a laugh out of a doctor's fist probing his ass





33 MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL (1975)

Before all the guys in your engineering class fucked this one up by quoting it to death, Grail was a hilarious exercise in experimental absurdity. Knights who say "Ni!", murderous bunnies, insulting Frenchmen, flying cows, and the most one-sided swordfight in movie history. What more could you want...a herring?



34 DEATH WISH (1974)

Charles is one mean sumbitch— even before the bad guys kill his wife and rape his daughter. This, of course, justifies a rampage that leaves a trail corpses across this movie and several sequels.



26 THE FRENCH CONNECTION (1971)

Vigilante NYC police detective Popeye Doyle (Gene Hackman) beats up minorities, nearly kills dozens of bystanders during a highspeed car chase, shoots a

fellow cop, and showers infrequently. But he nails a Frenchman, and in Guy Movie lingo, that absolves him of all sins



RIDGEMONT HIGH (1982) "All I need are some tasty waves, a cool buzz,

and I'm fine." As a snapshot of teenage doldrums, Fast Times manages to capture the awkwardness of dating, the agony of mall jobs, and-best of all-a young, unbelievably nubile Phoebe Cates climbing out of the pool and unharnessing her overmatched bikini top

30 FAST TIMES AT



31 BLADE **RUNNER** (1982)

In the L.A. of the future, the streets are swarming with silicon people. (Hey, wait a minute...) They're surprisingly lifelike androids, and it's Harrison Ford's job as blade runner Rick Deckard, to shoot em into scrap metal. Darvl Hannah as a programmable robot? Bring on the future!



are these two. Mel Gibson is a police officer in post-apocalyptic Australia...until biker thugs burn his partner alive and then run over his wife and kid. As always, brutal revenge is the only solution, here mostly accomplished while in the middle of stirring car chases



This mother of all escape movies has Charles Bronson, Steve McQueen, James Garner, James Coburn, and a dozen others trying to hightail it out of a German POW camp. Their dummkopf captors had put all the jailbreak artists in one place to keep an eye on them, never dreaming they'd share their expertise and escape. Those stupid Nazis!



28 BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID (1969)

The appalling scene where Paul Newman gives Katharine Ross a romantic bicycle ride with "Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head" playing as accompaniment is so profoundly disturbing, from a Guy Movie standpoint, that it almost sinks the film. Newman and Robert Redford have to spend the rest of the movie robbing banks, blowing up trains, jumping off cliffs, and killin' Federales just to keep their heads above water.



32 THIS IS SPINAL TAP (1984)

Which is the most gratifying element of this complex rockumentary? Its not-ready-for-Top-40 soundtrack? Its parade of hilarious, overly quotable on liners ("You can't really dust for vomit.")? The umlaut over the N in the band's name? In the end, it doesn't matter: On a scale of one to 10, Spinal Tap unquestionably goes to 11.



Cabbie Travis Bickle (Robert De Niro) has problems: a chip on his shoulder the size of Utah, the mistaken impression that a porno movie makes a great first date, and a really lousy haircut. On the plus side, though, he gets to drive a lot and hang out with amusing jailbait hookers. (Note: The spinoff TV series Taxi was much, much funnier.)



HE DIRTY DOZEN (1967)

Twelve talented miscreants are given a chance to work together and off some Nazis in WWII, Charles Bronson. Lee Marvin. Donald Sutherland. John Cassavetes. Ernest Borgnine. Telly Savalas. NFL Hall-of-Fame running back Jim Brown. Is it any wonder the Germans threw in the towel?

John Wayne is a sheriff trying to prevent a jail-break. His only help: two downtrodden deputies—a cripple (Walter Brennan) and a drunk (Dean Martin). Bonus: Angie Dickinson trying to get a rise out of the Duke.



39 FANDANGO (1985)

How do four Nixon-era college buds (including Kevin Costner) deal with graduation, betrothal, jobs, and Vietnam? In the true Guy spirit: They go skydiving in Mexico! Fandango teaches a key lesson: Never mix up your parachute with the pilot's dirty laundry.



40 DELIVERANCE (1972)

"Squeal like a pig." Not since Citizen Kane ("Rosebud!") has a film been so dominated by a single screen moment. Deliverance's plot—about some river or something—screeches to a halt when a gaptoothed redneck assaults Ned Beatty's alimentary canal. Cool banjo soundtrack is small compensation.



41 NATIONAL LAMPOON'S VACATION (1983)

Hitting the road in search of freasure is the quintessential Guy Movie plot, and Vacation is a married man's take on that perilous odyssey. Clark W. Griswold (Chevy Chase), family in tow, encounters everything from untrustworthy relatives to Christie Brinkley.

42 THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN



Assembling a cast of all-stars to handle a big task is a guy classic. Here, a Mexican village dogged by banditos hires protection in the form of seven superstars: Charles Bronson, Yul Brynner, and pals.

43 THE MALTESE FALCON (1941)

This Humphrey Bogart classic set the standard for every detective flick that followed. And no wonder: It's a wicked brew of ancient legends and modern greed, hard-nosed villains and cold-hearted heroes, and a solid gold treasure the size of your head. The ending line puts it best: "The stuff dreams are made of."



44 BLAZING SADDLES (1974)

"Scuse me, while I whip this out." Upon further review, this Western satire from Mel Brooks is sophomoric, dated, and racist. What a shame it's so goddamned hilarious. Among its many other gems, Blazing Saddles contains the cut-the-cheese joke to which all other film farts will forever be compared.



45 HIGH PLAINS DRIFTER (1973)

In an unusual departure for Ole Squinty Eyes, Clint Eastwood plays a tough, mysterious loner. But unbeknown to the townspeople, he's actually their old sheriff, bullwhipped to death in the streets like a dog. He returns as a vengeful angel of death to orchestrate the community's humiliating descent into hell.



46 PLATOON(1986)

Oliver Stone recounts his own Nam experiences with his trademark subtlety and understatement. What makes this a classic is the raw man-vs.-man dynamics between the platoon's duelling sergeants: the tough-but-fair Elias (Willem DaFoe) and the dangerous asshole Barnes (Tom Berenger).

47 FIRST BLOOD (1982)

John Rambo (Sylvester Stallone, in case you live in a box and receive no sensory input from the outside world) is an ex-Green Beret drifting around the Northwest. When a local sheriff tries to boot him out of town, Rambo holes up in the woods, setting deadly booby traps for the sheriff's merry men. Revenge!







48 ROLLERBALL (1975)

Rollerball's the ultimate sports film: a sciencefiction fantasy about a world without war, where people get their kicks from a super-violent combination of rollerderby, motocross, and a Jim Harbaugh interview. Though James Caan is the greatest Rollerblader of them all, he doesn't have the stamina to keep his Southern drawl throughout the film.



49 LETHAL WEAPON (1987)

Mel Gibson's a conundrum. Given a love story, he can produce some offensively sentimental chick crap (Tequila Sunrise). Hand him a loaded gun or a fast car, though, and he rarely fails to deliver: from Braveheart to Mad Max to this lunatic fringe buddy staple. Is Mel schizo? Maybe...but don't ever call him crazy.



50 ROBOCOP (1987)

"I'll buy that for a dollar." Murphy is a cop in the Motown of the future, until he bites it in a skirmish with scumballs. But the city does a Lee Majors job on him, and creates, literally, a law-enforcement machine that blows things up with a remarkably human reckless abandon. Murphy's maudlin search for his past just adds to the brilliant black humor.

HOTOGRAPH BY: KERRY BERINGTON/AP; GUY MAGOWAN/AP, WEST AUSTRALIAN POOL



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THE SECOND



51 THIEF (1981) "I'm the last guy in the world you want to fuck with."



6 HORSE FEATHERS (1932) "I married your mother because I wanted children. Imagine my disappointment

when you arrived.



DETAIL (1973) "I used to go to a whore who had a glass eye. She used to take it out and wink people off for a dollar.

THE LAST



66 PATTON (1970) "No bastard ever won a war by giving his life for his country. He won it by making the other poor dumb bastard die for his country."



71 BACK TO SCHOOL (1986) "Maybe you can help me straighten out my Longfellow."



THE RIGHT **STUFF** (1983) "Request permission to relieve bladder."



WERE KINGS (1996) "I rassled with a gator! Tussled with a whale! I murdered a rock! Injured a brick! I'm so mean, I make medicine sick!'



(1977)You're not going to marry my daughter? Then I'm trading you to Tampa Bay."



MY BREAKFAST WITH BLASSIE (1983)"I use half a roll if I've got to go. I'll be damn sure my

hand don't go through."



RUNAWAY TRAIN (1985) "Hey, would you like a really good fuck?"



THE LAST WALTZ (1978) Son, you won't make much money, but you'll get more pussy than Frank Sinatra.



HEROES (1970) "I'm drinking some wine, eating some cheese, and catching some rays."



(1972)Are you sure you know how to fly this thing?



(1982)Barney Rubble-what



an actor



73 THE GETAWAY (1972)"We go together-like guns and ammunition."



BOTTLE **ROCKET** (1996) "I'm a risk taker. I'm growing marijuana in my parents' back yard."



STREETS (1973) You know what the Queen says? 'If I had balls, I'd be the



(1986)'If you was a good pimp, you would have hit me by now.



SEVEN-UPS (1973) "You kicked his ass every day for a week. I thought you'd kick it through his nose."



ARABIA (1962) You're a clown, Lawrence." "We can't all be lion tamers, sir."



TRUE ROMANCE (1993) "If I had to fuck any man, mean if my life depended on it, then it'd be Elvis.



60 THE KILLER (1989)I always leave one bullet, either for myself or for my enemy."



65 THE STING (1973)He's not as tough as he thinks." "Neither are we."



70 OCEAN'S ELEVEN (1960) You better stop getting prettier every day, or you'll turn into a monopoly.



(1960)Gladiators don't make friends. If we're ever matched in the arena together, I have to kill you.

TEAM (51-100)





76 EASY RIDER

"This used to be a hell of a good country. I can't understand what's going on with it."



81 BACHELOR PARTY (1984)

"Hi, come on in. Drugs to the right, hookers to the left."



86 BARBARELLA (1968)

"A good many dramatic situations begin with screaming."



91 CLERKS (1994) "My girlfriend sucked 37

dicks."
"In a row?"



96 OLD YELLER (1957)

"If you go looking for something good to take the place of the bad, generally you can do it."



77 POLICE STORY (1985)

"I could kill him now with no regrets."



82 BAD BOYS (1983)

"Your fellow inmates are murderers, rapists, and mental defectives, just like yourselves."



87 PLANET OF THE APES (1968)

"Get your hands off me you damned dirty ape!"



92 MIDNIGHT RUN (1988)

"Here come two words for you: Shut the fuck up."



97 SHAFT (1971)

"You're really great in the sack, but you're pretty shitty afterwards."



78 DEATH RACE 2000 (1975)

"You want to make love to me because I drive the monster and wear this costume."



83 PAPILLON (1973)

"How did you know my leprosy wasn't contagious?" "I didn't."



88 THE SEARCHERS (1956)

"I say we do it my way—and that's an order."

"Yes, sir. But if you're wrong, don't ever give me another."



93 DUMB AND DUMBER (1994)

"Yeah, we can be civilized... Whoa, check out the funbags on that hosehound!"



98 BILLY JACK (1971)

"I'm going to take this right foot and I'm going to whomp you on that side of the face."



79 ENTER THE DRAGON (1973)

"You have offended my family, and you have offended a Shaolin temple."



84 RISKY BUSINESS (1983)

"Every now and then say, what the fuck.' 'What the fuck' gives you freedom."



89 THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI (1957)

"You make me sick with your heroics. There's a stench of death about you. You carry it in your pack like the plague."



94 ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET THE MUMMY (1955)

"How stupid can you get?"
"How stupid do you want me to be?"



99 PORKY'S (1981)

"There's so much wool you could knit a sweater."



80 48 HRS. (1982)

"I've been in prison for three years. My dick gets hard if the wind blows."



85 BREAKING AWAY (1979)

"I sure miss playing basketball. I got depressed as hell when my athlete's foot and jock itch went away."



90 BIG WEDNESDAY (1978)

"I don't know who could have if I didn't, but I never, and I repeat I never ever pissed in your steam iron."



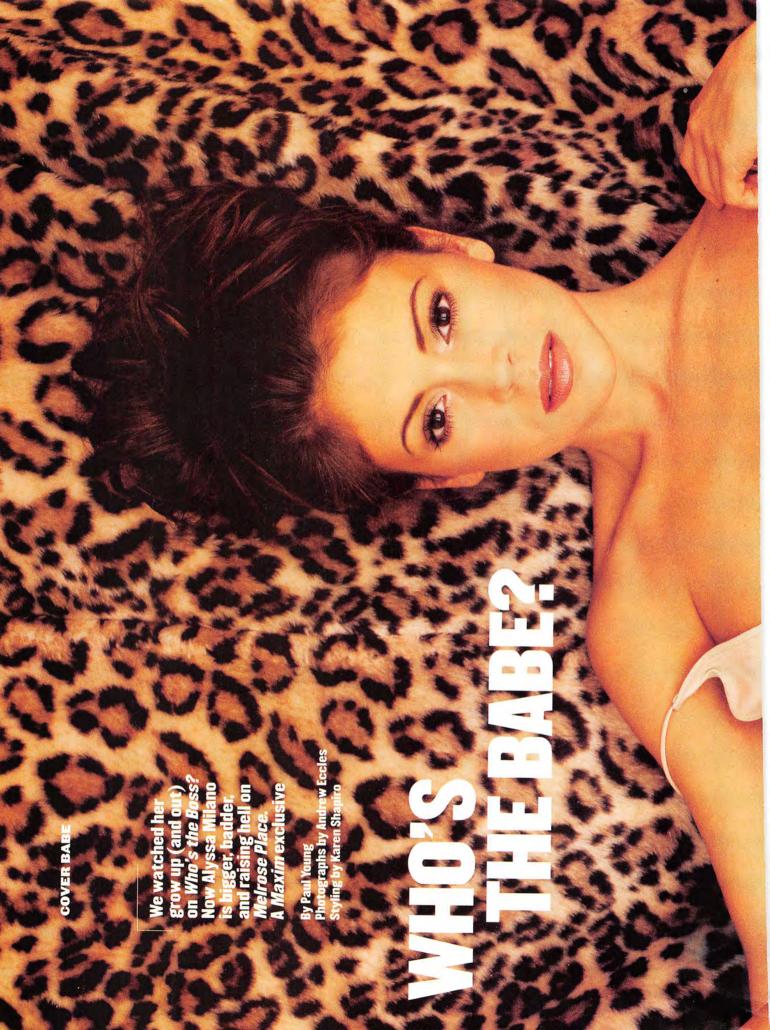
95 HIGHLANDER (1986)

"It's better to burn out than to fade away."



100 SIRENS (1994)

"One day we're gonna tickle you."





LYSSA MILANO is used to being stared at, and that's hardly a surprise. At 16, she was already hogging the spotlight as Tony Danza's increasingly curvaceous kid on ABC's

hit sitcom Who's the Boss?—and she had a best-selling exercise video and four platinum pop albums in Asia. "I'll never be as popular as that ever again," she laughs. We ain't so sure. Since she went from Danza's moppet to a grown-up sexpot on Melrose Place, and started burning up movie screens in films like Fear with Mark Wahlberg and the indie flick Hugo Pool opposite Sean Penn, Milano has quickly become a Hollywood starlet to watch. And she's got a scary number of fan Web sites to prove it.

With big burnt-almond-colored eyes and a diminutive 5'2" frame, Milano is a woman who sneaks up on you. But what she lacks in height she makes up for with charisma. Unlike your average fucked-up former child star, Milano is always on the move, pushing herself in a million directions at once. Underneath her mogul-in-the-making exterior is a warm, generous, and unaffected young woman who-as far as we've determined—suffered no ill effects from prolonged exposure to Tony Danza.

MAXIM: You were such a nice kid on Who's the Boss? and now, on Melrose Place, you're one nasty piece of work. Is it more fun being bad?

ALYSSA MILANO: Well, my character isn't really bad. She just doesn't have a mental editing process. She says exactly what's on her mind, like, "That outfit is horrible! Why did you put that on? I'm worried about you." And the thing is, she really cares! But it's a great acting exercise. Truthfully, anyone can be good in an Ang Lee film, but if you can pull off an episode of Melrose Place, you've got talent! [Laughs]

M: What would Melrose Place be like if it were on cable instead of network TV?

AM: We say that all the time. I wish someone would finance a cable version because it would be fabulous to be able to say stuff like you fucking bitch! You know, the sort of things people actually say. And of course everyone would be naked throughout.

M: Why is Melrose such a big hit? AM: I don't mean any disrespect to the guys by this, but it's a show that's run by women. The men are the bimbos. The women are the ones who have the companies and dominate the relationships, which

I think is an interesting twist. M: You were quoted in the Los Angeles Times recently, saying, "If you know any cute smart guys, send them my way! OK?" You get any action from that?

AM: I told the same story on The Tonight Show—about how I've been single for so long, and how I was seeing this guy who was brushing me off. I've talked about being single so much in the press that it has become my thing. And now I'm getting thousands of proposals on my E-mail every day. But it's funny. I meet some of the most amazing, successful women, 21–35 years old, and they're all in the same boat. So it may have something to do with men's inability to deal with us. I just bought this five-bedroom house in Beverly Hills, and I know it's going to be the kiss of death.

M: Why's that? You think that guys will be intimidated by it?

AM: Totally.

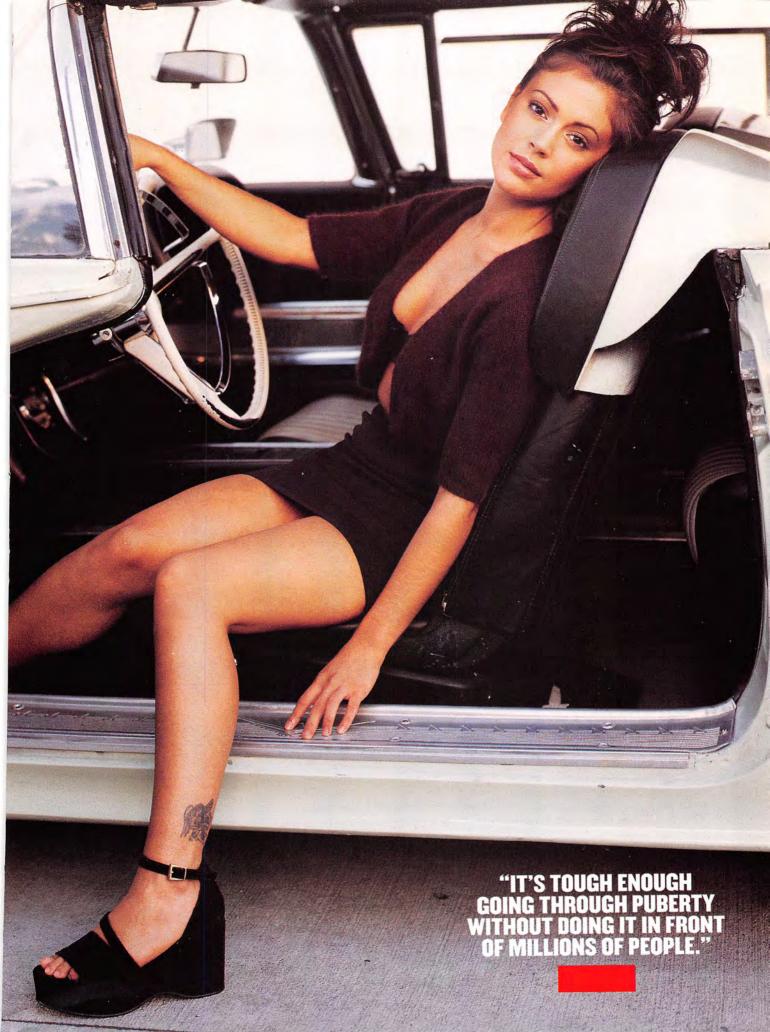
M: Do you have a policy on dating costars? AM: At this point beggars can't be

M: I heard you like to wear men's underwear. That true?





SHOT: BLACK STRETCH TA HANES; BLACK LEATHER



AM: Oh God! I've gotten so much flack for that! Look, women's underwear goes up your butt, and men's underwear just fits better. Once in a while, I just feel like being cozy.

M: Other than a chance to borrow his Jockeys, what do you look for in a guy? AM: To me, laughing is the best thing in the world. If I can laugh with the guy I'm with, I'm happy. As far as looks, I'm into the "man-child" guy. Like George Clooney, who's 40 but still looks much younger than he is and has that boyish twinkle in his eye.

M: Anything else?

AM: Creative stimulation. I need to have that conversation at three in the morning that really makes you think. A lot of guys have only about two different topics—after that they've shot their load.

M: Were you always ambitious?

AM: Always. I mean, I started out in the biz at seven years old because I went to see Annie on Broadway, and I looked at my parents and said, "I want to do that." And they were like, "Yeah, right." And then a friend of the family took me to an open audition for the show, and my parents had no idea that I was going. There were 1,500 kids and four were picked. I was one of them.

M: How did your strange Asian singing career come about?

AM: When I was 15 they showed Commando [featuring Milano as Arnold Schwarzenegger's kid] on public television in Japan. And these movie magazines started getting all these letters about me. So I did some interviews where I talked about Annie. Some Asian music exec read that, assumed that I could sing, and offered me a recording deal. I recorded four albums that all went platinum. I mean, they were huge sellers. I even had a "Best of."

M: You said in an interview, around the same time, that you wanted to be married by 23 and have six kids by age 36. Remember that?

AM: Well, that plan just went all to shit, didn't it? [Laughs]

M: So no offspring. You did end up with a bunch of tattoos, though, right? AM: I have five. Rosary beads on my back, a vine of flowers on my right ankle, an angel holding a cross with my ex-fiancé's initials SRW—which

now means "Single Rad Woman"—on my left ankle, a fairy on my stomach, and a big sacred heart on my lower back. I've always gotten them at times when I was sad about something... relationship problems or the fact that it had rained every day for a month. But I've always thought they were really beautiful.

M: Are tattoos a form of rebellion for you?

AM: Sure. It's a pretty shitty time for kids right now. I mean what else are we supposed to do? We can't do drugs anymore, and we can't have careless, fun sex. right?

M: Doesn't your mom have tattoos, too? AM: She has one on her back. She got it after I finally got enough courage to tell her about my first one—the vine on my ankle. I'll never forget when I showed it to her. She just sat there and looked at it for a long time, and I thought, Oh shit, I'm in big, big trouble now. And then she's like, "Where did you get that done? Because I've always wanted one." So I took my mom to the tattoo parlor, which was the most amazing bonding moment ever.

M: There was a scene in *Fear* where your character talks about how showing off her sexuality is a kind of power. Do you feel that way?

AM: Not really, but I'm sure a lot of women do. I was brought up in a house where sexuality and your own body were beautiful, normal things.

M: What about all those nude pics of you that are circulating like crazy on the Internet?

AM: My mother has a company now that is working to get nude celebrity pictures off the Internet. [Mom also maintains the official Web site, www.alyssa.com.] A lot of them are totally fake. I mean my 15-year-old brother gets harassed by his friends because of these [doctored] photos they find of me on the Internet. Not cool.

M: What is cool about the Net?

AM: I don't know, I just love it, I really do. The fact that you can look up literally anything, right at your fingertips, is just amazing. It's a great tool.

M: When you're home watching TV, do you ever come across Who's the Boss? and watch it obsessively?

AM: Yeah, I do sometimes. And it's weird because it's like watching some-

one else. People always ask me what my favorite episode was, and I can't say because it's all such a blur. I don't remember the lines or anything. It's weird. It's like they're the lost years.

M: Were there any episodes that were directly inspired by your own life?

AM: A few. When I started developing, they wrote an episode called "Sam's First Bra." The writers were like, "Okay, she's 13 and she has boobies now. We better address this issue." And that was hell for me! I mean it's hard enough going through puberty by yourself, but to do it in front of millions of people!

M: Do people really believe that you and Tony Danza slept together? You were, what, 12?

AM: People ask me that all the time, and I have no idea what they're thinking...whatever!

M: To ask a corny question, what sign are you?

AM: I'm a cusp of Sagittarius and Capricorn, with Scorpio rising.

M: Which means?

AM: It means I'm crazy! No, actually, a Sagittarius loves to travel, is very independent, and not really marriage material. A Capricorn is a stable homebody. In other words, I'm a complete contradiction. And since I'm a Scorpio rising, apparently people see me as very faithful, but very sexual.

M: And are you?

AM: Of course!

ALYSSA AT A GLANCE

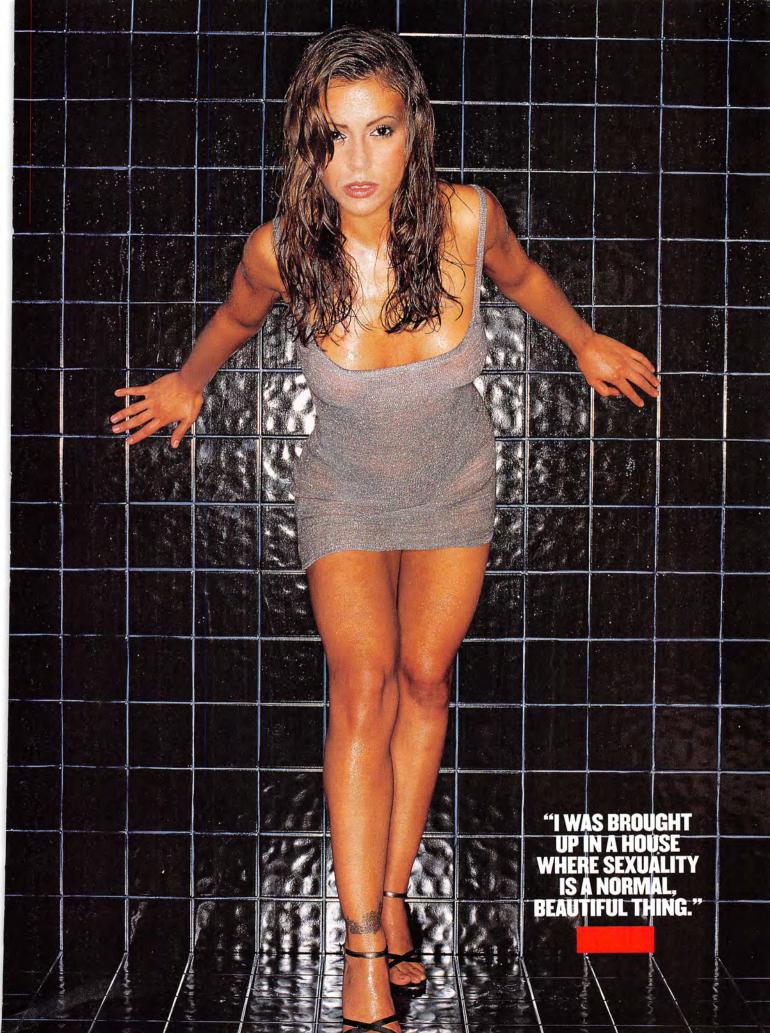
Born: December 19, 1972, in Brooklyn, NY. Dad is a music composer, and Mom is a former fashion designer.

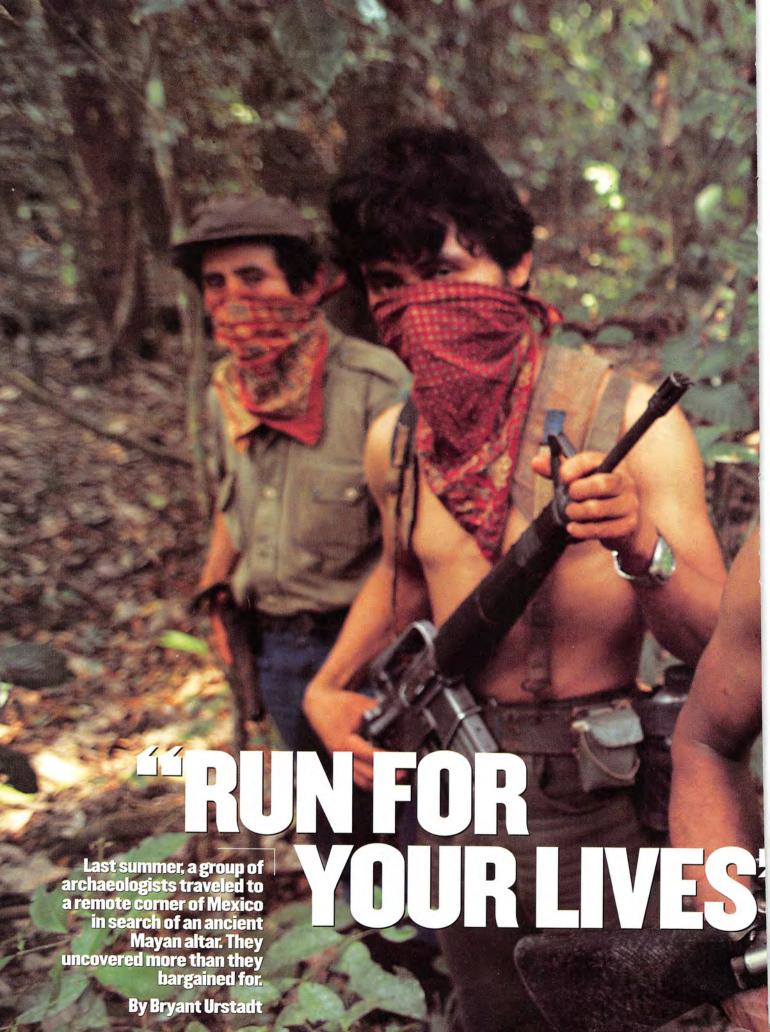
Big TV break: At age 11, snagged the role of Samantha Micelli on Who's the Boss? after the producers came to Brooklyn looking for an "authentic" Italian dynamo to play Tony Danza's daughter. Played Samantha from 1984 to 1992.

Melrose Place character: Jennifer Mancini, the devious younger sister of the odious Dr. Michael Mancini—at least until "We find out I'm not really his sister and we end up in bed together!"

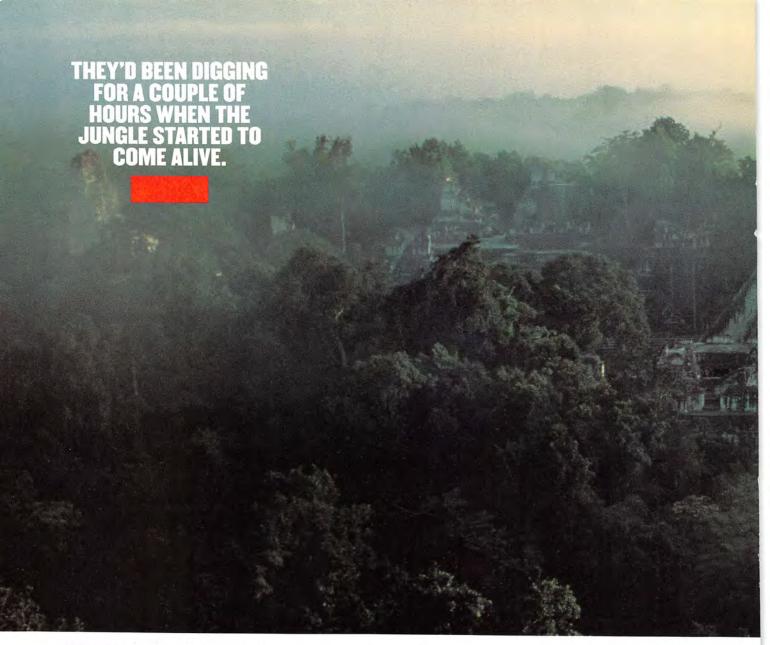
Least erotic Web rumor: That the Disney animators who drew Ariel, *The Little Mermaid*, took their inspiration from Alyssa.

Likelihood of you dating her: Well, she's available. Since Scott Wolf (the Tom Cruise lookalike on Fox's Party of Five) broke her heart in 1995, she's been a free agent. But you had better not be cynical, pretentious, or incredibly keen to form a nuclear family. "I don't want kids until I'm around 30," she says. "And I don't know if I want the husband with it."









or a few minutes, the prisoners actually believed they might be allowed to live. But then their captors, armed to the teeth, lined them up along the bank of the river, and it looked like execution time.

If this were a movie, this would be the moment when a helicopter would swoop down into the night, into this remote corner of southern Mexico, into this lawless jungle, and stage a daring rescue. But it was no movie. So the prisoners—four archaeologists, their five hired workers, and two local authorities—stood with their backs to the water, waiting to be shot.

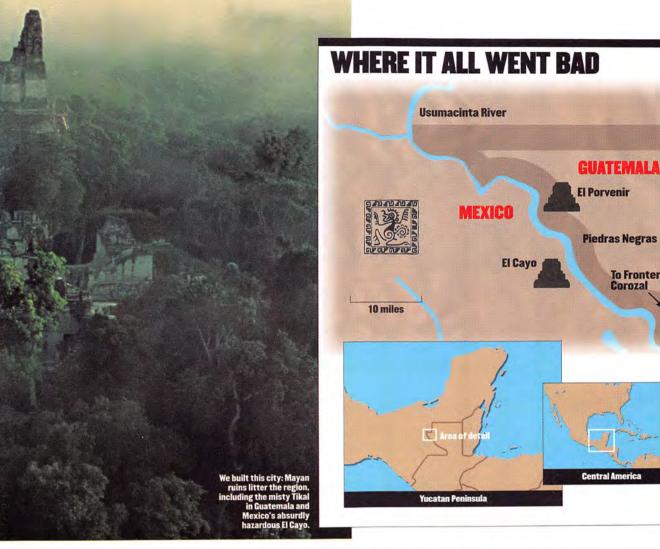
This was not what Peter Mathews had expected when he organized the expedition. Mathews, a soft-spoken professor of archaeology at the University of Calgary, knew, of course, that there was trouble in this part of the world. He knew that three years earlier, in 1994, this very region had stood at the heart of the Zapatista revolution in which local Indians, led by the brilliant Subcommander Marcos, used a war to bring the world's attention to their staggering poverty. He knew that this stretch of jungle, just across the river from Guatemala, was thick with drug runners, timber smugglers, and the hundreds of felons that the Zapatistas had sprung from prison.

Mathews was aware of the risks, but he figured the worst that could happen was that he might get robbed. He was, after all, a friend of the Mayan Indians: He'd spent many summers in the region and, 24 years before, had been instrumental in deciphering the long-dead language of the ancient Mayans, which unlocked the meaning of many Mayan ruins. This wasn't just an academic footnote. By cracking the code, Mathews, now 47, had drawn attention to the ruins, which in turn brought tourists and much-needed pesos to the Indians living near them.

What drew Mathews to Mexico this time was a relic of inestimable value. He had come 2,500 miles to excavate a 1,200-year-old Mayan altar he'd uncovered in 1993 amid the ruins of El Cayo; at the time, he had been unable to retrieve it safely. Carved from solid limestone, the altar was round, weighed over half a ton, and was, quite simply, the best-preserved piece Mathews had ever laid eyes on, including a similar altar that had recently sold for a million dollars. He had not come to peddle the relic to the highest bidder, though; he had come to study it.

In the years since he'd found the altar, Mathews had planned a few trips to bring it back, but the area had become too dangerous: The revolution had left some 300 people dead, and crime-related "disappearances" were not uncommon. Still, he knew the altar wouldn't stay hidden forever. Looting is a lucra-

To Frontera Corozal



tive business in Mexico; and at a million dollars per hunk of ancient stone, the buried altar was already attracting the attention of treasure hunters.

Mathews' expedition arrived in El Cavo on the afternoon of June 26. Early the next morning, when they reached the altar, they found it partially uncovered and marred by the telltale slashes of a looter's pickax. They were just in time; the archaeologists set to work immediately.

Armando Anaya, 41, a Mexican graduate student who had worked with

Mathews for years, started mapping the north side of the site. Mario Aliphat, a codirector of the dig and an archaeologist with Mexico's department of culture, was supervising the hired laborers, who began removing stones from atop the altar. Martin Arcos, a local Mayan representative, was making sure the site wasn't being damaged. Nazario Magaña, an archaeologist with the Mexican government, was hammering out final preparations for the altar's transportation. Earlier, Mathews and Anaya had convinced the Mexican government to loan them a helicopter so they could airlift the altar 22 miles upriver to a town

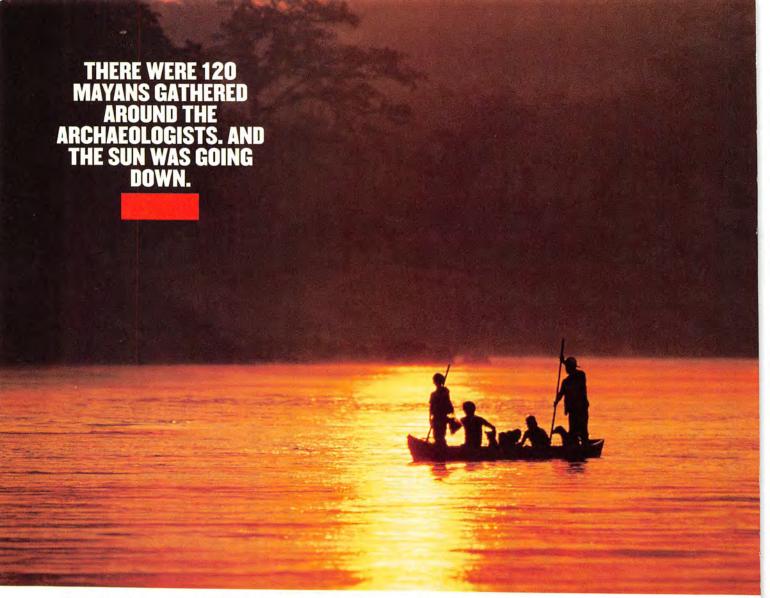


called Frontera Corozal, where it would sit in a community museum. All the archaeologists had to do was dig up the altar, crate it, and get the hell out of there.

The first sign of trouble came not long before lunchtime. They had only been digging for a couple of hours when the jungle started to come alive. There were sounds at first—a light rustling, a shuffling of feet—but the archaeologists continued to dig and scrape, trying to free the altar from the hard earth. Then something moved between the trees. Before they could set down their tools, 30 men slipped quietly from the jungle into the clearing.

They were farmers from a local Indian village, descendants, in fact, of the Mayans who had built the altar Mathews was excavating. The men were not big, but their muscles were taut from years of toiling all day, every day, to survive. Long steel machetes hung from their belts. After years of working in the region, all the archaeologists had witnessed what a Mayan farmer could do with a machete—whether it be hacking down trees or scoring a live, eight-foot-long snake with slash marks so it looked like oven-warmed French bread. Immediately, the scientists were put on their guard.

The armed men demanded to know what the archaeologists were doing. Martin Arcos presented them with papers stating that the Mexican government, as well as the local Mayan gov->



ernment, had given permission for the dig. It was all quite official, but it did nothing to lower the tension. El Cayo is a long way from Mexico City, and in the jungle, official stamps don't carry a lot of weight. The Mayans left with the papers, but three of them remained behind as guards.

The archaeologists were shaken; after all, they spend more time in lecture halls and dusty university libraries than at isolated dig sites. And they certainly weren't used to working under guard. Huddling to discuss their options, Mathews, Arcos, Aliphat, and Anaya quietly decided to abandon their plans to remove the altar. They would spend the afternoon reburying it, hoping that a large pile of stones would dissuade looters. And then they would leave El Cayo as soon as possible.

As it turned out, they didn't leave quickly enough. At about 8:30 the next morning, some 30 Mayans poured out of the woods, armed with machetes. They told the archaeologists that the dig was to be suspended immediately, and, more ominously, that they didn't acknowledge the Mexican or Mayan government's authority: In these parts, they were the law. As luck would have it, the boat that Mathews had ordered finally arrived; they could pack up their gear, leave the altar where it was, and bid the farmers adios. A clean, quiet getaway was still possible. But before Mathews and the rest could even start collecting their equipment, the armed men dismissed the boat, and the archaeologists' stomachs turned. By now, another 70 Mayans had assembled at the site, and as the skiff motored away, it suddenly became clear just how cut off from the outside world they had become.

The Mayan farmers told the archaeologists that they were descendants of the people who had carved the altar and they weren't about to see it stolen. Then they took control of the relic. Mathews and his party quickly declared their concern for the altar, and promised not to touch it. The Mayans had other ideas. Explaining that they wanted to protect the monument, they ordered the archaeologists to cover it with a pile of rocks topped off with cement. They then demanded money to buy 10 bags of cement and sand from a village a few hours away. Mathews opened his wallet and handed over the money; the archaeologists silently hoped that this would appease the Mayans and that they'd be allowed to leave when the work was done. But while waiting for the cement to arrive, one of the hired laborers, a Mayan who was working on the archaeological crew, got into a scuffle with the armed men. Without hesitation, the farmers tied him to a tree. If this is how they're treating fellow Mayans, Mathews wondered, what will they do to the rest of us?

The cement arrived at sunset, followed shortly by another group of local men, who came with rifles and a more violent approach. These bandits—there was really no other word for them—told Mathews they were taking over the cementing and demanded that 100 people be paid for three days of work. In all, they said, the job would cost \$2,000. The archaeologists had only \$900 between them. There were now about 120 Mayans gathered around the archaeologists, and the sun was going down.



River wild: The Usumacinta cuts through treacherous terrain

As night fell, extortion turned to robbery. The bandits took absolutely everything the archaeologists had-cash, field notes, cameras, watches, passports, even their boots. They left them with nothing but their shirts and pants. When it was over, there was an awkward period of waiting: The bandits were deciding what to do next; the archaeologists were wondering how quickly they would be killed. Surrounded and outnumbered, they knew making a dash for it would be suicide.

Then, quite suddenly, the mob told them they could go. Not one of the 11 men hesitated: They just started running, barefoot, down a dark path. The jungle was so dense, the night so black, there was simply nowhere else to go. The path dumped them out at the banks of the tur-

bulent Usumacinta River.

But before the archaeologists even had a chance to decide what to do next, they heard the crack of rifle fire. The bandits were after them again. A profound fear set in: This time they

had nothing left to give but their lives.

With bullets flying overhead, the group turned and surrendered. There were fewer Mayans this time, about a dozen, which somehow was worse. The larger audience had seemed to have a moderating influence; now there would be fewer witnesses. With automatic rifles and single-shot .22s in hand, the bandits lined the group up along the edge of the river. Mathews, standing next to the others, imagined their bodies floating downstream. The Usumacinta can run up to 15 miles an hour; at that rate, their corpses could travel 90 miles before dawn.

The bandits approached Mathews first. One of them stood in front of the archaeologist for a long second, studying his eyes. When Mathews saw the bandit raise his rifle butt overhead, he was actually relieved: They would beat him, but they

might not kill him.

The first blow came down so hard it crushed his glasses and broke his nose. Blow after blow rained down on him, cutting his face open in several places. When he collapsed to the ground, the bandits kicked him without mercy. Arcos, the local Mayan representative, was the next to feel the back end of the rifle; the sharp blows smashed several of his ribs and ruptured his spleen. Then the bandits drew their machetes and slashed two of the laborers in the face. The beating lasted 20

(RAMID SCHE



Yeah. Peter Mathews had it rough But nothing like the clowns who opened King Tut's tomb.

PETER MATHEWS' Mayan expedition seemed damned from the start. But if you really want to talk about archaeological curses, the excavation of King Tut's tomb is the first and last word: An

inscription supposedly found outside the burial chamber promised death to anyone who disturbed the crypt; sure enough, within a few years, 25 people who crossed Tut's

path were dead.

▶ The Earl of Carnaryon, who financed the expedition, was bitten by a mosquito just after the burial chamber was opened on February 16, 1923. He later nicked the bite while shaving, contracted an infection, then pneumonia, and died in a Cairo hotel on April 5. On the same day, Cairo experienced a blackout and Carnarvon's dog, Susie, kicked the bucket.

 Carnaryon's personal secretary, Richard Bethell, returned to England with some of the Tut booty. Four months later,

he died of a heart attack.

Carnarvon's friend George Jay Gould, an American railroad tycoon, caught a cold while visiting the tomb. The cold turned to pneumonia; the pneumonia turned to death.

▶ In 1966, Egypt's director of antiquities, Mohammed Ibrahim, spoke at a meeting about Tut's treasures. Crossing a street after the meeting, he was hit by a car and killed.

▶ In 1972, the Egyptians sent the Tut spoils to England in a Royal Air Force plane for an exhibit. Flight lieutenant Rick Laurie died of a heart attack in 1976. Flight engineer Ken Parkinson suffered a heart attack each year on the anniversary of the flight until he died in 1978. And chief technical offi-

cer Ian Lansdowne, who had kicked the box containing Tut's death mask, later broke 37 bones in the same foot.

▶ In 1979, while Tut was on display in San Francisco, George LaBrash, a healthy cop guarding the king's golden mask, suffered a stroke while on duty. He sued the police department, claiming the stroke was the result of an occupational hazard: the Pharaoh's curse.



minutes. No one was spared.

The attackers warned the wounded men to leave immediately or die. Then they melted into the forest. The archaeologists cringed at the river's edge, trying to figure out how serious their injuries were and how they were going to escape before the bandits changed their minds again.

They turned to the river first. Crossing the Usumacinta would be perilous at best. It's a fast, deep river pocked with whirlpools and jagged rocks; few who've tried to swim it have survived. As if that weren't daunting enough, neither Arcos nor Aliphat even knew how to swim. But the other option was more dan->



far downstream. sleep that night. For nine hours, they worked their way along the

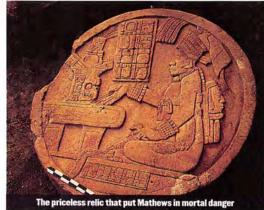
problems to blindness. At the rate they were traveling, the nearest hospital was days away. Racked by thirst, they couldn't risk drinking from the river, because they suspected it harbored cholera, typhoid, hepatitis, and any number of parasites. Fortunately, Magaña was familiar with the jungle. He identified the bejuco de agua vine, which if cut swiftly dribbles water for a few seconds until its

Dawn finally came, and with it another chance of being shot. And not just by the bandits. On a previous trip, Mathews had been warned about a crazy watchman on a ranch along the river who liked to test his aim on strangers. To avoid detection, they backed away from the water's edge and tried to reach Piedras Negras by way of the jungle. But even in its loneliest sections, they felt hunted. Had the bandits changed their minds? Was their little party being tracked down?

The archaeologists walked all day and spent a second night deep in the bush, trying to sleep in a cold, pounding rain. Huddled in the damp, they thought about their families, who by this time probably assumed they were dead. Knowing the chance of a search party finding them in these parts was slim, they continued to limp along on bruised and bloody feet. Jun-▷

gerous: They'd have to cross farm fields, where they'd be easy targets for the trigger-happy Mayans. If they made it, they'd have to face the jungle—thick with poisonous leaves and crawling with snakes—and the prospect of remaining lost for a long, long time. Stuck between two hard places and an armed mob, the Mayan laborers and one of the local authorities opted for the fields. They chose a direction and were gone. The others— Mathews, Aliphat, Arcos, Anaya, and Magaña—decided to cross the river into Guatemala. In the end, it didn't seem too important where they were going, as long as it was far away from the ruins of El Cayo.

The first trick was to get Aliphat and Arcos, the nonswimmers, across the river. For a few minutes, the five tried to convert a plastic poncho into a flotation device, all the while looking over their shoulders, listening for footsteps from the jungle. Addled with fear and fatigue, they gave up on their efforts; in the darkness, the job was taking too long. Then they had their first stroke of luck in two days: While wading downriver, Arcos tripped over a small dugout canoe. It was just big enough for two. The others swam across the Usumacinta pushing the canoe,



avoiding sharp rocks, and trying not to get swept too

By the time they reached the Guatemalan bank, they were exhausted. Wet and shivering, the men started to wade north toward the Mayan ruins of Piedras Negras, about 12 miles away, where they hoped to find a colleague who was conducting an excavation. The main goal, though, was to put as much distance as they could between them and El Cayo; even across the river, they could still feel the bandits' eyes watching them. There would be no

banks of the Usumacinta. Still battered and bleeding from the beatings, they stumbled through the darkness, tripping on stones and their own fear. The situation was desperate: Without boots, the risk of being bitten by a poisonous snake—the deadly ferde-lance or a rattler—increased dramatically. They also knew that a bite from the wrong insect could lead to malaria, yellow fever, or a slew of hard-totreat diseases that cause everything from heart



gle survival was not a subject the archaeologists had ever studied, and without the river to guide them, they couldn't tell which way they were heading. It didn't help that Mathews could hardly see without his glasses or that the hole in Arcos' spleen was slowly leaking blood. They were staying alive, but making virtually no progress: If they had been shot and dumped in the

tance by now.

UNIVERSITY OF

It had been 50 hours since their last meal, and a sense of hopelessness was setting in. They were so thirsty that they decided to head back to the river; they were considering drinking its foul water despite the fact that it meant almost certain infection. But not long after they arrived at the Usumacinta, they turned upriver and heard a boat slowly making its way downstream.

river, their floating bodies would have covered a far greater dis-

They knew that boats traveled the river only two or three times a week, so they were desperate to flag it down. The man at the helm was shuttling supplies from one village to another. The boatman had heard about what had happened at El Cayo. He agreed to help them. But since it was already getting dark, he took them to El Porvenir, a small Guatemalan settlement, to spend the night.

The next morning, they set out upriver for the town of Frontera Corozal, where they had originally planned to house the altar in a community museum. This meant passing El Cayo and giving the bandits one more chance. The archaeologists rode the entire way pressed against the bottom of the boat under a plastic tarp, afraid they might be shot from the shore.

They reached Frontera Corozal at four that afternoon. Safe at last. Martin Arcos was rushed to a small local hospital, where he spent a few nights in intensive care. Matthrews and the rest were treated for their various cuts and wounds. The laborers who had fled through the jungle made it to safety as well, surfacing earlier that day in another small settlement; two were treated for machete gashes to the face.

Back in Calgary, Peter Mathews and Armando Anaya have offices in the same hall in the department of archaeology. Neither speaks bitterly about the men who robbed them, beat

ESCAPE

Thinking about conducting your own search for aluable Mayan relics? Before you go, consider memorizing these handy Mayan phräses.

MAYAN

"A kuch kú bey aal ti yaab toòn t'maako'obo'. Meentutz, aantiko'on bisik ti su'utik te k hach kahal te u hol uwit hahal dios?

"Hach nohoch u hol tu'ux tu shotah u kul tin weetmevhil mak. K'abeet bisik te h'méen ti'a utzkintik

"Hach ki'imak uyoolo' k multepal tumen tuun tia dzati'e'ex un tuul pooltunich bev xan' leti'e'.

hatziken bev seen talam k'ase'? "Dzato'on unp'e chichan xpepenk'ak yeete wooch ichili' ump'é sabucan wah hé k ehochensik k'iine'!

"Minana'an baanten tumen tuun ka seen

"Ma, ma tech-chen tak k maha'antike' 'e xba'ala' ti' beetik ch'akepwiitzneh-fieè stáah hetuune' taank su'utike' le xbaala."

"Tumen tuun bey talam ta hatzahkene", ta hosah in zac yeete le box táh bey ta holikehen in wite' bey xan tin wiixtahkibah t'in weexe'

"Te'exe' ma a woohele'ex bey tulakloon zac kak'asmako'on seen utzi maalo letzik kep bul k'in t'Geneva'e' bey xan kaat te'ex ka dziisko'ane'exe"

"A cimsikehe'exo'ob' in weetmeyhilmaako' chen baale' ma ka cimsike'exeni'.

ENGLISH

"Your sacred idol has the weight of many men. Any chance of some help carrying it back to civilization?

"My friend's machete wounds are deep and will require medical attention."

"Our government would be happy to provide you with a plaster replica idol."

"Is it necessary to beat me senseless?

"Provide us with a single-engine plane and a bag of Whoppers or we will blot out the sun!"

"No, no-we only want to borrow it for a fraternity party, then return it."

"Because of the forcefulness of your beating, I have soiled my J. Crew boxers.'

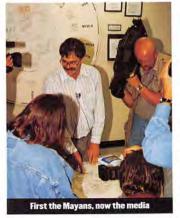
"Have any of you fucking Neanderthals ever heard of the Geneva Convention?"

"Kill my friends, but spare me!"

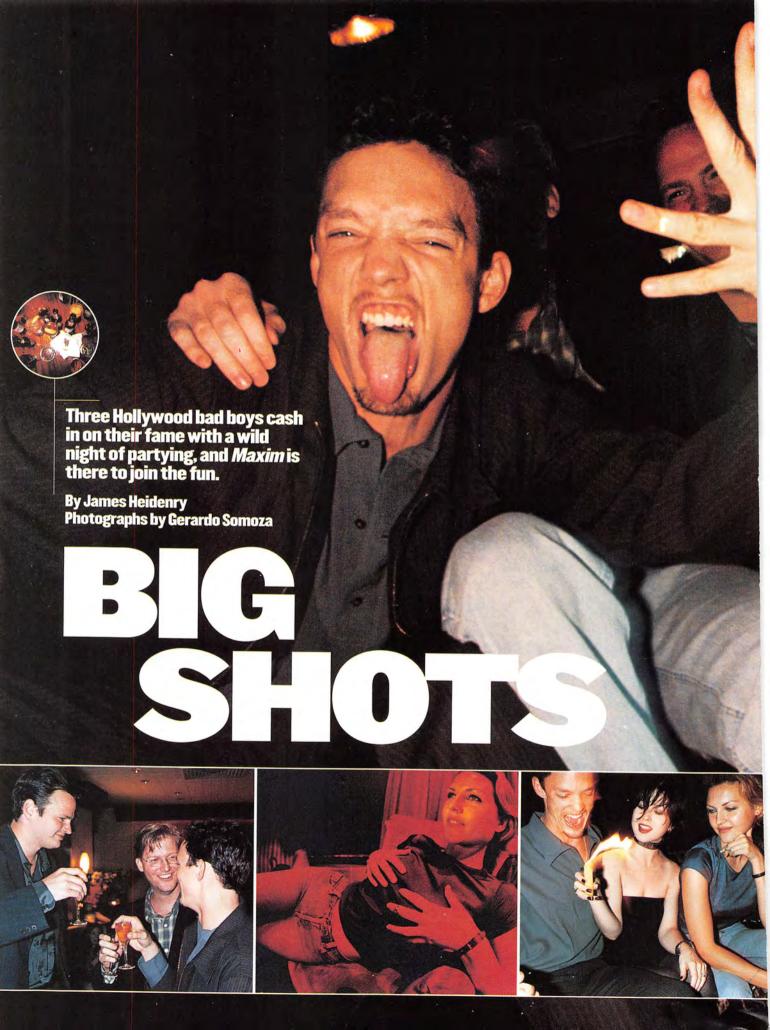
them, and left them to die in the jungle. As scholars, they understand that for centuries the Indians have suffered at the hands of the arrogant and the avaricious. Anaya doesn't blame the Mayans who assaulted him, he insists today, because they have nothing; the archaeologists view what happened as the

desperate act of an impoverished people just trying

As for the altar, it disappeared back into the jungle. Mathews has heard through his contacts in the region that it was taken from the site. It's still somewhere around El Cayo, his sources tell him, but nobody seems to know exactly where. And neither Mathews nor Anaya has any plans to find out. M



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ot being famous kind of sucks—especially when you walk into a ritzy New York bar that's packed with slinky, ripe-for-the-pickin' women, and instead of rushing headlong toward you like crazed Australian dingoes, they just sit there blankly, waiting for you to...you know, actually talk to them and be interesting.

Recently, in an idiotic nightlife experiment, we *Maxim* guys decided to settle a question that's been nagging us: Wouldn't things get a whole lot easier if we hit the exact same bars with a trio of celebrities, a 32-foot limo, a spot on the guest lists, and an unlimited expense account to blow as if there were no tomorrow? What would happen *then*?

The short answer: star-struck women, lesbians, hot wax, spanking, huge bar tabs, and, of course, sex. The long answer goes something like this:

Friday, 8:00 p.m.

The Royalton Hotel, midtown Manhattan

Four of us *Maxim* staffers and our photographer, Gerardo, are standing around the crowded lobby like nerds at a high school dance, waiting for the famous guys who have agreed to help us satisfy our curiosity: Patrick Van Horn, who played Sue, the easily ticked-off party boy in *Swingers*; Matt Lillard, who played Stuart, the goofy serial killer in *Scream*; and Craig Kilborn, the sarcastic host of *The Daily Show* on Comedy Central.

The hotel (very expensive, very classy) isn't our idea. But these guys are extremely particular about where they stay. They also know all the A-list clubs and have made it clear they want to hit them all—a pricey proposition. On one hand, we're thinking, What's with these fucking guys? On the other, we've gotta admire their determination to take us to the cleaners.

As Matt, Patrick, and Craig start arriving with various publicists and hangers-on, bringing our little party to 12, we quickly realize one limo won't suffice, especially since we intend to pack it with morally depraved women. Plan B: We hail a supplementary taxi and head off to Morgan's, the first watering hole on our itinerary. On the way, we take advantage of the limo's well-stocked bar, and Matt kicks off the evening with a flattering toast: "Fuck John F. Kennedy, Jr.! *Maxim* rules!" The famous guys seem friendly and eager to go out and perpetrate. Little do they know we're hoping they'll wake up somewhere in Tijuana.

8:45 P.M.

Morgan's Bar, Midtown

Morgan's is a cool, lounge-type bar where unusually beautiful career girls go to unwind after work, often in the company of chubby men. As we sit down, Craig declares that he is taking antibiotics and won't be drinking tonight. Twenty minutes later, he is downing his second vodka and tonic. Gerardo is snapping away, but despite his attempt to create a paparazzi event, we're starting to get nervous—no women are recognizing these guys.

Of course, Craig, Patrick, and Matt are not yet marquee superstars, like, say, Brad Pitt and Joey Buttafuoco. But they are fairly celebrated guys, and the premise of the night is to observe the female species in the presence of studly male celebrities. Could the absurd possibly be true? we wonder. Do women actually care about the person inside and not about money, fame, career, and looks? Nah! It's still early, that's all.

When we get out of there, *two* limos are waiting outside: the original white one and a black one we ordered while at the bar. It's 9:30, \triangleright

and we're all getting hungry for grub and adoration. As we get into the limo, we assure Patrick, "There should be more women at the next bar." "Not only that," he says, smiling, "but we're going to get fucked up." Bar tab: \$251

9:42 P.M.

Two Boots Pizzeria. The East Village

We decide to go for the ultimate bar-crawl food-pizza. As we chow down on tasty gourmet pies, the conversation is 100 percent

nonsense. We start placing bets on how many drinks it'll take before Patrick hauls out his package (something he apparently tends to do). "I'll do it at any opportunity," he prom-ises, glancing at Ashea, a young actress in our party. Not to be outdone, she begins to demonstrate how eating pizza is like giving oral sex. It is fascinating. So fascinating, in fact, that Dave, one of our guys, suddenly leaves for the privacy of the bathroom and returns looking relieved and smoking a cigarette. Pizza tab: \$60

10:10 P.M.

Clementine's Bar, **Washington Square Park**

When our 64 feet of racially harmonious limousines pull up at the entrance of this heavily hyped joint, a large crowd is clamoring to get in. Gerardo the photographer gets out first and starts taking pictures with a flash. I give my name to the bouncer, who welcomes us like brothers. Our diabolical plan is succeeding.

"...sense of humor...intelligence...that's what I look for in a girl." As I stand at the door waving our party an unlimited expense account" to "Want through, I feel a tug on my shirt and turn a ride in our limo?" to "Yo baby, yo baby,

around. Two pouty-faced models ask under their breath if I'll get them in. Recalling the millions of times poutyfaced models have blown me out of the water, I leave them hanging. (In retrospect, a mistake.)

Inside, the bar is mobbed and everybody is looking our way. We haven't moved more than a few feet when six girls with ants in their pants rush Patrick and Matt. (Craig has somehow disappeared.) Women, it appears, do love fame and money after all! I give one of my Maxim friends five on the sly, hand my credit card to the waitress, and order a round.

The night is taking off, and it's only 10:15. All of us, famous or not, are having fun and bullshitting away. The main topic, of course, is how hot all the women are. Not being squids, we immediately get to work. Our lines range from "Hey, we have yo!" to the old standby "Please talk to me."

Within minutes Craig strides up with an amazingly tasty biscuit wearing a tight white sweater that accentuates her prize rack. We let out a collective "Holy shit." Gerardo jumps into action and snaps some pics for the record. We buzz around her while trying to avoid being busted for staring. Then the plug is pulled: She's married.

11:05 P.M.

Craig's at the bar, getting real cozy with a fairy-princess model type, when our art director, Andy, happens to walk by. Seconds later, the dream girl is basically ignoring the talk-show host and carrying on with our guy. Turns out she posed for a Maxim fashion layout a while back and recognizes Andy from the photo shoot. Since Andy has the looks of a sickly goat, we chalk up her interest in him to furthering her career.

Patrick particularly loves the place and says it reminds him of L.A. bars. "You know," I say, "when Andy was in L.A. shooting our latest cover girl, he went to some of the bars in Swingers, but they were too crowded and he couldn't get in."

Patrick's eyes light up. "You're telling me. They won't even let me in now!"

"You're kidding. You made those places-what do you mean they won't let you in?"

"I don't know. I go there, go up to the front door, and they say, 'You have to get in line,' and I'm like [pointing to his face with disbelief], 'Dude, it's me!"

"Man, that sucks." "Tell me about it."



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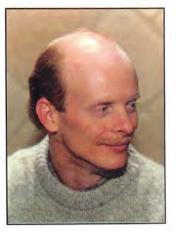
By Michael Anthony

Finally a New Incredible Baldness Treatment is available in the U.S. and Canada. Once only obtainable by the movie industry and the rich and famous, this astonishing procedure allows hairs to be inserted to the scalp with permanency! A ZERO release factor has been achieved. There are no surgical risks with this





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Two girls, both named Michelle, are talking to Patrick. One Michelle wears black and the other wears brown, but both are eager to join our rat pack. When we decide to leave, around midnight, the two Michelles ask Patrick if they can tag along with us to the next bar. "I'm all over that," he says. We file out of Clementine's with our new groupies and pile into the two limos. Bar tab: \$620

12:23 A.M.

Spy Bar, Soho

When we were planning the experiment, the famous guys insisted that we hit Spy Bar, a large, swanky club where all the beautiful people go to see and be seen. Despite the fact that we are getting uglier by the minute, we pull up at the entrance, where, again, a huge throng of people surrounds the velvet ropes, waiting to be chosen.

We're briskly ushered to a stagelike area at the back of the joint, the perfect place to hold court. Patrick yells out for a round of Stoli shots, and very quickly, interesting shit starts happening. Our fears that the night will turn out to be a dud are quickly dispelled when several women start competing to sit on the laps of the guys. The two Michelles are mauling Patrick and his publicist—and, rather

entertainingly, each other. Soon other girls are groping the guys and anyone else within reach. Even our waitress falls victim to the roaming hands of these lustful temptresses.

We Maxim guys watch the carnival-like spectacle in disbelief—so this is the so-called price of fame?—and order 14 more beers. Two of our guys escape to the men's room, where they have a deep conversation about David Bowie with the attendant. When they return with a hand-

ful of lollipops, we learn something new: In addition to these women's insatiable thirst for fame, money, and handsome men, they also crave lollipops. Matt shares his lollipop with brown-shirt Michelle—she sucks away as he holds it.

We continue to mark our territory with drinks, smoke, profanity, dancing, laughing, screaming, and generally asinine behavior. We'd planned to stop short of utter drunken debauchery, but the more we drink, the less sense that makes. Women are dancing on couches and tables; the waitress can barely keep up with our demands; and people are lying on top of each other and getting it on—it's a lot like a Greek orgy.

1:30 A.M.

Unthinkably, Craig has vamoosed.

"Was he upset about the tasty sweater girl or angry about the princess model?" we ask his publicist.

"No, he was just tired," we're informed.

"But why didn't he say good-bye?" we ask, unable to believe a bona fide celebrity could be tapped out so early in the evening.

"I don't know."

We're busy cursing Craig's good name when our attention is diverted by the ▷



It looks as if he has a chance, too, until one of the wax girls suddenly gets up, sits on her girlfriend's lap, and starts making out with her. This forces the question: Does the mere scent of a celebrity cause instant lesbianism? Let's hope so.

It is getting late, but we aren't done in yet. We say goodbye to our heroic waitress and move on. Bar tab: \$835

3:30 A.M.

We decide to try one more bar, appropriately named Wax. In the peace and quiet of the limo, brown-shirt Michelle sprawls on her stomach. Patrick starts gently rubbing her bottom. "Do you," he asks in that offhand famous-guy way, "want to be spanked?"

"Yes," she replies, laughing.

"You like spanking?" Bam! He lets her have a firm one.

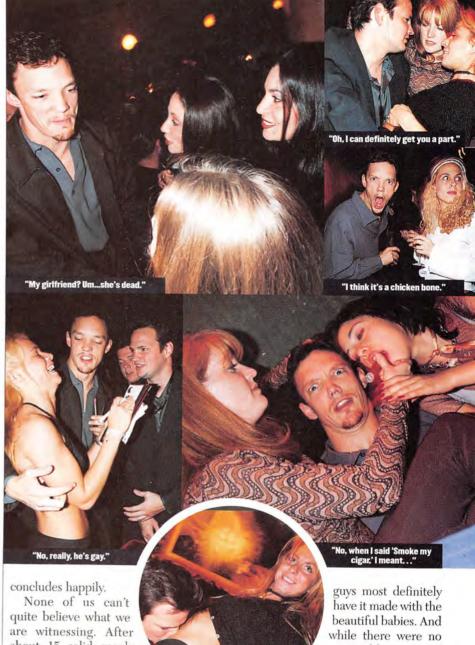
She laughs again. "That feels good."

"Do you like lollipops?" Bam! He lands number two.

The rest of us are cracking up, and Gerardo, up front with the driver, is taking pictures and giving me a thumbs up.

"I like spanking," brown-shirt Michelle





None of us can't quite believe what we are witnessing. After about 15 solid spanks, Patrick asks me to feel her left butt cheek, then the right, to see how warm the left cheek has become. Sort of an interesting phenomenon.

4:00 A.M.

Wax, Soho

"The bar is closed. Time to leave!" the bartenders start yelling the second we cruise into Wax, the bar of choice for a lot of young celebrities and rock stars. On this jarring note, we find ourselves forced to call it quits and stagger back into our limos.

The night is a complete success. We've all gotten along; had lots of laughs, nothing bad has happened (no fights, no vomiting, and no hoochie mamas); and we've only spent a couple of thousand dollars drinking!

The experiment has reinforced what we've always figured anyway: Famous

have it made with the beautiful babies. And while there were no appreciable spin-off benefits for us mere mortals—no amateur lap dances, no second-degree wax

burns, no light S&M—we've still had a great time hanging out, as guys always do.

But the story isn't quite over yet: No night out is complete, after all, until the morning-after debriefing.

Saturday, 11:00 A.M.

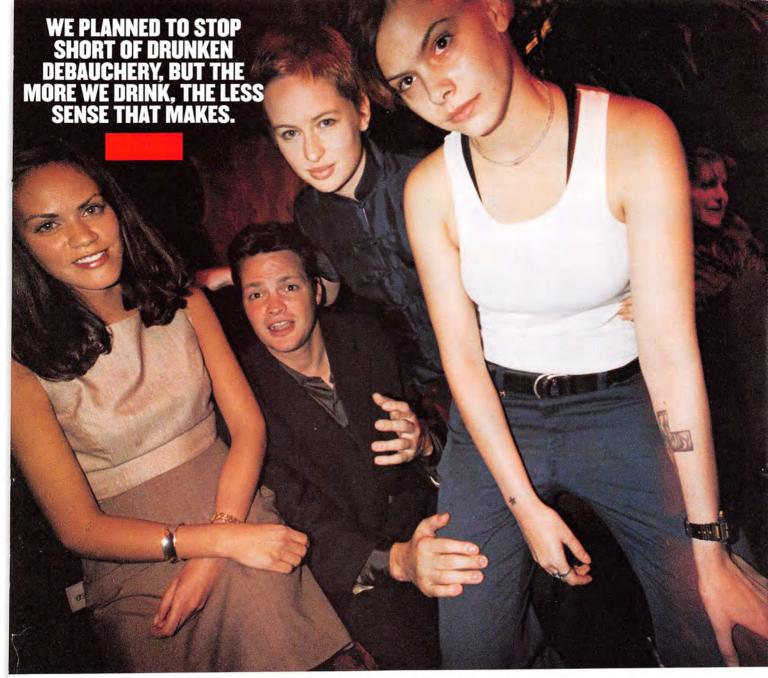
I'm asleep in my apartment the next morning. The phone rings. I can't move. Patrick's publicist, Todd, leaves a message saying he has some stories to tell.

When I finally return the call, Todd's voice is so raspy he can barely speak: "After we left Wax, the two girls still wanted to stay with us."

"Which two girls?"

"Those two blonde girls who just came back

GE AND NEXT PAGE: PHOTOGRAPHS BY: JEFF SCHEID; STILL LIFES BY:



from vacation in Florida. They took a cab to Wax after we left Spy."

"Can't remember. What happened?"
"Well, one girl Patrick was with wanted to take him home with her so she could do 'all sorts of stuff' to him."

"She said that?"

"Oh yeah, man. So they took off in a taxi to go to her apartment and the other girl wants to come back here to the hotel. I'm like, 'Great!'"

"Man!"

"As soon as we got in the door, she was naked, and immediately she started to get busy and I started to go nuts on her. Then this morning, we wake up and she wants to get it on all over again—we do. Then suddenly, Pat comes back looking all pissed and starts yelling at me."

"What? Why?"

"Well, when he got home with that

girl, it turned out that, guess what, she's actually a lesbian and her lover was home—and not real happy about her messing around with a guy."

"Shit. What happened?"

"At first, Pat thinks he'll be able to get both of them. Know what I mean?"

"Yep."

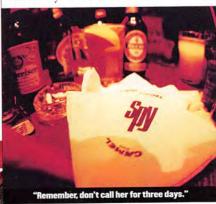
"So he gets them into bed somehow and they start making out a little and stuff, but they won't let him do anything. Nothing!" In the background, I hear Patrick yell, "I tried for two hours before I finally gave up and went to sleep. Two goddamn hours!"

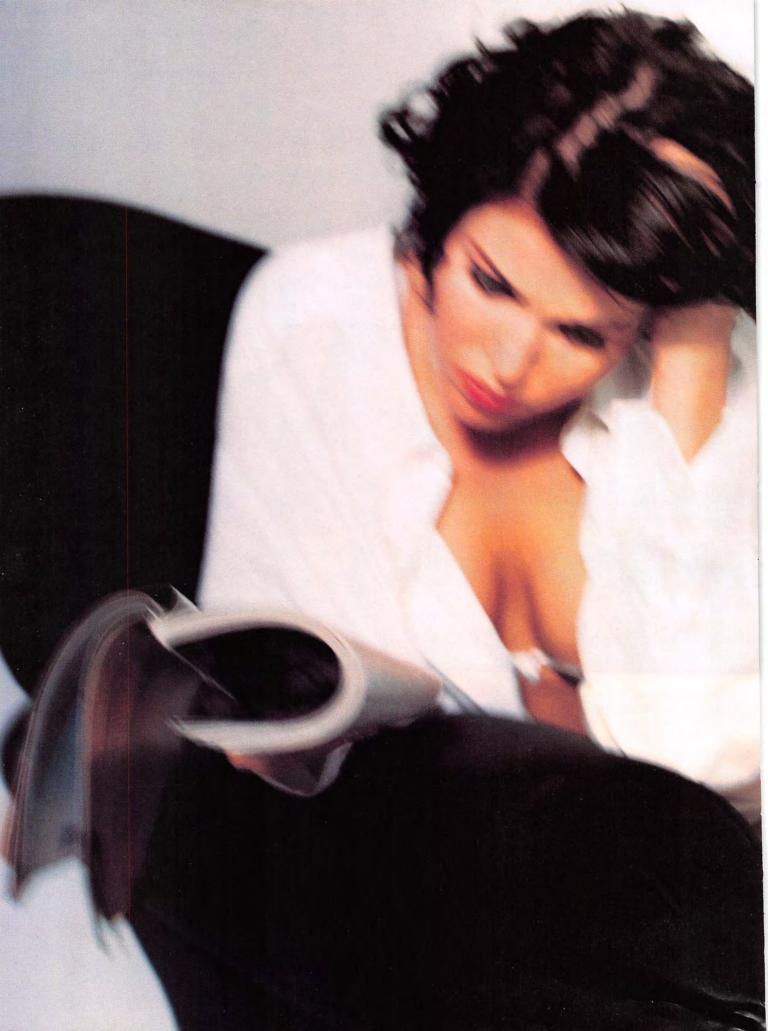
"Funny, huh? You should see him. I

don't know why the hell he's blaming me," Todd says, chuckling.

It's comforting to know that sometimes you just

can't win no matter who you are. Celebrity is a big boost, no question. But at the end of the evening, whether men are famous, normal, or losers like ourselves, we're all equally transparent to women. And we wouldn't have it any other way. Over and out.





Why is the woman you love so paranoid, neurotic, and just plain psycho?
Answer: She's being coached by the loony magazines she reads.
Here's how to stay on top of her game.

By J.D. Heiman Photographs by Leonardo Casali

A LOOK INSIDE PLAYBOK

Y

ou may think chick rags like Cosmopolitan are nothing but a bunch of harmless recipes, glossy lipstick ads, and shots of Kate Moss with a few emu feathers strewn across her scrawny frame. Quite the opposite, my friend: In fact, these

magazines are highly detailed manuals that feed women's body paranoia, encourage them to overthink extremely simple problems, and instruct them to suck your chest hair when you least expect it. They're essentially relationship playbooks full of tricky maneuvers and secret lingo, most of which relates to you. The good news: You don't need to steal these playbooks to gain the upper hand—we've done it for you! Here's the inside scoop.

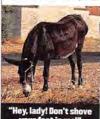
HER CHATTER

You may think your gal's talking gibberish when she rattles on about her Toner, her Firmer, and her new Even Firmer Toner, but she's actually just using insider terms from her playbook. To get the edge, use this handy decoder.

Saddlebag

What you think it means: Place to carry beef jerky and stogies when driving dogies across the vast Texas Panhandle

What it really means: Quaint Annie Oakley-ism for drooping flesh on either side of her tush; if left untreated, will lead to certain spinsterhood



Mule

What you think it means: Hardy mammal that carries your saddlebags across the vast Panhandle What it really means: Slipperlike foot covering that carries her across the vast Mall of America

Combination skin

What you think it means: Grave deforming condition requiring treatment and a celebrity telethon What it really means: Mysterious malady affecting 100 percent of the female population, in which the

face is ravaged by slight dryness in some areas and devastated by hints of oiliness in others

Elixir

What you think it means: Magical liquid that prompts bloody battles and princess-snogging in Conan the Barbarian—style epics

What it really means: Any goo intended to restore self-esteem destroyed by puffiness, bloating, and men who don't call back. As in "Princess Marcella Borghese Toning Firming Enhancing Regenerating Concealing Elixir"

Hot oil treatment

What you think it means: Fantasy wrestling sequence involving Shannon Tweed and Tanya Roberts

What it really means: Mysterious chemical packet heated to industrial temperatures and applied to hair in attempt to soften perm-frazzled locks

Control top

What you think it means: Personal ad lingo for "Whip-crackin' dominatrix" What it really means: Binding pantyhose designed to torture her midriff into submission like a synthetic boa constrictor

Exfoliation

What you think it means: Chemical bombardment of Vietnamese jungle What it really means: Hours-long process to sandblast off gritty outer layers of facial skin before bedtime

Intimacy

What you think it means: Sex

What it really means: All that other junk that happens directly before and after sex, but not sex

YOUR COMPETITION

We all know what real guys look like. Her playbook, on the other hand, is crammed with idealized images of buff, sensitive dudes that warp her expectations and make you look like crap. Good news: With a little effort, you can simulate the looks of four common chick-mag stallions.



Happy Pajama Man

A carefully styled sleepyhead with a coy smile and designer jammies, he's usually pictured bringing his girlfriend healthy breakfast muffins and a newspaper after a vigorous—yet sensitive—roll in the hay.

How to copy this look: Rub hair vigorously with towel to simulate "bed-head." Grit your teeth and put on those PJ's she got you from J. Crew. Grab a prop (a box of stale Triscuits will probably do), smile like a simpleton, and enter the bedroom.

Likelihood of getting beaten up if other men see you: 83%



Torso Man

This photo of a muscular male body, cropped at the neck and waist, adorns spreads on every topic from "His Erogenous Zones" to perfume. No head, no arms, no personality...yet somehow he's a charmer!

How to copy this look: Sever head. Hack off limbs. Pat stumps dry (better have a friend do it), then drape self sexily across furniture. Wait for the excitement to begin.

Likelihood of getting beaten up if other men see you: 0%. Nobody picks on a limbless gimp.



Eurotrash Man

With his martini glass, his sissyboy suit (note cravat), and his smirk, this playboy figures strongly in her playbook, especially in articles devoted to hoity-toity parties, the thrills of adultery, and the correct way to spoon-feed someone caviar.

How to copy this look: Grab yourself a cheap smoking jacket and a handful of gel. Adopt an unnaturally rigid posture; smoke skinny little cigarettes; sneer at

Likelihood of getting beaten up if other men see you: 92%



Mr. Mush

This romantic Schmendrick delivers wildflower bouquets in articles about relationships, prances through meadows in the fashion section, and strums acoustic guitar on the horoscope page. In short, he's the bane of your existence.

How to copy this look: Stop by a ditch and pick a few attractive weeds (be sure to knock off all the dirt). Buy a dopey-looking sweater. Practice bashful head-cocking.

Likelihood of getting beaten up if other men see you: 99%

100



BOOK.

Not all chick mags are created equal. If you know which one your gal stuffs in her gym bag, use this chart to get a quick read on her personality.



COSMOPOLITAN

Wistful secretaries who dream of multiple orgasms



LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

The PTA



MADEMOISELLE

Kicky twentysomethings with bad jobs and antidepressants



SELF

Aerobics instructors; women who obsess about looking like



oxidant protein shakes; "How I Beat My Butt"



SEVENTEEN

The entire seventhgrade varsity tetherball squad

WHY SHE READS IT

WHO READS IT

Sex advice; sex fashion; sex makeup; sex health; and sex astrology

Sixty-five-page spread on the "Magnificent Seven" babies; blueprints for edible gingerbread house

Feature on brooding boyfriends; 14 ways to stay spunky on \$100 a week; "How to Avoid Sleepy Eyes"

Twelve tips for better abs; recipes for antiby Oprah Winfrey

Guide to candyflavored lipstick; prom sex dos and don'ts; help getting used to her "monthly visitor"



HER ROLE MODEL



Kathie Lee Gifford



Cameron Diaz



Demi Moore

Day-Glo unitard.

Patagonia pullover,



Sabrina, the Teenage Witch

HER UNIFORM

Thigh boots, bustier (worn to manufacture cleavage)

Pearls, sensible shoes, hats that pay tribute to the late Princess Di

Shimmery tank top, sequined miniskirt, Nikes (for contrast)

heart-rate monitor A 10-K run, followed by hummus on a rice

cake and a magnum of

unicorn sweatshirt A Backstreet Boys concert at Six Flags,

Giant pink plastic

ponytail holder,

HER DREAM DATE

A catfight with Heather Locklear in the Melrose Place pool, followed by a silk-sheets romp with Andrew Shue

lowed by a family viewing of "a very special Touched by an Angel"

A good pot roast, fol-

Scream 3 premiere with Ethan Hawke. followed by sex with Ethan Hawke

A chance to attend the

Krispy Kreme Donuts

Diet Coke

followed by seven hours of muffled giggling

HER DARKEST FEAR

"FDA Bans Tanning Salons!"

Static cling

photo on Internet of her wearing orthodontic headgear.

Ex-boyfriend circulates

High impact. Sex is just another way to feel

"Hanson Killed by Their Own Roadies!"

HER SEXUAL STYLE

Excessively informed. Be prepared to discuss the quirks of her vulva in a hot tub.

Retro. Try to get to second base on a first date and you'll taste the sting of a rolling pin.

Earnest. Brings manuals and questionnaires to bed in effort to make the burn. it more "meaningful."

Illegal. It breaks the law in seven states just to think about it.



DECODING HER STRATEGIES

Her playbook is filled with specific plays for all situations: how she can chart her career, love her hips, and squeeze more romance out of you. Sadly, such advice often leads her astray. Here's how to trace bizarre behavior back to its source—and intervene before it's too late.

DEVIANT BEHAVIOR	Your girlfriend apparently mis- takes herself for a tree, suffers near-electrocution in ugly Yule- tide self-decoration mishap (top).	Your innocent crack about a recently deceased Princess of Wales sends your girlfriend into a blind, murderous rage.	Your girlfriend greets you at the door in a lace teddy, but when she speaks, she sounds like Barry White.	In the heat of passion, your gir friend sinks her teeth into your sensitive bits.
POSSIBLE SOURCE	Cosmopolitan, December 1997: "Wrap your naked body in Christmas lights and walk into the room while he's watch- ing TV and the lights are off Be sure to buy bulbs with a pro- tective covering—they can get hot after a few minutes."	Mademoiselle, November 1997: "Diana's short life con- tains lessons for all of us about finding out who we are[She] demonstrated how to rise from the ashes of almost any per- sonal disaster."	Mademoiselle, December 1997: "When you're trying to win someone over, lower your voice. You'll not only be perceived as more honest, but also more intelligent, powerful, and sexy."	Glamour, December 1997: "Many people find that a little nipping in the heat of passion can be exciting for both partners."
TREATMENT	Grab a handy copy of the Audubon Society's Field Guide to North American Trees. Point at a picture of a Douglas fir; say "Tree." Point to your girlfriend; say "Girl." Repeat as needed.	Calm your girlfriend down by agreeing that, aside from the fact that the princess had loads of cash, enough cocktail dresses to clothe the Dallas Junior League, and a passion for colonic irrigation, her life did indeed mirror the struggles faced by American women.	Raise your own voice several octaves, and speak in a squeaky girlie voice until she relents.	Tug on your partner's hair to see if it's a toupee, then quiz her on current NBA standings. If the biter is not Marv Albert in drag, proceed at your own discretion.

HER MENTAL GAME

Ever wonder why your gal always looks for complex answers to simple questions? In the course of our chick-mag investigation, we think, we found the source: those Q & A columns, which encourage otherwise sane women to plot, ponder, and hyperconsider the most minute details of daily living. To illustrate the point, here are some refreshingly simple solutions to real chick-mag problems.



QUESTION: "What do panty sizes mean, anyway?"—Glamour

Yappy magazine answer: "Sizes vary from manufacturer to manufacturer. Take your hip measurement and compare it to the hangtag on the panties. A brief should cover your belly button; bikinis are cut lower. What 'fits' depends on your comfort level. Note: More expensive underwear fits better." Sensible guy answer: "You're wearing panties now, right? Do they fit? Then that's your size."

QUESTION: "What's the best way to apologize after you drink too much and make a fool of yourself at a friend's holiday party?"—Cosmopolitan

Yappy magazine answer: "Call your host the next day and apologize. Send flowers with a note explaining that you are very contrite. Don't flagellate yourself."

Sensible guy answer: "Say, 'Sorry, I was pretty loaded...thank God I didn't blow chunks, huh?'"

QUESTION: "I found 22 pairs of women's underwear in my boyfriend's closet, some stained with semen. What does this [mean]?"—Cosmopolitan

Yappy magazine answer: "He may need therapy. Either live with it or leave him."

Sensible guy answer: "Run, stupid!"

QUESTION: "After an evening at a party with lots of beautiful women, my husband wanted to make love right after we arrived home. Was he thinking about me or the other women?"

—Redbook

Yappy magazine answer: "...the other women [probably] turned him on, which made him feel sexy and good about himself, so he was revved up when you two got home. If it was good sex, his mind must have been on you most of the time."

Sensible guy answer: "He is always thinking of other women."

QUESTION: "Recently I tried to entice a date into having sex with me. When I touched him intimately he got mad and said that if the situation were reversed it would be sexual harassment. Am I guilty?"—Glamour

Yappy magazine answer: "He thinks so and that's what's important."

Sensible guy answer: "Excuse us for asking...but are you really, really ugly?"



When In Doubt, Follow The Leaders

The distinguished world-class threesome pictured here have as much as 140 years of success behind them and are still the first choice of cigar smokers the world over who insist upon a first-class smoke.

Each is made of meticulously hand-selected premium long-filler tobaccos carefully aged by the centuries-old Cuban method. Each enjoys an enviable reputation for mildness and flavor earned by years of consistently living up to, and even exceeding, the special expectations of more particular and more knowledgeable smokers, not only in this country, but wherever good cigars are enjoyed.

"A good reputation is worth more than money," said Pubilius Cyrue, a wise old Roman, more than 2,000 years ago. Ask any smoker of these three cigars and see if they don't agree that the reputations of these cigars are right on the money.

My Introductory Offer To New Customers

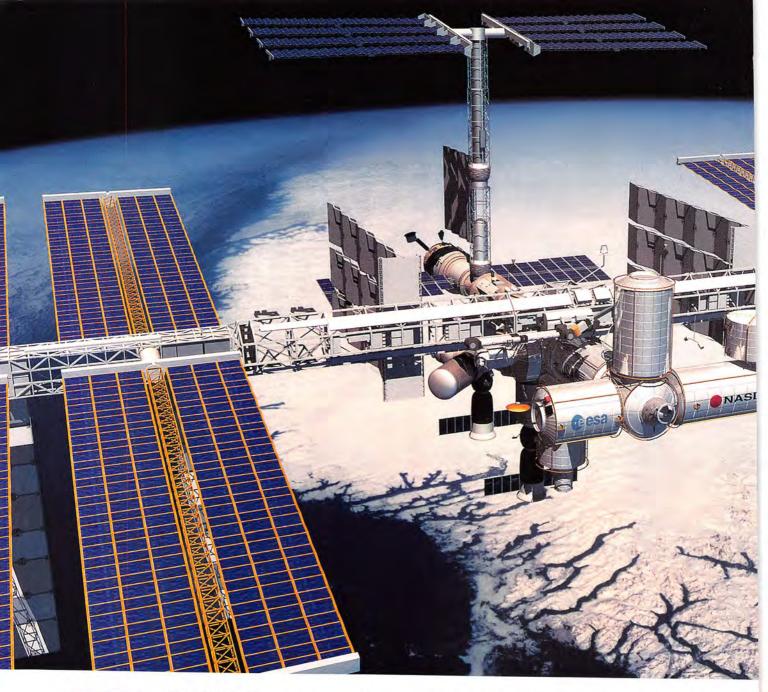
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T'S OFFICIAL: We are now entering the era of the big-ass spaceship.

In June, if the planets are aligned, the Russians are obedient, and our senators stop sniveling about costs and safety, NASA will begin building the International Space Station (ISS), the first evidence that we're on our way to mastering space, the way we've

mastered land, air, and sea.

The ISS won't be a Star Wars-style military base with lasers aimed at Baghdad and Beijing-not that there's anything wrong with that. No, what the NASA boys have in store is more along the lines of a floating college science center packed with scientists on a mission to blow your mind. Inside this lab they'll be using the low-gravity environment to manipulate the basic components of life as we know it. And in the process, NASA scientists will be changing the face of medicine, communications, fuel consumption...even salad dressing.

What's going to house all their big dreams, all their pricey equipment? Blueprints for the ISS reveal a station that stretches a whopping 356 feet from wing to wing. This baby's enormous: NASA architects are using only the strongest, lightest aluminum, and the ISS still tips the scales at a million pounds.

In fact, some experts are calling it the single biggest engineering feat since the Great Pyramid. But NASA says the Pyramids pale by comparison. "We're talking about building something the size of a couple of soccer fields, a couple hundred miles from Earth, using software that's not yet written and hardware that's not yet built," says Ray Askew, senior scientist for the space station. In scientific jargon, this is known as a big fucking deal.

The ISS is so huge it will take 45 shuttle and rocket launches loaded with parts and machinery to lift it all into orbit. Connecting the plugs and caulking the seams will require teams of astronauts—intergalactic hardhats outfitted with maneuverable jet packs and accompanied by remote-controlled robots-to conduct more than 1,000 hours of space walks over four years. That's more than double the amount of time spent in space-walk conditions by all the world's astronauts combined.



You know what they say: The bigger your spaceship...

MR. UNIVERSE: THE PERILS OF LIFE IN SPACE



These NASA cutbacks are killing us!"

plenty of perks: You get to knock golf balls into orbit; you can float around weightlessly; and you get all the Tang you can drink.

There are, however, a few significant though less publicized downsides. And the first team to inhabit the

International Space Station—American Bill Shepherd and Russians Yuri Gidzenko and Sergei Krikalev—will get to know those pitfalls all too well. Because when they board in 1999, they'll be out for a five-month tour.

Like past space inhabitants, these astronauts will have to adapt to the bizarre daily routine imposed by the gravity-free environment. Come bedtime they'll be strapping themselves into their bunks. To shower, they'll stand beneath a powerful fan that blows the wastewater into receptacles. And when they're on the john, their asses will be suction-cupped to the toilet seat (the gravity-free alternative being too gruesome to contemplate).

Worse, living at zero gravity can cause deterioration of the body's bones and deplete both blood volume and muscle mass. Daily workouts will counteract some, though not all, of these effects.

But experts agree that the most serious hazard to astronauts is posed by the profound sense of isolation. After three decades of space-station activity, the Russians have seen the damage that living in confined quarters a bazillion miles from the nearest 7-Eleven can wreak on the human psyche. (This is one reason the Russian space agency is staffed with more psychologists than cosmonauts: 30 shrinks compared to 20 flyboys.) After only three months on *Mir*; commander Vasily Tsibliyev had lost much of his vocabulary and had stopped speaking grammatically. Many believe that his frayed nerves contributed to the royal screwups that ensued.

Eventually, when the ISS begins to serve as a dormitory for residents from around the world, cultural tensions are sure to escalate—you know, disputes about Russian

"cuisine," British oral "hygiene," and everything French. You can almost imagine a cosmonaut, stewed on his own bootleg vodka, flicking the beret off a French astronaut's head and watching it drift slowly, end over end, into the next compartment. Come to think of it, it's gonna be a goddamned floating powder keg up there.





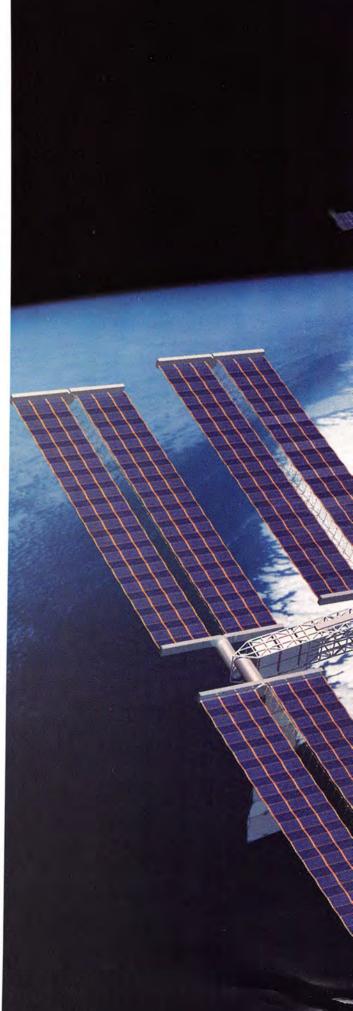
Of course, this high-tech high-flyer doesn't come without a stratospheric price tag. NASA estimates that from the first sketch, in 1985, to the final bolt-tightening, in 2002, the station will cost \$40 billion, give or take a few hundred mil. While that's certainly not chicken feed, it is less than 16 percent of NASA's total budget and represents a mere ½165 of the federal budget. Look at it this way: Every American can expect to pay about eight dollars a year for the future of space habitation. Basically, you're giving up the price of a movie ticket.

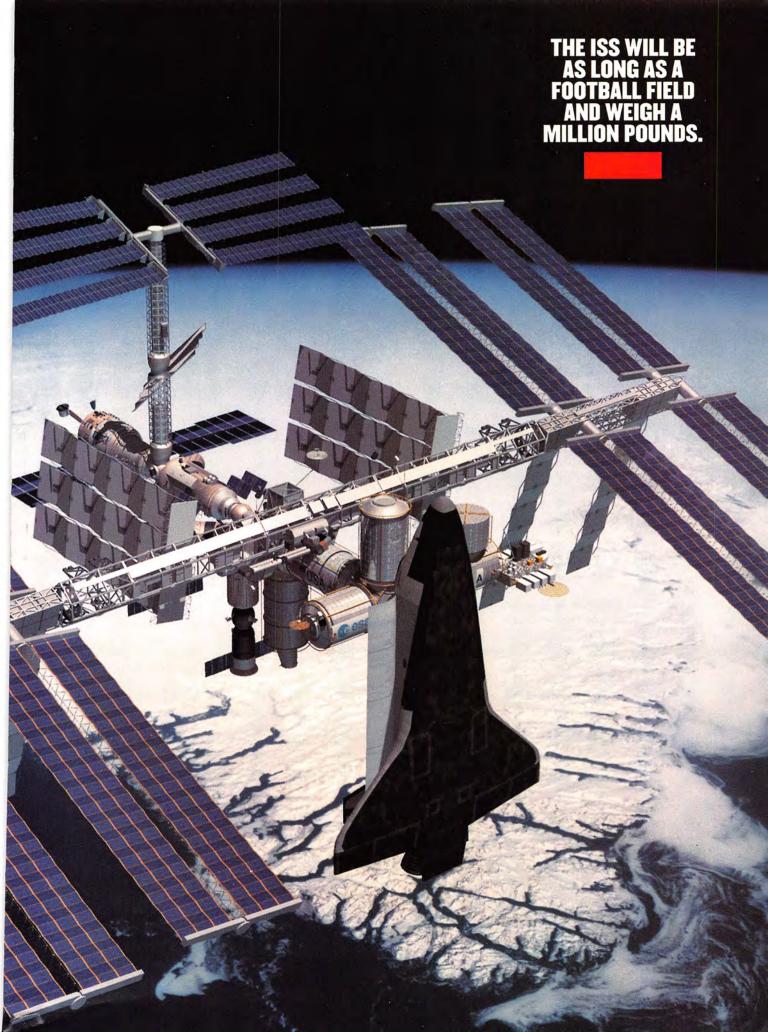
Anyway, we're not the only ones coughing up big bucks for this test drive through the final frontier. Recently, 16 countries—everyone from the Belgians to the Brazilians—have signed on, each tossing in some cash, its flag, and at least a smidgen of scientific expertise.

Our most important partners will be, naturally, the Russians. Before we took on the ISS project, NASA had built only one other active space station, Skylab, in 1973, which ran a total of three missions before plummeting earthward. The Russians, on the other hand, have been through two generations of accident-prone, toothpicks-and-bubble-gum space stations and are stumbling through a third with Mir (see Cosmo-nots, page 110). Weighing their extensive experience, President Clinton cut a deal with the Russkies in 1993 that guaranteed their financial and technical investments in the ISS, and allowed Americans to rent laboratory space on Mir. Given the crumbling Russian economy and Mir's status as the world's most famous lemon, we clearly got the shaft.

It's not surprising that the Russians are buddying up to NASA, considering the head-spinning benefits of having access to a permanent laboratory in space. "The space station will give us the opportunity to conduct scientific studies in a way that the shuttle never did," says Askew. The short duration of most shuttle flights often afforded astronauts just one shot at performing an experiment. If they screwed up even a minor procedure, they were shit out of luck. On a permanent station like the ISS, scientists can fall back on the old trial-and-error methods they're used to on Earth.

But the ISS isn't just about scientists covering their collective asses. It's about the vast, untapped potential of being able to work in a lab where the laws of gravity simply don't $\, \, \triangleright \,$





PHOTOGRAPHS: TOP LEFT: CORBIS BETTMANN; TOP RIGHT: NASA

COSMO-*NOTS*

Tragic Soviet Space Bloopers!

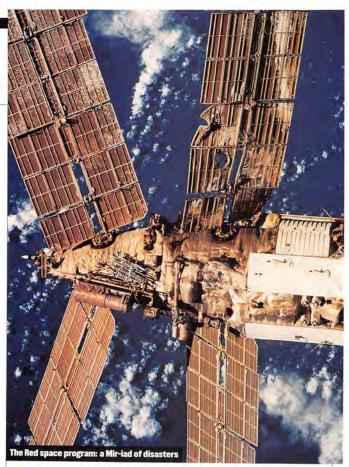


THE CHRONIC

mishaps aboard the Russians' pathetic Mir are already legendary. Last year, Mir's cosmonauts suffered an onboard fire; a failure of the primary oxygen generator; losses of the cooling system, a key

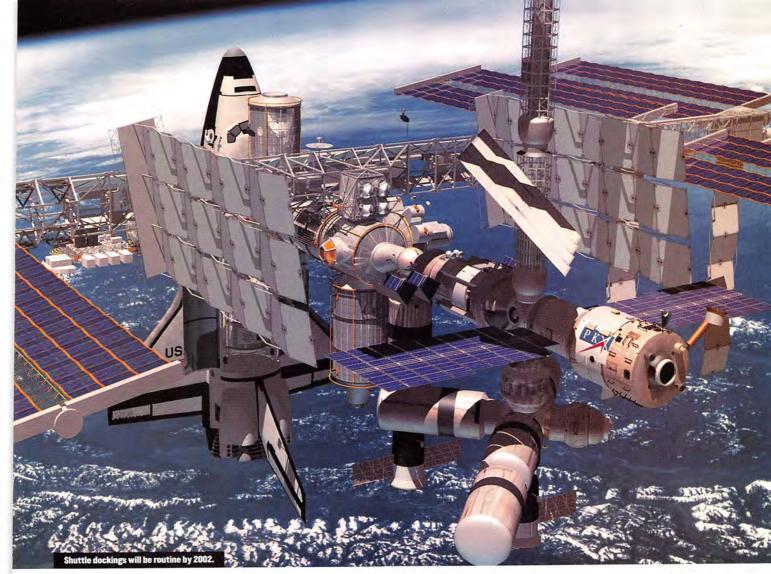
carbon-dioxide filter, and the altitude controls; and a gnarly slo-mo docking crash that crinkled a solar panel beyond repair. The kicker: For the Russians, the Keystone Kops of space exploration, that was considered a good year. Below, a few harrowing highlights from the so-called Soviet space program.

- 1960 In their first attempt to land on Mars, the Russkies launch two rockets. Neither manages to break through Earth's atmosphere, a step considered by scientists to be critical in reaching other planets.
- October 24, 1960 A rocket explodes on the launch pad, killing 56 people including Mitrofan Nedelin, the commander of the Soviet missile forces.
- October and November 1962 Sputnik 29 lifts off...and promptly explodes. Sputnik 31 lifts off and, in a stirring tribute to its predecessor, explodes. A third launch finds its way outside Earth's atmosphere without incinerating itself; the Russians rejoice. As the spacecraft approaches Mars, its radio dies, and it sails wildly into space, never to be heard from again.
- April 1967 After an equipment failure, cosmonaut Vladimir Komarov is forced to attempt an emergency descent to Earth. But the lines on his capsule's parachute tangle, and the capsule slams into the Ural Mountains at 300 mph, turning Komarov into a *blin* (a Russian pancake).
- February 21, 1969 With the race to the moon in full swing, the Soviets prepare a "sophisticated" rocket. Seventy seconds after the launch, it explodes, *Sputnik*-like, killing 91 people on the ground.
- 1971 The Soviets' Soyuz 11 successfully docks with their space station, and the three cosmonauts aboard set a record for time in space. Triumphant, the capsule returns to Earth and manages to land without exploding. The Russians rejoice. But when the recovery team opens the hatch, the cosmonauts are dead; a valve has tragically opened during reentry, sucking oxygen from the capsule.



- May 19 and 28 1971 The Soviets launch two Mars probes to conduct detailed surveys of the Martian surface. The first descends too quickly and crashes into the planet, creating the first Martian scrap heap. The second also hits the ground hard, but at least its television camera manages to flick on. The Russians rejoice: One out of two ain't bad. Twenty seconds later, the camera flicks off permanently.
- July and August 1973 Frustrated but determined, the U.S.S.R. decides to double its odds by sending four ships to Mars. All four, it turns out, are made with computer chips that corrode rapidly. Three of the four are lost in space, but the fourth reaches the planet and even succeeds in relaying measurements of Mars' atmosphere back to Earth. The Russians rejoice. But before scientists get a chance to look at the information, a communications error turns all of the priceless readings to gibberish.
- March 18, 1980 The Soviets are in the midst of preparing their celebratory "Seven Years Without a Major Accident!" billboards when—yep—another rocket explodes during a launch, killing 51.
- November 16, 1996 With their eyes once again on Mars, the Russians launch the two-ton *Mars* 96 with much fanfare. Hours later, they wearily begin scouring the Pacific for debris.

Charles Coxe

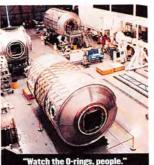


apply. For the white-lab-coat set, it's nothing short of a dream come true.

In a world without weight, scientists can construct protein crystals that are dramatically longer than anything they've been able to build on Earth, where gravity causes the ends to bow and break. They can also bend them into shapes they can use for specific purposes. Askew, for one, is confident that the space station will cook up aggressive disease-chomping proteins—which he refers to as "Pac Men"—that will be able to swallow a slew of viruses. This may mean new vaccines capable of crushing protein-based viral infections like AIDS and other killer diseases.

Unprecedented experimental possibilities abound. In gravity-free space, for example, flames aren't long, like they are on Earth; they're actually spherical—literally great balls of fire. They also burn more efficiently, so NASA is planning a series of flame tests. If scientists are able to figure out a way to improve the burning process back home, it could soup up everything from our cars to our power plants.

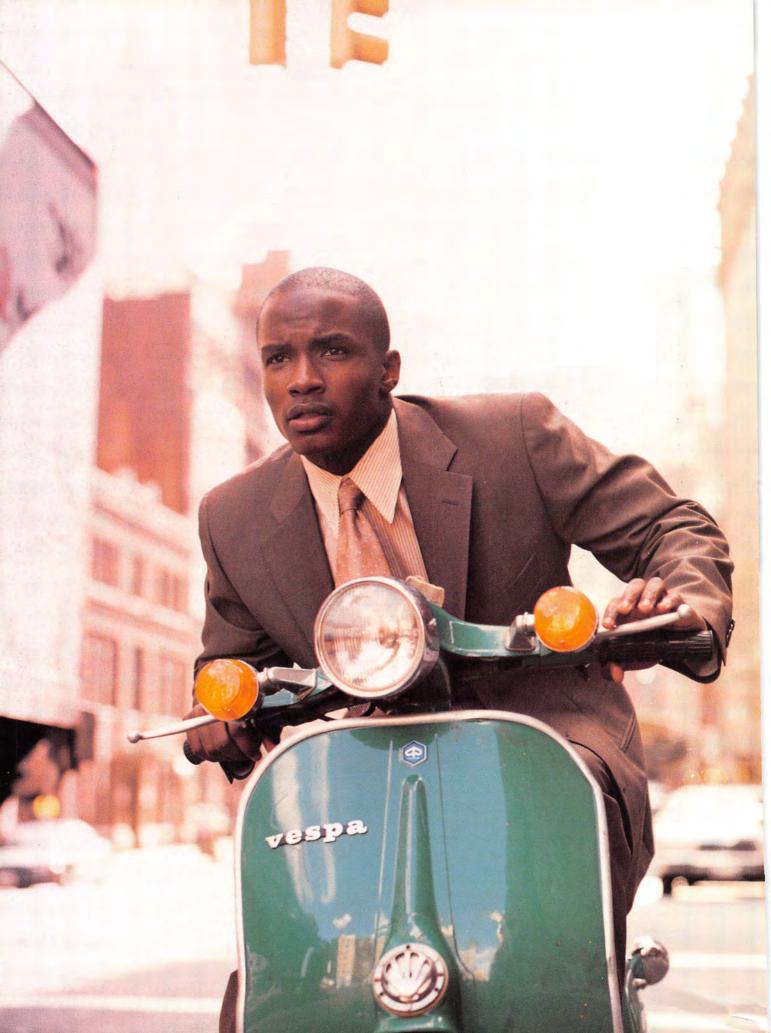
NASA scientists are also drooling over the possibility of creating entirely new fluids. In the absence of gravity, oil and water actually mix, which could result in a variety of new plastic or fluid materials we can't even imagine. (Of course, it could also lead to a bold new way to dress salads—hey, you don't see the guys on Mir cooking up anything creative!) There's also the potential for concocting purer versions of materials like silicon crystals, which could lead to bigger, badder, faster computers.

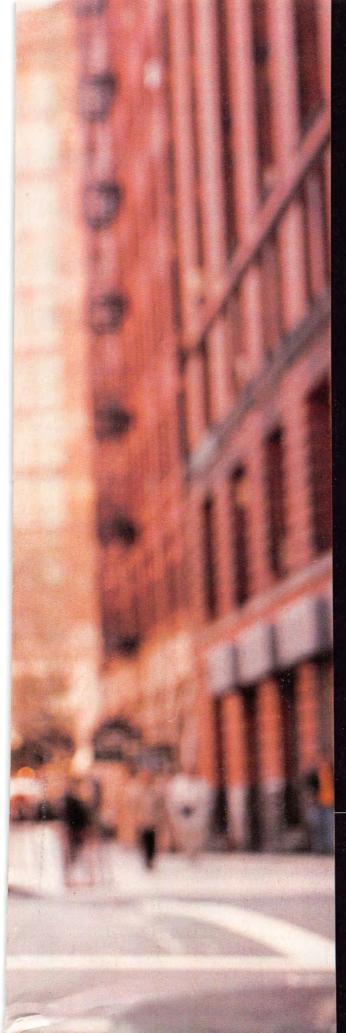




And then there are the unbelievably cool toys onboardwhich, of course, is the reason people decide to become astronauts in the first place. In fact, the station will look like The Sharper Image on steroids. The ISS is a chance for the world's best engineers to strut their mechanical stuff. The Canadians, for instance, have designed a 55-foot-long robotic arm that will crawl caterpillar-like across the outside of the station and dock a space shuttle by itself. (Knowing the Canadians, it will also be able to uncap a Molson in record time.) NASA's already developing a supersmall shuttle (it looks like a white Stealth bomber) that can ferry six astronauts to the Earth's surface in the event of a life-threatening emergency—you know, an oxygen leak, a dangerous spin, a stuck-on-play Paul Shore video. Good thing, too, because getting our boys back to Earth safely is really the bottom line. Exploring the galaxy is a kick in the pants, but everybody knows there's no place like home.

MAXIM MARCH 1998





THE DRIVER'S SUIT

Sure, you're in control. But if you really want to get ahead, spring for a new spring suit—in fabrics and colors designed for guys who push the limits.

Photographs by John Block Styling by Karen Shapiro

The faster lane
Get to work in one
unwrinkled piece
in a linen suit that's
blended with viscose
for a smooth ride at
any speed. Another
way to keep things
fresh: an orange
striped shirt instead
of workaday white.
Suit by Antonio
Fusco, \$1,225.
Shirt, \$270, and tie,
\$135, by Brioni.



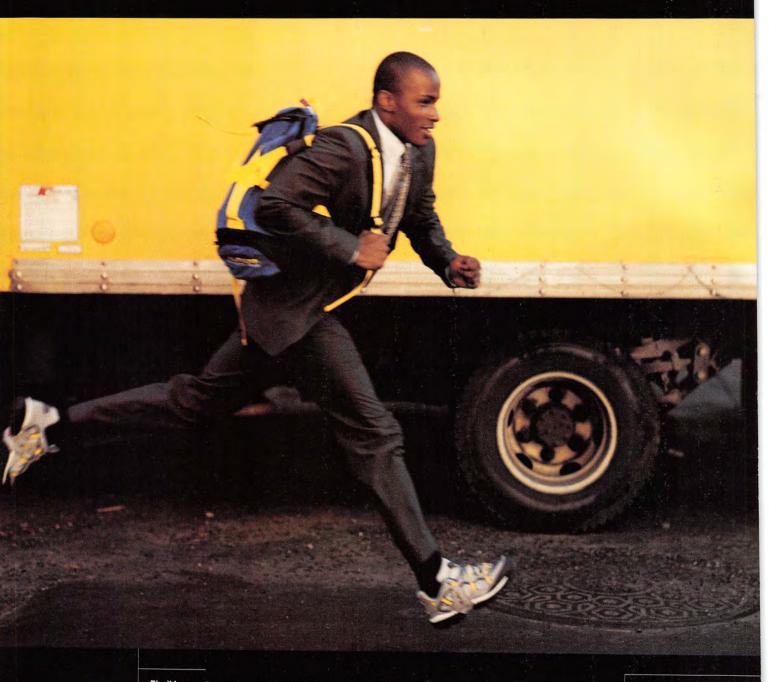
City slicker

Shine at work—
rain or shine—in
this variation on the
pinstriped suit (with
lines of alternating
widths), topped with
a raincoat that's
corporate yet
cool. Waterproof
windbreaker by
R. Newbold, \$375.
Suit by DKNY, \$495.
Checked shirt, \$175,
and tie, \$98, by
Alfred Dunhill.

Advanced motor skills For extra mobility off the bike, try the new 3/4-length trench coat. Trench by Nicole Farhi, \$550. Wool pinstriped suit by Kenneth Cole, \$475. Mini-check shirt by Brioni, \$285. Tie by Dolce&Gabbana, \$95.



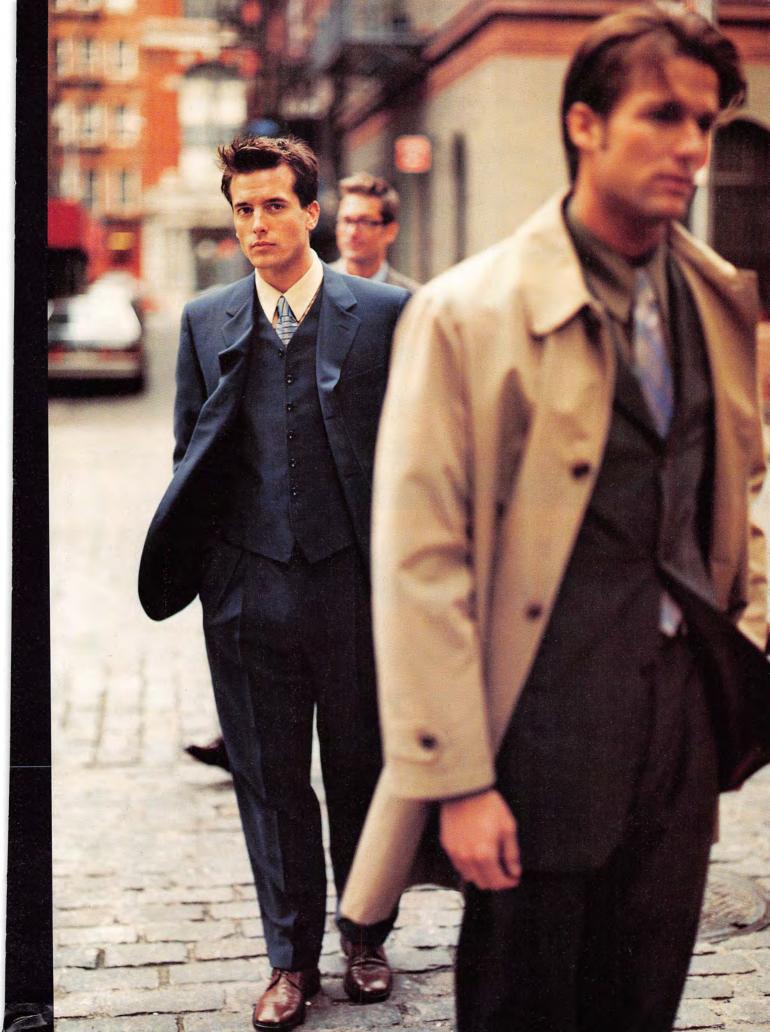
GROOMING; ASSUMPTA FOR SUSAN PRICE; ALTERATIONS: JOAN SMITH; VESPA SCOOTER FROM SCOOTERS ORIGINALI (973-783-3573)



Flexible pace Outrun all those other schmucks in a cotton/rayon suit engineered with stretch to give when you need to gun it. Suit by Jean-Paul Gaultier Classique, \$750. Shirt by Giorgio Armani, \$190. Air Swift Triax sneakers by Nike, \$85. Nylon knapsack by Tommy Hilfiger, \$68. Tie: Polo by Ralph Lauren.

Outta line

Stand out from the crowd in a three-piece suit (yep, they're back). What's new: the squared-off vest. Left: Wool/mohair three-piece suit by Canali, \$1,350. Shirt by Donna Karan, \$80. Tie by Canali, \$90. Right: Trench coat by New York industrie, \$495. Suit, \$850, and shirt, \$165, by BOSS Hugo Boss. Tie by Paul Smith Accessories, \$95.





Pone deal Put together an irresistible look by teaming a trio of browns—the shirt a few shades deeper than the suit. Cotton/viscose suit by New York industrie, \$700. Shirt by Donna Karan Signature, \$80.

Belt by Brooks Brothers, \$45.



Quick riser

Style doesn't sleep—why should you? Catch the boss's eye with a bright silk tie that sparkles in the midst of a darker plaid shirt and a wool/viscose suit by Donna Karan Signature, \$895. Shirt, \$72.50, and silk tie, \$65, by Joseph Abboud.

Out for the kill They'll know you've arrived—and so will you—with a suit that says, "Hey, guys, I can spend a ton on cabs!" Rayon/acetate suit, \$850; shirt, \$165; and tie, \$85, by BOSS Hugo Boss. Trench coat by New York industrie, \$365. Leather document case by Bruno Magli, \$750.



MEET THE BEETLE

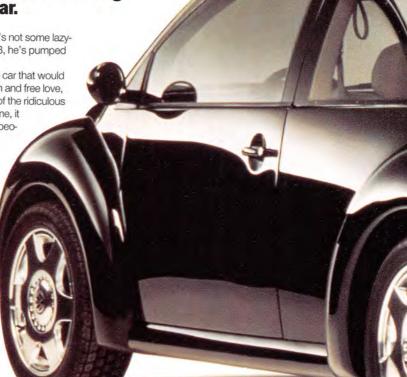
After 20 Bug-less years, VW is reviving its ultrapopular über-car.



Yes, Herbie's back, but this time he's not some lazyhazy, hippy-dippy Love Bug. In 1998, he's pumped up and he means business.

The ironic thing about the Love Bug, the car that would go on to become an icon for flower children and free love, is that its design was ordered by Hitler, he of the ridiculous mustache and mountains of hate. At the time, it was simply called the Volkswagen, or "the people's car." And in the end, that's what it became for a generation of American kids: It was dependable; it drove for fucking ever (you heard stories about guys who put 300,000 miles on their Beetles); and in a pinch you could fix the sucker yourself. Perhaps best of all, you could bounce it sideways into a cramped parking space.

The last time a Beetle rolled off an American assembly line, Son of Sam was on trial and Jerry Garcia was not only alive but thin. The long road back to production began when VW designers assembled a revamped Bug as a fantasy prototype car for a 1994 auto show. Four years of tweaking later, the new Beetle will hit showroom floors this spring. Gone are the trademark cramped quarters and the minuscule rear-mounted engine. But don't fret, Beetle fans. As VW spokesman Tony Fouladpour says, "The engine may be in front, but the heart's still in the same place."





UNDER THE HOOD

The Beetle uses the new Golf engine, a 2.0 liter, 115-horsepower model that gets 32 miles per gallon; you can choose between a 5-speed manual transmission or a 4-speed automatic that adapts to changing road conditions. Yes, the Bug's silicon breast-implant shape makes wind resistance a drag, but it can still cook at a respectable 112 mph. Volkswagen also has plans for a Powe Beetle with a 150-horsepower engine and a spoiler that pops up when the Bug tops 45 mph.

HANDLING

Repositioning the engine to the front of the car not only adds stability on turns, but allows for front-wheel drive, which makes the Beetle much more responsive than it used to be. And with a longer wheelbase, independent suspension, and a more rigid construction, this buggy suddenly handles. But does it keep its head above water as well as the old Beetle could? "It definitely floats," says Fouladpour, "but it won't float indefinitely."

GADGETS

Despite its modern flair (A/C with a pollen filter, heated mirrors, a six-speaker stereo with an unbreakable whip antenna), the feeling of this car is pure Beetle. You'll still find the plastic handle on the dash over the glove compartment and the subway-rider hand straps in back.

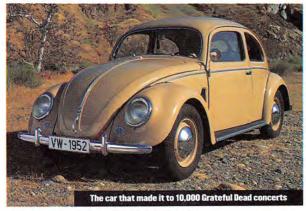
PHOTOGRAPHS: LADYBUG: ANIMALS/ANIMALS, 1952 VW: CINDY LEWIS, CORBIS-BETTMANN (2); RINGO STARR: REX USA; HERBIE LOVE BUG: S. S. ARCHIVES/ SHOOTING STAR INT'L; UPI/CORBIS-BETTMANN





THE STICKER

At about \$15,000, the Beetle manages to keep some of its proletarian charm. Extras like cruise control, fog lamps, and heated leather seats bump the price a couple grand. Yeah, it's more than that used Yugo vou've had your eye on...but owning a legend never comes cheap, does it?





1935 In response to Hitler's request for a car that would be affordable for the average German, Ferdinand Porsche builds the prototype of the Beetle in his Stuttgart garage. (At the time, fewer than 1 percent of Germans owned cars.)

1938 The Beetle goes into full production. Porsche calls it the Kraft durch Freude ("strength through joy") Wagen: Hitler calls it the Volkswagen ("people's car"); but after the war it's simply dubbed the Type 1.

1949 Dutch importer Ben Pon brings two Beetles to the U.S. Finding no interested buyers, he's forced

to hawk them at cost (\$1,500) to buy a ticket home.

1959 Beetle ads start running in the U.S. with self-deprecating slogans like "Think small" and, later, "It's ugly, but it gets

1960 VW wins the sticker-price war: The Beetle sells for \$1,595; a basic Ford Fairlane costs \$2,775.

1962 Drummer Pete Best is fired and replaced by Richard Starkey, soon to earn international acclaim as Ringo Starr.

1968 Subaru, a then unknown car manufacturer, attempts to market its new, boxy, cheap import as the "Japanese Beetle." The car is banned from California highways when it can't reach minimum speed requirements.

1969 The Love Bug is released, featuring Number 53, that lovable bug-brain, Herbie.

1970 VW sells 400,000 Beetles in the U.S.

1971 Professional wet blanket Ralph Nader calls the Beetle "the most dangerous big-selling car in America."

1972 The Beetle surpasses the Ford Model T as the best-selling car of all time.

1974 Herbie Rides Again hits theaters. 1975 Beginning of the end: The Beetle's

share of new-car sales falls from a high of 7 percent to a subcompact 2 percent.

1977 Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo bombs at box office, despite best efforts of enchanting thespian Don Knotts.

1978 The last American Beetle sedan rolls off assembly lines on January 19, one of 16,255,500 Bugs produced.

1980 The Beetle's convertible model ends production in Januar

Later that same year, Herbie Goes Bananas mercifully marks the end of the Herbie series. In December. John Lennon is shot and killed in New York City.

1991 85.000 Beetles are built in Mexico, but they can't be imported to the U.S. because of picky emissions standards.

1994 J. C. Mays designs the Concept 1 car, soon to become the new

1998 Redesigned, re-engineered,



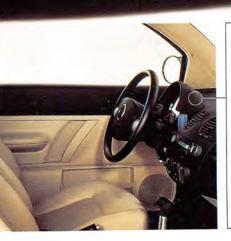




VW Beetle.

and ready to go, the VW Beetle hits the road once again.

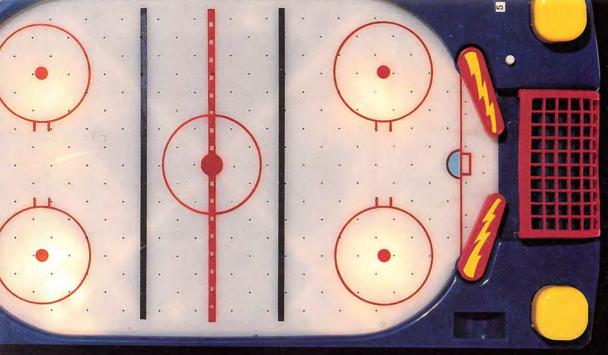




INTERIOR Putting in a hatchback has

VOLKSWAGEN

increased trunk space, and the new Beetle's wider chassis and longer wheelbase provide nearly 35 percent more interior room than the original. Thank God, because the craziest thing about the Love Bug was that it was way too small to actually get any love in, a sad scenario that's changed for the better. "The front seats pop up and forward, well out of the way, and you can also fold down the back seats," admits Fouladpour, "so if you really wanted to partake in that activity, you could find a way."



□ ICE DREAMS

The coolest thing about bowling alleys was always the air-hockey games. Now, finally, you can play anywhere: The Thrill of Victory game has shrunk air hockey down to a manageable size (7" x 15"). Pinball flippers whip the puck back and forth atop a cushion of air generated by a teeny internal fan, and flashing lights and sound effects give way to a cool victory song when you score. (The Sharper Image, 800-344-4444)

▽ TEE TIME \$37

Those folks at Top-Flite have outdone themselves. The makers of the self-proclaimed "longest ball" have, uh, made their balls even longer. The new Aero features teardropshaped dimples that curb wind resistance, as well as a "high-energy" core that gives you more bang from the tee. So get your butt out on the links and show that Tiger punk how it's done. (Available at golf stores)



ON THE HORIZON: OFF-THE-WALL SOUND

Chuck your old-fashioned ideas about speakers and sound out the window. American Technology Corporation has designed the Hypersonic Sound projector, which actually throws sound waves at a surface much like a flashlight casts light on a wall. Looking at the projector, the listener hears no sound at all; it's only when the waves hit an object that music becomes audible. Smaller and more efficient than traditional speakers, the HSS projector finally justifies the improved sound quality of those absurdly expensive compact discs. (Available this summer)



▽ VOICE BOX

This is a microcassette recorder...but without the cassettes. Why? Because let's face it, tapes suck. The Olympus D1000 digital recorder offers a more reliable, more convenient way to record conversations: a two-megabyte PC card which holds over 30 minutes of recordings and can be removed and slipped into your computer...no rewinding required. (Available at major electronics stores)



TOP FLITE AERO





□ DISK-O TECH \$599.

Think of it as the Polaroid of the digital age. Sony's Digital Mavica bypasses the hardware hassles of first-generation digital cameras by letting you snap photos directly onto a floppy disk that you can then pop right into your computer. No tangled cables and no funky "interfacing." No kidding.
(Available at major electronics stores)

 STEPPIN' OUT \$299

Everyone needs a ladder around the house, but they're such a pain in the ass to store. No longer. Collapsed, the new Telesteps telescopic ladder is only 2.5 feet high in your closet; pull it out and you've got a full 12.5 feet of reach. Each rung has an automatic springloaded lock to keep it in place. (Dial Industrial, 800-821-8388)

You want mind-blowing gadgets? Look no further. We've assembled the coolest stuff your hard-earned money can buy.



△ EAGLE EYE \$350 and \$500
Wondering how far it really is to the green? Bushnell's new monocular, the Yardage Pro laser rangefinder, takes the guesswork out of your golf game by using a laser beam to measure distances to within a yard. The pricier model scans as many as four different points on the course per second, detailing multiple distances so you can judge the best approach shot. Not that it will actually help your sorry swing. (Bushnell, 888-276-5945)



POCKETS ROCKETS

The first generation of personal digital assistants promised a lot but delivered a little. The new wave gets the job done, offering power and portability for the guy on the go. By Robert Haley

PalmPilot Personal Edition (\$249; 800-881-7256) ***

About the size of: A pack of playing cards. Displays 14 lines of type and weighs six ounces. Figure on two to three months of normal use before you have to replace the two AAA batteries.

The lowdown: This innovative, wildly popular device single-handedly revived the personal digital assistant market. It's got seven built-in apps, including date and address books, to-do list, expense report, E-mail (an extra \$129), and calculator, all of which synchronize to desktop computers without hassle. The PalmPilot doesn't try to do it all, but what it does, it does extremely well. Perhaps the best overall mix of size, price, and functionality.

Why you'll love it: It's well-built, easy to use, and truly does fit into a shirt pocket. And because so many of these suckers have already sold, there's a ton of after-market hardware and software in the works. Some PDAs will look as obsolete as 8-tracks in a year or two. Not PalmPilot.

Why you'll curse it: You add info on the fly with a built-in stylus, either tapping onto an on-screen keyboard or writing with a modified alphabet called Graffiti. And Graffiti can be maddening to master.



Newton MessagePad 2100 (\$1,000; 800-538-9696) ★★★★

About the size of: A VCR tape. Displays 18 lines of type and breaks the triple beam at 1.4 *pounds*. Battery life: About 24 hours of continuous use; rechargeable battery pack is optional.

The lowdown: The first generation of Newtons stank; this doesn't. In fact, the MessagePad performs all the tricks that a handheld personal computer (HPC) does, and with its beefy processor and memory, large screen, keyboard, and PC-card slots, it's more like a laptop than a palmtop. Although it's an Apple, it can still exchange info with many Windows applications.

Why you'll love it: Vastly improved handwriting recognition; crisp monochrome screen; optional cable-attached keyboard for true touch-typing; built-in E-mail and Web-browsing software.

Why you'll curse it: It's big and pricey.



Rolodex REX-3-DS PC Companion (\$179.95; 888-739-6400) ★★★★

About the size of: A credit card, and barely three times as thick. The screen displays nine lines of type; the whole damn thing weighs just 1.4 *ounces*. Count on about six months of normal use with the lithium watch battery.

The lowdown: Basically a PC card with a surprisingly readable screen, this techie marvel hooks up with your computer to accept all manner of info. You then remove the card and view your data using its various buttons.

Why you'll love it: The most portable way ever to carry your computerized address book, contacts, to-do lists, even memos. It's small enough to slip into your wallet, yet stores enough phone numbers to keep Wilt Chamberlain perky.

Why you'll curse it: It's a read-only device, meaning you can't add an address or update an appointment on the fly. The only way to make changes is through the mothership computer.



PSION Series 5 (\$599; 800-997-7466) ****

About the size of: A basic eyeglass case. Displays 26 lines of text and weighs in at 12.5 ounces. If used continuously, the two AA batteries will last about 35 hours.

The lowdown: This is not a personal digital assistant; it's a full-fledged HPC. This means that in addition to all the usual PDA functions, you also get spreadsheet, full word-processor, and database programs which you navigate by tapping icons with your stylus. There's a handy built-in voice recorder, which you can use without opening the machine. E-mail and Webbrowsing are standard features.

Why you'll love it: Three words: keyboard, keyboard, keyboard. Smart and solidly built, the keyboard slides toward you when you open the machine and features real (if miniature) keys, rather than the "Chiclet" buttons found on most HPCs. PSION is the only HPC on which you can even approximate touch-typing.

Why you'll curse it: Said wünder-keyboard has a dark side: Its angle is fixed, meaning you have to adapt to it, rather than vice versa.



Sharp SE-500 Mobile Organizer (\$299: 800-237-4277) ★★★★

About the size of: A Walkman, but half as thick. Displays 16 lines of type and weighs barely seven ounces. With normal use, the two AA batteries should last about 70 hours; if you're using the modem nonstop, it's more like four hours.

The lowdown: Another attempt to clone the PalmPilot that offers essentially the same features. But it doesn't quite measure up to the original.

Why you'll love it: For about the same price as the PalmPilot and Avigo, you get a built-in 14.4 modem for sending and receiving E-mail wherever you are

Why you'll curse it: With no handwriting recognition or other data-entry shortcuts, you're stuck poking at a standard on-screen keyboard. And the slide 'n' flip cover feels cheap 'n' cheesy.



Texas Instruments Avigo (\$299; 800-842-2737) ★★★★

About the size of: PalmPilot, plus an inch or so in length. Displays 16 lines of type and tips the scales at seven ounces. Battery life: four weeks of normal use with two AAA batteries.

The lowdown: One of several new PalmPilot clones on the market, it looks and behaves a lot like the original. This model goes a few steps further by adding a larger screen; a "Beam me up, Scotty" flip-up cover; a sketching program (for handwritten notes); an infrared communications port; a simple database; and a fancy-schmancy calculator. But no E-mail capability.

Why you'll love it: Instead of attempting handwriting recognition, Avigo offers a unique tappable keyboard with multiple letters bunched onto large on-screen keys, like on a telephone. As you "type," the system guesses at your words. Here's the big surprise: The technology actually works. And because the keys are fewer and bigger, it's way speedier than a standard on-screen keyboard.

Why you'll curse it: No handwriting recognition, for those inclined to scribble on the screen. And you can't add a modem.



Sharp Mobilon HC-4500 (\$999; 800-237-4277) ****

About the size of: An eyeglass case, but one for beefy Ray-Bans instead of svelte John Lennons. Displays 13 lines of text and weighs 17.3 ounces. The battery offers 20 hours of continuous use; much less using the modem.

The lowdown: This is the current flagship of a whole fleet of HPCs that are built around Windows CE, which is Microsoft's scaled-down version of Windows 95, including applications like Excel, Word, and Internet Explorer. This baby's loaded: tons o' memory, integrated 33.6 modem, and voice recorder; there's even an optional (\$399) clip-on digital camera.

Why you'll love it: The first HPC with a color screen, and it's a beaut.

Why you'll curse it: All these bells and whistles cost you in terms of size (larger); weight (heavier); battery life (shorter); and, yes, price (although you can save \$300 by going monochrome).

GENUINE G.I. ANGLEHEAD

(\$8.99; 800-282-3327)

This is the good ol' crooknecked U.S. Army standardissue flashlight you begged your mom to buy you when you were 12. It's still the same. Still has those four lenses stashed in the hilt. Still throws a strong, bright beam.

RAYOVAC SWIVEL-LITE (\$5.99; 800-323-1993)

Blow a tire after dark and you will be pissed off. When you drop the flashlight you've wedged under your arm and skin your knuckle on the jack, you will be really, really pissed off. But stand this light on its end, and the clever, adjustable head will leave both your hands free to work.

SNAKELIGHT (\$29.95; 800-231-9786)

The light's flexible spine makes it the pinnacle of versatility, the zenith of functionality. But let's talk about the Snakelight as toy: You can twist it into a pretzel, sculpt it into a ray gun, mold it into a mutant tentacle. You'll be looking for reasons to play with it. "Remember that earring you lost two years ago, babe? Could be under those decaying septic floor-boards. I'll get my Snakelight and have a look."







You've dazzled her with your wit and charmed her with your sensitivity. Now it's crunch time: Can you entice her to stay long enough for you to work your sex magik? No problem, pal—that's why we invented the nightcap. Alix Strauss helps you choose your poison.

Photographs by Satoshi





SCOTCH

Straight up: Scotch is about relaxation and introspection, and it should be sipped slowly, with a mature sense of purpose. It's ideal for highbrow foreplay: sitting cross-legged on your bed with her, talking politics or philosophy as you doggedly wear down her defenses.

Buyer's guide: Blends, like Johnny Walker Black, tend to be complex and smooth; single malts, like Glenfiddich, have more unique flavors, running from smoky (Lagavulin) to sweet (Royal Lochnagar). Older isn't always better: Each scotch has a natural maturity date, and beyond 25 years old, you're just paying extra to impress the liquor-store clerk.

Cost: \$20-250

Serving suggestions: Classic crystal lowboy glasses are best. Scotch is served either neat (straight up) or on the rocks (with ice); it can be cut with a little water or served with a "water back," a.k.a. a glass of water riding shotgun. Cigars make a nice, physiologically suggestive accompaniment.



DESSERT WINES

Straight up: A gal-friendly conclusion to any meal, dessert wines come from a variety of cultures and are available in an array of flavors and styles, although they often tip toward the sweet end of the scale. Best for a light, fun, romantic-comedy kind of a night.

Buyer's guide: With a light, fruity kind of dessert, try something floral and delicate, like an '86 Sauternes Château d'Y quem. For rich, chocolatedeath belly bombs, go with a robust berry-flavored wine, like a '95 Banyuls Grenache Noir. For foods that combine tartness and sweetness, like cherry pie, consider trying a sparkling dessert wine, like a Moscato d'Asti '96.

Cost: \$10-350

Serving suggestions: Any all-purpose wine glass will suffice, though you should pour smaller quantities than you're used to with regular wine. (True toward the polite end of the evening, anyway; later, as you get more and more relaxed, feel free to switch over to chugging from the bottle.)



PORT

Straight up: An elegant, blood-red Spanish-Portuguese wine. Sweet enough to handle dessert, but bold enough to carry you all the way from a red-wine dinner to O.J. at breakfast. Ideal for dim-light dancing or couch-cushion mashing.

Buyer's guide: Ruby ports are young, sweet, and fruity; tawny ports are nuttier and more mature (think Wilfred Brimley). A third type, vintage ports, can be 20 or 30 years old...and can be priced like Defense Department procurements. As with other red wines, the grape harvest dictates "good" and "bad" years: Good vintage years for port include: '63, '70, and '77.

Cost: \$12-25 for ruby, \$15-100 for tawny, \$20-300 for vintage

Serving suggestions: Serve port in a regular red-wine glass, but ditch the bottle—if you're dropping the dough on vintage, go the distance and buy a handsome decanter. Decantation will remove the sediment found in these older wines and make an elegant statement about your fiscal health.



CORDIALS

Straight up: Sweet, spicy, and pungent, cordials' eccentric individual flavors are great for making that critical after-dinner segue from the public to the private. ("You like Midori, huh? Ever have a Melon Ball? You know, I lived in Japan one summer...")

Buyer's guide: The key here is to have an assortment of popular flavors on hand, to give her a meaningful choice. Some tasty favorites: Amaretto (almonds); Frangelico (hazelnut and berries); Kahlua (coffee); Sambuca (licorice); and Grand Marnier (orange).

Cost: \$10-40

Serving suggestions: Go easy. In large servings, these liqueurs can be syrupy and overbearing, so pour a small amount into a small glass, straight up or over ice. (You can always slide her another round.) For variation, cordials can be drizzled over ice cream or sherbet, stirred into coffee, or dripped teasingly onto unsuspecting nipples.

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cover girl, who will appear in the April issue of Maxim. We don't want to

give her identity away, but we'll give you a hint: She'll make your elbow tired when you see the rest of her.

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ANDREW MACPHERSON/OUTLINE

ruining your eyes

Previews	FILM	STARS	STORY	BUZZ
	U.S. MARSHALS (Warner Bros.) Release Date: March 6	Tommy Lee Jones; Wesley Snipes; Robert Downey, Jr.; and French cutie Irene Jacob	Reprising his Oscar-winning role in The Fugitive, Jones is a fed out to nab a renegade government agent (Snipes) wrongly accused of murder and busy searching for the real killers. Hey, just like O.J.!	Thumbs mostly up. A pseudo sequel with the budget and effects of <i>The Fugitive</i> , but a bit repetitive (gripping plane crash replaces gripping train crash). And, hey, Snipes is no Harrison Ford.
	(Miramax) Release Date: March 20	Ewan McGregor, Patricia Arquette, Josh Brolin, Nick Nolte	McGregor is the lone night watchman in a morgue (whatever that job entails) when a serial killer starts slaughtering people. All fingers point to McGregor. Who'll catch him first: the cops or the killer?	Terminal. Nightwatch's release has been pushed back more than once— a sure sign of a stink bomb.
	THE NEWTON BOYS (20th Century Fox) Release Date: March 20	Matthew McConaughey, Ethan Hawke, Vincent D'Onofrio, Julianna Margulies, Dwight Yoakam	A true 1920s tale about America's most prolific—and nonviolent—bank robbers: brothers who reason, à la <i>Point Break</i> , that banks are dirty by nature.	Yee-haw! Guys on horse- back trying to outrun Model-T Fords? This is American history made fun, baby.
	PRIMARY COLORS (Universal) Release Date: March 20	John Travolta, Emma Thompson, Billy Bob Thornton, Kathy Bates, Adrian Lester, Larry "J.R." Hagman	In this adaptation of the bestselling "novel," idealistic wonder boy Lester signs on with Clinton's—whoops!— Travolta's presidential campaign, but finds that political manipulation and tabloid scandals suck like disco.	Landslide victory. Preview audiences who saw the uncut version raved. Expect primo character acting, and master storytelling from director Mike (<i>The Graduate</i>) Nichols.
	MAJOR LEAGUE III (Warner Bros.) Release Date: March 27	Scott (Quantum Leap) Bakula, Corbin Bernsen, Dennis Haysbert, Takaaki Ishibashi	Aging minor-league pitcher (Bakula) accepts offer to manage motley Triple-A team. After he transforms them from hopeless misfits into slightly more feisty misfits, they take on the major league!	Groundout. Three strikes, you're out. This is <i>The Bad</i> News Bears with more risqué one-liners; the mostly B-grade TV cast doesn't help. Paging Charlie Sheen
	WILD THINGS (Columbia) Release Date: March 6	Kevin Bacon, Matt Dillon, Neve Campbell, Denise Richards	When a high school counselor (Dillon) is accused of pawing a student, the detective on the case (Bacon) uncovers a wicked get-rich plot and the diabolical nature of teenage girls.	As bleak as its plot. Shades of The Craft—Campbell's fun teen- witch flick—but director John McNaughton also unleashed Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer, so Things could get real heavy.
	NO LOOKING BACK (Gramercy) Release Date: March 27	Edward Burns, Lauren Holly, Jon Bon Jovi, Connie Britton	Working-class type (Burns) blows back into his hometown and tries to woo his old girlfriend (Holly), a waitress who's engaged to his old pal (Bon Jovi).	Nuttin' special. Burns' third try falls short of his first (<i>The Brothers McMullen</i>), and though he and Holly walk around with Buds in their hands for 90% of the film, they don't wash as local yokels.
	THE OBJECT OF MY AFFECTION (20th Century Fox) Release Date: March 13	Jennifer Aniston, Paul Rudd (Clueless), John Pankow (Mad About You's Cousin Ira), Tim Daly (Wings)	Thoughtful gay guy (Rudd) needs shelter, so social worker (Aniston) takes him in. She's dating Pankow, but likin' Rudd, and when she finds a bun in the oven, it's time to pick a dad.	A girlfriend-pleaser. Even preg- gers, Aniston is easy on the eyes, but director Wendy Wasserstein is a bit chick-flicky. Warning: Alan Alda alert!
	DEAD MAN ON CAMPUS (Paramount)	Tom Everett Scott, Mark-Paul Gosselaar (Saved by the Bell)	Two students learn that college is only fun if you don't flunk out. When a fellow student offs himself, these guys' frat-boy mentality leads them to bank	Mixed. Producers Paramount and MTV scored with Beavis and Butt-head Do America (du-udel). But wrapping an urban-myth plot

frat-boy mentality leads them to bank

on the infamous suicide loophole (i.e., if your roomie croaks, you get all A's).

Release Date: March 13

But wrapping an urban-myth plot

around a Saved by the Bell star

sounds awfully close to suicide.



THE BIG LEBOWSKI

(Gramercy/PolyGram)

THE LATEST MOVIE FROM THE COEN BROTHERS (the team behind Fargo and Raising Arizona) revolves around a peace-lovin' kind of guy called Jeff "The Dude" Lebowski. He just wants to drink White Russians, smoke pot, bowl a perfect game, and stay out of trouble. Unfortunately, Lebowski (Jeff Bridges) gets sucked into a mysterious kidnapping plot just because he shares his name with a wheelchair-bound millionaire. His buddy, a Vietnam vet (John Goodman), is only too happy to join in the fun, wielding automatic weapons, smashing cars, and trying to figure out who's kidnapped whom—and why. The surrealistic plot twists and turns so much that it requires a Scooby Doo-like wrap-up scene to sort everything out. But The Big Lebowski showcases the Coen brothers' cool craftsmanship: characters who ooze a sense of time and place and a supremely oddball point of view. A fun ride,...if you can keep up.—Leslie Yazel

WITHOUT LIMITS

(Warner Bros.)

IN 1995, THE BIGGEST race in Hollywood was between two studios making bio-pics about the tragically short life of Olympic runner Steve Prefontaine. Disney's 1997 *Prefontaine* got the



jump, but proved to be a sour piece of crap. This year's late entry, Warner Bros.' Without Limits, clearly takes the tape. The film stars Billy Crudup (Sleepers) as the egomaniacal Pre, a wildly talented runner who could been a contenda at the 1976 Olympics if he hadn't died in a car accident at 24. This winning movie covers all the bases: It's part buddy pic (showcasing the relationship between Pre and his coach, played by Donald Sutherland), part sports movie (packed with exciting moments in racing history), and even part romance (famous jocks attract babes). In other words, take your pal or a date.—Claire Connors



PREPPY MURDERERS

Suicide Kings, in theaters this month, features some sadistic prep-school boys who kidnap Christopher Walken, duct-tape him to a chair, and saw off his finger in an attempt to extort \$2 million—prompting Walken to shriek at his lawyer, "Whatever you do, don't send your kid to boarding school!" Wise words indeed: In Hollywood movies, at least, your average public school does produce happier, healthier, and more mentally stable students. Here's proof:

HOW TO SPEND THE LAST FEW WEEKS OF HIGH SCHOOL

Public school strategy: Sing, dance, hang out with delinquent friends (Grease, 1978).



Prep school strategy: Stockpile weapons, build barricades, fight to the death (Taps, 1981).

HOW TO STAND OUT FROM THE CROWD

Public school strategy:

Order a large pizza and have it delivered during an otherwise dull history class (Fast Times at Ridgemont High, 1982).



Prep school strategy: Stand on desk and salute teacher; later, for emphasis, blow your head off (Dead

Poets Society, 1989).

Public school HOW TO PICK UP A

strategy:
Skip class, grab the first handy female, and plow her in the school bus (*Porky's*, 1981).



Prep school strategy: Accidentally drug your gal and watch her do a face plant in your crotch (*The Ice* Storm, 1997).

VHAT TO DO WHEN THERE ARE NO PARENTS AROUND

Public school strategy: Wreck Dad's Porsche, pay for repairs by turning family home into a profitable brothel (Risky Business, 1983).



Prep school strategy: Strip to underwear, wage war on best friends, crush a fat kid's head with a boulder (Lord of the Flies, 1990). THIS MONTH'S CUTS: PEARL JAM'S ROCKING RESURRECTION, SPICIER GIRLS, AND THE STRANGEST ALBUM YET FROM ROBBIE ROBERTSON



PEARL JAM YIELD



(Epic)
Pearl Jam took a pretty hefty
left turn a few years back, steering their out-of-control career
into quieter, more eclectic
territory—and letting the
mainstream fans pass them by.
Nutty? Perhaps, but the band's
hardline stances (refusing to

make videos, boycotting Ticketmaster) won them credibility even if it cost them sales. With this aptly titled album, Vedder and Co. yield a bit themselves, returning to the kind of ragged-guitar-and-strained-vocal theatrics that made them superstars. Although traces remain of their experimental tendencies (like the spoken-word oddity "Push Me Pull Me"), Yield is definitely their most explosive rock album since 1993's Vs. Alternating between kick-ass jams (the Mudhoney-esque stomper "Do the Evolution") and soaring ballads (the first single "Given to Fly"), the band's energy rarely flags. No doubt about it—for fans who were beginning to fear for Pearl Jam's sanity, Yield is powerful relief.—Dan Catalano



ROBBIE ROBERTSON CONTACT FROM THE UNDERWORLD OF RED BOY

(Capitol)

Robbie Robertson is kind of like rock 'n' roll's Ken Burns. documenting the glory of American music in breathtaking ways. He helped preserve the music of the Old South with The Band, updated folk in his intriguing collaborations with Dylan, and even took on early America with his 1994 album Music for The Native Americans. Unfortunately, his latest effort takes the documentary thing to extremes; in his desire to keep the focus on his subject, Robertson almost gets lost. A cycle of dark, mystical songs about injustice to Indians, it occasionally seems as long and weird as its title, and Robertson's thin, weary voice is often overpowered by his collaborators. Meanwhile, his fantastic guitar work is barely audible over the native chants and pounding drum tracks that techno-producers Howie B and Marius de Vries pile on. What the album really needs is a few simple ditties to relieve the bleak mood. After an hour of Red Boy's earnest dirges, you'll be begging Robertson to express his Indian obsessions in a good ol' "Cripple Creek" yodeling session.

-John Tessitore



PLAYA CHEERS 2 U

(Def Jam) Puff Daddy ruled hip-hop in 1997 with his inescapable mix of '70s samples and R&B choruses ("I'll Be Missing You"). Now the search is officially on for the next rap impresario, and the smart money is on Timbaland, a producer whose slow-moving beats and wobbly bass lines have worked magic for artists such as Missy Elliot, Aaliyah, and Ginuwine. Timbaland's latest project: producing five tracks for Playa, a hardpumping R&B trio that reinvents traditional soul with some irresistibly funky bass. Though this debut album occasionally veers into predictable bedroom soul (the sultry, surprising tribute to monogamy, "One Man Woman"), Playa is saved from its own generic tendencies by some tasty guest vocals (Missy Elliot's smoking rhymes and Foxy Brown's gleeful obscenities) and sharp production from Timbaland—remember that name.-Ethan Brown

TWO VOYEURS

(Nothing/Interscope)

Is there any fate worse than that of a fallen heavy metal star? Tommy Lee is inadvertently screwing Pam all over the Internet, and Sebastian Bach (we've been reliably assured) wanders pathetically



through clubs wearing a "Skid Row" T-shirt. Well, you can add ex-Judas Priest frontman Rob Halford to the list of metal casualties. In a bid for relevancy, he's just teamed up with goth god Trent Reznor and released a disc of industrial metal under the name Two. Executive producer Reznor's fingerprints are all over the project: the peculiar pig fixations ("I Am a Pig"), the fractured love songs ("Stutter Kiss"), the cries of alienation and loneliness ("Leave Me Alone"). Unfortunately, amid all the thudding, trashed-out drums and distorted guitars, Reznor has lost the one thing Halford can still be proud of: a distinctive, soaring voice. - E.B.



GREEN APPLE OUICK STE NEW DISASTER

(Columbia)

With a name that sounds more like a Jolly Rancher flavor than the amped-up alterna-rock they've been known for, Seattle's Green Apple Quick Step have always faced an uphill marketing battle. But with this, their third album, the band has clearly decided to lighten up a bit and develop a sound to match their name. With lead singer Ty Willman's smooth soul vocals, New

Disaster is a dose of pure, delectable pop. Luckily, the band also adds some serious pucker, with jagged guitar runs and rough background vocals, courtesy of bassist Mari Ann Braeden. It's a bittersweet treat—the kind of stuff you'd want to play for your grungy jailbait girlfriend on the way to Disneyland-from a band just hitting its stride.—David Glitzer



ALL SAINTS ALL SAINTS

(London) Now that the Spice Girls are looking bland, and most American girl groups are Go-



Go-gone, who's left to fill the hearts, ears, and Web pages of pop-loving guys everywhere? Well, get ready, my friend: All Saints are here to get a rise out of you. The allgirl quartet from (where else?) England have the kind of stylish looks and soulful vocals that make them a shoo-in for maximum radio and MTV saturation. How's the music? Well, if you really care, we'd place them above the Spice Girls' overproduced Pepsi jingles but below "Free Your Mind"era En Vogue. (The Saints get extra points for bravely recording the Red Hot Chili Peppers' "Under the Bridge" as a sultry ballad.) A fine debut-now if someone would just hurry up and discover a few early "artistic" photos of lead singer Shaznay.—D.C.

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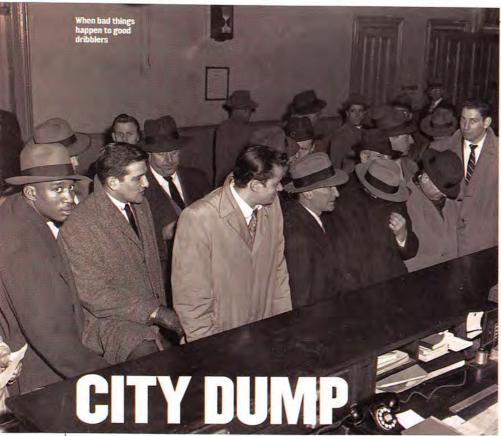
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Television

IT'S B-BALL MONTH ON THE BOX WITH NEW ACTION AND OLD FRICTIONS— PLUS: REBECCA DE MORNAY AND ONE REALLY GIGANTIC "DICK"



THE STORY OF THE 1951 CCNY BASKETBALL SCANDAL (HBO)

After winning both the NCAA Tournament and the then-even-more-prestigious NIT in the same season, the 1951 CCNY basketball team—a scrappy collection of black and Jewish ghetto kids from the Big Apple—got into big trouble for perpetrating the

most sensational point-shaving scam in hoops history. Chock-full of classic footage of mob-ridden '50s Manhattan, this revealing, hard-hitting documentary (think *Hoop Dreams* meets *Eight Men Out*) is a tough spread to beat.

ALWAYS OUTNUMBERED (HBO)

It's Kung Fu in the 'Hood when ex-con Socrates Fortlow (Laurence Fishburne) fights inner-city injustice with kindness, wisdom, and his fists. In the process, he enriches the lives of those he

touches, except the ones whose skulls he bashes in. This quietly philosophical character (Socrates, get it?) may sound soft, but the script packed enough punch to lure Oscar-nominee Fishburne (right) to the small screen to executive produce and costar with the not entirely forgettable Natalie Cole.



THE CON

(USA)

Fifteen years after cashing in on *Risky Business*, fading fantasy Rebecca De Mornay (right) is back at work as a gorgeous grifter who exercises similar

Cruise control on *Fargo*'s William H. Macy. This time she lures Macy into marriage without revealing her secret—she knows he's about to inherit a fortune. One thing she didn't bargain on: falling in love with the lug. (There'd better be a major sex scene, or we're outta here.)



MOBY DICK

(USA)

Leaving the watertight U.S.S. Enterprise behind, Patrick Stewart goes body surfing on the back of everyone's favorite badass whale in the latest adaptation of the Melville classic. Call him Captain Ahab, the old nutter who's obsessed with blubber. Film legend Gregory Peck, who starred as Ahab in John Huston's 1956 version, resurfaces as Father Mapple, the ship's spiritual life preserver; Henry Thomas, the alien-lovin' tot from E.T., plays Ishmael, the seaman who can't believe his eyes as Ahab jeopardizes the crew to catch his prey (something Captain Picard would never do). You never finished the book in high school, so tune in for this beloved tale of man versus the world's biggest Filet o' Fish.

GLORY AND HONOR

(TNT)

In 1909, two American explorers—one black, one white—endured incredible odds, severe conditions, and the death



of their comrades to become the first men to stand at the North Pole. When they returned, only the white guy, Robert E. Peary (played by Henry Czerny of *The Boys of St. Vincent*), was welcomed home a

ICK; MICHAEL DIAS/ USA NETWORK; THE CON: VAN REDIN/ USA NETWORK; ALWAYS OUTNUM-NCAA: JONATHAN DANIEL/ALLSPORT; THE INFORMANT: SVEN ARNSTEIN/ SHOWTIME CCNY: UPI/ CORBIS-BETTMANN; MOBY DI BERED: BOB GREENE/ HBO NEXT PAGE: hero. His black partner, Matthew Henson (Delroy Lindo, *Malcolm X*, *Get Shorty*), got the arctic cold shoulder by history books and lived out his days as a parking-lot attendant—a fate you wouldn't wish on Robert Downey, Jr. More than just an adventure film, TNT's eye-opening docudrama should help settle the old score.

ESCAPE: HUMAN CARGO

(Showtime)

An American (Treat Williams) is traveling on business in the Middle East when his nasty Saudi Arabian associates start pulling his chain (not to mention his exit visa). When he realizes he's in for a brutally extended stay and his expense account won't cover it, he masterminds a dangerous escape. Also starring Stephen Lang (Last Exit to Brooklyn, Gettysburg), Escape: Human Cargo delivers major suspense. But since it's based on a true adventure (John McDonald lived to write about it in his autobiographical book Flight from Dhahran), you know the guy's going to survive. (You do now, anyway.)

THE INFORMANT

(Showtime)

Former 007 Timothy Dalton takes on the role of a world-weary IRA soldier who is captured by the slimy limeys. Afraid his loved ones and fellow Republicans (the violent Irish ones, not our doughy supply-side kind) will bite it unless he cooperates with his captors, Dalton agrees to become a Seamus O'Stoolie informant (offensive mock-Irish moniker ours). An equally shopworn British officer (Cary Elwes) is the guy who twists his rubber arm, and





together they form an unlikely bond (not the *Licence to Kill* sort).

HOOP SKIRTS

(ESPN)

Given the massive popularity of the WNBA, the ABL, and the gold medal 1996 U.S. Women's Olympic Team, ESPN's decision to carry the NCAA women's basketball championship tournament for the first time this year was a lay-up. The network hopes to seduce new fans by nationally telecasting a couple dozen games (26, to be exact), climaxing in the March 29 Championship Game.

MARCH MADNESS

(CBS)

You know the drill: Sixty-four teams enter: one team leaves as the national champ. On March 12, the teams square off in the opening round (ignore the problematic geometry) of college basketball's backboard jungle. The campus quarrels start at noon and should run long past midnight. But to give you an indication of the level of insanity the NCAA tournament now breeds, CBS expects nearly as many viewers for the Tournament Selection Show airing March 8, as for the games themselves. (Thinking of throwing a Selection Show party? Get help-and we don't mean a caterer.) The network will cover every game of the tournament, culminating in the Final Four on March 28, and the Championship Game on March 30.

Reviews by Mike Hammer



Videos

FLICKS YOU MISSED THE FIRST TIME AROUND-PLUS OUR PICKS OF THE BLOCKBUSTERS WORTH A SECOND VIEW



THE FULL MONTY

(FOX HOME VIDEO)

The Story: A bunch of unemployed British steelworkers living on the dole decide to become male strippers to earn some cash. The Scoop: Rent it now. Robert Carlyle, who played the psycho in *Trainspotting*, is back as the leader of a group of out-of-shape, pasty-white guys who steal a video of *Flashdance* for dance tips and start shaking their booties for some of that Chippendales' cash. Best scene: The guys, on line at the welfare office, hear Donna Summer's "Hot Stuff" on the radio and unconsciously start gyrating. Grade: A+

Release Date: March 10

MIMIC

(MIRAMAX HOME VIDEO)
The Story: Huge, genetically altered cockroaches attack a sultry scientist (Mira Sorvino). Once she's in their slimy grip, it's up to her to stop them from spawning a zillion babies. Think Alien in the bowels of New York City.

The Scoop: Worth the rent... just. It didn't take off in theaters and is belly-up and wiggling by the end, but it's still a slick, sick



funhouse horror with lots of screaming, bug goo, and gruesome deaths. Grade: B-Release Date: March 17



SHE'S SO LOVELY (MIRAMAX HOME

HOME VIDEO) **The Story:** Maureen (Robin

Wright Penn) gets raped. Her hubby, Eddie (Sean Penn), flips out and gets thrown in the nuthouse for 10 years. When Eddie's released, he finds her happily remarried to Joey (John Travolta) and wants her back.

The Scoop: Gritty, sentimental, full of itself, and crying in its beer, this so-called romantic comedy is sometimes like watching a home movie made by a bunch of loudmouthed barflies. Which isn't necessarily a bad thing. Ripe with Joisey accents and attitude. Grade: B+ Release Date: March 17



KISS ME GUIDO

(PARAMOUNT HOME VIDEO)
The Story: Frankie (Nick
Scotti) needs an apartment
and answers a classified ad for
a GWM roommate. Though
GWM = Gay White Male,
guido Frankie thinks it means
Guy With Money. Odd.
Couple—style antics ensue.
The Scoop: A limp rent. Predictably, our numskall straight

The Scoop: A limp rent. Predictably, our numskull straightguy guido just doesn't get that his roommate is gay. Misunderstandings abound, and boy, is Frankie surprised when he finds out what kind of crowd he's mixing with. Some funny moments, despite an unlikely premise. Grade: C+

Release Date: March 24



BOOGIE NIGHTS

(New Line Home Video)
The Story: A well-endowed teenage lug becomes a porn star in '70s L.A., but gets too big for his britches—and bottoms out.

The Scoop: A must-rent. Mark Wahlberg (a.k.a. Marky Mark), in a star-making performance, is an innocent 17-year-old who happens to have a lot going on in "the Mr. Torpedo area." A porn director (Burt Reynolds, at his best) discovers him, then watches him self-destruct. With its junky seventies soundtrack and coked-out pre-AIDS appeal, it's a harrowing masterpiece. Grade: A+Release Date: March 24



BEAN

(POLYGRAM HOME ENTERTAINMENT)

The Story: Mr. Bean (Rowan Atkinson), a British security guard, is sent to America to accompany Whistler's painting The Artist's Mother and wreaks slapstick mayhem in museums. The Scoop: A stupid good time, although it sometimes sags. Most people know Atkinson from his scene-stealing turn as the mush-mouthed minister in Four Weddings and a Funeral. Bean, however, is a different breed—jerky, sniveling, idiotic, and selfish-who shaves his tongue and accidentally stuffs a turkey with his head. Grade: A-Release Date: March 31



A LIFE LESS ORDINARY

(FOX HOME VIDEO)

The Story: A boneheaded janitor (Ewan McGregor) kidnaps the daughter (Cameron Diaz) of his evil boss. Naturally, they fall in love and collaborate on ripping off Daddy.

The Scoop: Skip it. Trainspotting star McGregor and director Danny Boyle reunite for this off-the-rails misfire, but it's needlessly chaotic and too wink-wink, aren't we clever. Grade: C

Release Date: March 10

Reviews by Meakin Armstrong

FULL MONTY: KOBAL COLLECTION; KISS ME GUIDO: PARAMOUNT PICTURES; BOOGIE NIGHTS: KOBAL; LIFE LESS ORDINARY: KOBAL; BEAN: KOBAL; SHE'S SO LOVELY; BUENA VISTA PICTURES; MIMIC: NEWELL COLOUF

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hair. It was as if I'd had
1000 hair transplants
in about 30 seconds...





By Mark Kress

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TOPPIK is an amazing new complex of tiny, microfiber "hairs" that perfectly blend with you own hair. Toppik fibers are made of the same organic Keratin protein as your own hair. Through a unique process, Toppik fibers are specially restructured to merge undetectably with your own hair.

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You'll be amazed how these Hair Building Fibers transform your thin, colorless "vellus" hairs. Suddenly, this "peach fuzz" becomes thick and full before your eyes. In fact, your thinnest, limpest strands of hair will become so thick that even the thinnest areas look full again. This entire transformation takes place in 30 seconds or less.

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Toppik™ Hair Building Fibers are tiny, electrostatically "magnetized" hairs that actually bind with your own, instantly building density and creating greater coverage.

No expense was spared to make this the most valuable hair product you will ever own. Toppik comes in an elegant, discrete molded container specially designed to dispense the fibers through 167 digitally optimized openings. And Toppik is so easy to apply that after a while you won't even need to look in a mirror when you put it on. I've even applied it between floors on an elevator on my way to a business meeting.

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The strongest wind or driving rain will not effect Toppik and it cannot possibly smear or stain. Toppik is totally undetectable, even from as close as two inches. In fact, these keratin hair fibers merge with your hair so perfectly that not even a trained eye will be able to detect them. Toppik stays securely in place giving natural-looking thickness and fullness until the next time you shampoo. But Toppik removes easily with any shampoo. It is also totally compatible with Minoxidil. Toppik is great for both men and women.

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Speaking of medical treatments, Toppik is recommended by doctors because it is completely safe and works amazingly well with hair transplants. Starting right after surgery, Toppik will make any scabs or scars completely disappear. It will also eliminate the sight of any temporary postoperative thinning. And if you are still weighing your surgical options, using Toppik will give you more time to make the right choice. No matter what your condition, if you are concerned

...it had sounded too good to be true, but the results were truly remarkable. Toppik is safe, convenient and inexpensive...and it really works. I strongly recommend this breakthrough product to any man or woman with thinning hair."

> Dr. Jonathon P. Konecny Southport, CT

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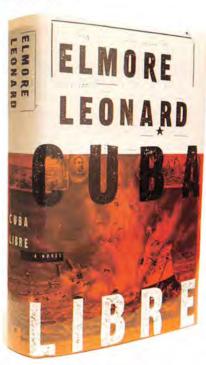
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IN BETWEEN THE COVERS THIS MONTH: HOOP SCENES, DATING SCHEMES. AND A WHOLE LOTTA CUBAN GOINGS-ON

ELMORE LEONARD is one of Hollywood's favorite writers; his books read like ready-made movies, already inspiring at least two: Get Shorty and Jackie Brown. He's also the master of the modern urban heist plot, which makes his latest entry all the more shocking: He's gone and written himself a historical novel. Venturing farther south than his usual Florida locales, Leonard sets this one in the Cuba of 1898, during the Spanish-American War. It's always risky when a mainstream writer tries to stretch himself and go "legit," but Leonard nearly pulls it off. His antihero, Ben Tyler, is an Arizona bank robber roped into a scheme to run guns into wartorn Cuba. Of course, as soon as he lands (all together now!) things begin to go terribly wrong. An evil Spanish major, a beautiful girl, assorted revolutionaries, corrupt Yankee businessmen, and war-mongering journalists all clash in a plot that combines Casablanca and The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly. And though the book lacks the former's memorable charac-



ters and the latter's style and gritand ultimately devolves into standard train-heist clichés-you gotta admire Leonard's chutzpah. (Delacorte, \$23.95)—Aaron Roston

ENDURING LOVE BY IAN MCEWAN

Sometimes a literary writer decides to turn his hand to more "commercial" writing, and the result is usually a well-written train wreck. Despite its mushy title, the latest novel from Ian McEwan, one of British literature's stars, is the riproarin' exception. When Joe Rose, a scientific journalist, and his girlfriend go for a picnic north of London, a terrible accident unfolds: A hot-air balloon goes AWOL with a young boy trapped in its basket, and Joe leaps to the rescue. Considering McEwan's "literary" rep, you'd expect the kid to die in some wordy way, and the rest of the



book to wallow in tedious grief and soul searching. Instead, a more surprising tragedy occurs, and when the story veers off in unexpected (and chilling) ways, you know you're in the hands of a master. McEwan parallels an intriguing puzzle with the foundering of Joe's relationship, producing

both a crack suspense novel and a meditation on the meaning of love. If you're tired of the airport-rack wood pulp and want a page-turner that actually has something to say, look no farther. (Nan A. Talese/Doubleday, \$23.95)—A.R.

BRINGING OUT THE BY JOE CONNELLY

THE BAD NEWS? Emergency medi-

cine is every bit as scary as you think. The good news: It makes for a damn good read. Frank

Pierce is a 25-yearold paramedic, and he's just about at the



BRINGING

WAITING FOR FIDEL BY CHRISTOPHER HUNT

City's Emergency Medical Service)

describes the euphoria that comes

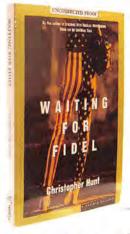
from saving a life with a rugged verac-

ity, but, ultimately, Bringing Out the

Dead points out that modern medicine can do just as much harm as good. (Knopf, \$23.95)-A.R.

This first-person account of an American's quest to meet Fidel Castro-and through him, Cuba—opens with tales of dime-adozen babes, dark rum, and black-market cigars. It may sound like "Fear and Loathing in Havana," but Hunt is not your typical par-

ty animal. Turns out

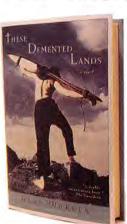


he doesn't smoke stogies or bed every underage lovely who wanders through a rum-soaked evening. Despite these possible shortcomings, Waiting for Fidel is an excellent book. When meeting Castro in the flesh proves tough, Hunt focuses on the myth, retracing Castro's steps from the coast, where he landed with a ragtag force in 1956, to Havana, which he entered as "The Maximum Leader" three years later. In the process, Hunt finds a proud people fallen on hard times, who harbor ambivalence toward Castro, socialism, and the Revolution, and reveals a Cuba with more contradictions than most outsiders care to see. (Mariner/Houghton-Mifflin, \$13.00)-Steven Kotok

THESE DEMENTED LANDS

BY ALAN WARNER

SO YOU WANT CUTTING EDGE? Alan Warner is the newest, and possibly the weirdest, of that group of young Scots



writers known as the Scottish Beats. In this, his second novel, the heroine Morvern Callar travels to an island, where she meets a gaggle of, er, offbeat characters: two sons trying to bury their father's corpse (and his ever-ringing cellular phone) at sea; a hotel proprietor

determined to prove love doesn't exist; and a plane-crash expert who's investigating a disaster more than 10 years old. It all comes to a symbolic, apocalyptic—and frequently poignant—boil at the hotel's New Year's Eve rave, where as bonfires blaze, the millennium approaches. (Anchor, \$10.95)—Caryn Stabinsky

A MARCH TO MADNESS BY JOHN FEINSTEIN

What's MORE THRILLING than college hoops? As Dick Vitale would say, nothing comes close, baby! Noted sportswriter (and one-man publishing industry) Feinstein goes behind the scenes of the '96– '97 season in the tough-as-horsemeat Atlantic Coast Conference. Armed with an

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all-access pass to the locker rooms and benches, the author focuses in on the coaches of the nine teams, including the legendary Dean Smith. Though Feinstein keeps several balls—nine separate life stories—in the air at once, his all-access status apparently clouded his critical faculties. He

accepts everything at face value and largely ignores college basketball's more disturbing issues (shady recruiting practices, exploited players, etc.). Though A March to Madness is exciting, even insightful, Feinstein's refusal to dig below the sunny surface leaves his book, for all its 450-or-so pages, feeling thin. (Little, Brown, \$24.95)—A.R.

A GUY'S GUIDE TO DATING

BY BRENDAN BABER AND ERIC SPITZNAGEL

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING. Hey, I'm doing great, I don't need a guide to dating. Well, put down that bowl of reheated chili, kick off your sweats, and think again. Where else are you going to find a book that explores the lighter side of herpes? ("Those cute little blisters are sure to come back again and again, on a fairly regular basis. Think of it as your own built-in datebook. 'Hey, look, I've got more sores. I guess rent's due.") Or lists dozens of terms for masturbating? (Our faves: caning the vandal; shaking hands with Yul Brynner.) And when you're suffering from a commitment fear-say, the potential boredom of having "just one" sex partner—try a "Bitch Slap of Reality": "You're lucky to be having any sex at all, so quit bitching and count your blessings." Earthy and crude, even dirty

and rude, the authors have charted male sexual development from cradle to marriage, compiling a compendium of sage advice for studs on the prowl. (Doubleday, \$10.95)

_A.R.

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Tooling Around



It's the only place you can shop with a smile: the local hardware store. By Keith Blanchard

It's the smell that gets you first—as a card-carrying guy, you know exactly what I'm talking about. That sweet, complex blend of sawdust and axle grease, paint remover and lawn

fertilizer, with just a spritz of WD-40 and a dash or two of pure testosterone. It's *that hardware store smell*, and it never fails to fire up the old adrenaline generator. Well, drink in that heady scent, my lad: It's

your birthright. Your Y-chromosome entitles you to a lifetime pass to this greatest of men's clubs, this home away from home, otherwise known as your friendly neighborhood hardware store. Welcome back, friend.

Big, dusty boxes of nails. Gleaming oversize lawnmowers. Rope, chain, and cable by the foot. Monkey wrenches and wallpaper paste, board lumber, ceiling fans. Massive, four-foot, case-hardened steel bolt cutters that'd snip off a schnauzer's legs with a quartet of effortless clicks. And that ain't even the good stuff: the power tools, row after shimmering row of bad-ass suburban armaments that let the most sedentary slacker chew through anything—wood, iron, concrete, tree limbs—like a bulimic in a bakery.

Man is a toolmaking animal; it's encoded deep,

CLOTHING STORES MAKE YOU FEEL SLOVENLY AND UNCOORDINATED. HARDWARE STORES MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE A GOD. deep in our genes. (You don't bother evolving an opposable thumb to pick ticks off your head.) And as nice as women's contributions to civilization have been—foreplay, agri-

culture, room service—it's the men's toolmaking skills, ultimately, that helped us climb down out of the trees, build rudimentary shelters, and wrestle this lush and lovely planet into abject, total submission. Is it any wonder men remain more in touch with this primal urge to chip, pound, saw, and curse a blue streak?

The modern hardware store is a monument to man's incessant drive to master his physical world. Forty-thousand years of tools and tool technology, and it's all right here. On this shelf, a state-of-the-art, 19,000-rpm Black & Decker electric planer that purrs like Alicia Silverstone on a jug of dandelion wine. Yet farther down the shelf, here's the same no-frills, blade-and-handle carpenter's plane used by Christ's dad.

The tools, ironically, are just the beginning: The

hardware store's really about power. No, not in the goofball Tim Allen sense of loading up on oversize machinery so you can spray rooster tails of sparks all over your garage. What I mean is that the hardware store teaches you skills, boosts your ability to carry out your basic guy duties. You can walk into a Home Depot knowing nothing about plumbing, then go home and install your own sink. That's the hardware store promise: total

mastery, in four or five easy steps. Clothing stores make you feel sheepish, slovenly, and uncoordinated. Hardware stores make you feel like a god.

As a guy, of course, you're supposed to know this

stuff. If the water pipe bursts under the sink, your girlfriend is not going to grab a pipe wrench and ask you to hold her coffee. We can't escape the nagging suspicion that our fathers seem to have known all this stuff by the time they were half our age. I know mine did. My dad is a tool guy through and through, a general contractor with enviable skills and street credentials up the yin-yang, who's just built his own house, basement to roof. Can you imagine? He's a total master of the physical universe, a tool guy born and bred. Had my dad been on the Titanic, he'd have headed grimly into the hold with a crescent wrench, a razor knife, and a handful of wing nuts, and the damn thing would

still be afloat.

It's intimidating, but inspiring. I know, in my gut, that the hardware store can help draw out my inner Bob Vila. And somewhere near you, past crowded aluminum shelves, across a paint-spattered concrete floor, there's a pair of guys waiting, Buddha-like, to help you reach toolguy nirvana. They il aliented by your questions

and spare you the indignity of having to actually crack a *Time/Life* home repair series. They'll treat you with respect, as if you actually worked for a living, even if you're an all-thumbs yuppie looking for an \$80 tool to do a five-dollar job. And best of all, even though they're way, way out of your league, the hardware store guys will never laugh at your rookie mistakes. If they did, how could they ever sell you goof rings, wood filler, and touch-up paint?

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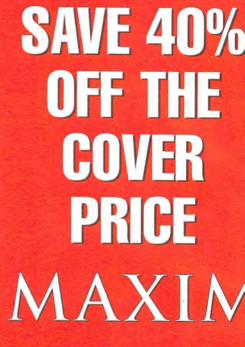
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